

Overtones Rustic

"Radio"

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[Treach] You know it's Naughty on the RADIO (Turn it up!)

{ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}

{ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse One: Treach

I'm the King of Hip-Hop, there is none NIGHER
Sucker motherfuckers better call me SIRE
To burn my Kingdom, there ain't enough FIRE
I won't stop rockin cause I won't re-TIRE
Under the sheet, boricua heat, a street fleet, with
missile seekers
Cause G.I. Joe's a John Doe, ass beat with some street
sweepers
Hold the heaters, want a war? Bless the butcher
Glad to meet you MOTHERFUCK THAT, nice to mush ya
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles
of beer of beer on the wall on the wall
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles of, beer!
Now if the one of the one bottles of bottles of
happened to happened to fall
we'll bring the rock with hip-hop, and YES YES Y'ALL
So I asked some-motherfuckin-body who breed's the
bangest?
Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street
flamers!
Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought
Wanna hear this bump from New City, New Guinea to
New York!
(Niggy what?!)

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

da}

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Two: Vinnie

My radio believe me, I like it loud

I don't care if you don't like it cause it draws a crowd

And if you wanna find me one-eighteen is the block

My first name Vinnie, the last name ROCK (ROCK)

But don't you come around unless you got a boombox

to add on to the sounds that we already got

We don't be trippin or flippin we concentratin on
rhymes

Never snitchin or bitchin or perpetratin no crime

Kay-Gee and Treachery's both down with me

The illest on the mic since Run-D.M.C.

Whether urban or top 40, Naughty, thought we'd
resurrect the

where-we-from amensia, blackin out so much I suffer

epileptic seizures (AHH!) Takin our time just to

guarantee we'll please ya -- the wait is over

so call up with your request it's been a good long while

Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dial

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Three: Treach

When undercovers don't know who to cop, spots gotta
move the rock

Now Poppa the Cop's got out with two blocks sport a
newer glock

Niggaz be in tuned to watch, some like to move in mob

Dressin wildin up my niggaz ? slice my tuner top

The streets are boilin brewin hot since 1-2 to Watts

But later we go and party with more mami's than when
Menudo dropped

Take a ride through the buddha block, 360 through the
block

Lock it up, then stop, cause there's two of the cop

Find a crew to knock I'm in the mood to rock, fuelin hot
Actin like you knew the block when you the cops, two to
drop
My motto here you see is no way slick
Givin you news to get you off my nigga O.J.'s dick
Haters don't walk shit, they talk shit, new tactics
like the six million dollar man they see six, after them
taxes
(no shit) My niggaz rap shit like they classic, but ask
this
I'll BLOW any show, and if you diss you'll get yo' ASS
KICKED

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach *repeat 3X to
fade*

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-
da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

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