

## Nature

### "Pin The Tail On The Donkey"

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Verse 1: Treach (Vin Rock)

Oh finally finally (here we are)  
And for good are the three follow me (It ain't far  
Even though if it was you could make it to the start  
The enemies do you know who they are? (There they  
are)  
A devil with the dorags be walkin now I had it up to  
there  
Oh yeah that's the last straw (The Nature's back for.....)  
(\*Better than disco\*) (R r r r r r r r r-ound\*) (Ugh, ugh,  
ugh)  
Pin the tail on the junkie, find a false flavor  
It's a new day to play with a neighbour  
Freeze the MC's that wanna see thee  
By now Naugh-ty By Nature by me  
They want me to come and come up faster, that could  
be arranged  
Dump the last of the matinee, cos they couldn't stand  
the damn rain  
The pain's the same, the game remains mine  
I got more hooks than a fish line  
Bite the head off a snake  
Chew up from the first to last break and shoot em in the  
face  
Make way, (move), who are you to test me? (Huh, huh,  
huh.....)  
I seen your last porno flick, it ain't impress me  
Wassup? Cuddle sport, here's a thought  
(The only records that they got, are the records their  
crew bought)  
Damn real B rock, get fienin, spunky  
Pin the tail on the donkey

(\*Bring that beat back\*)  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Verse 2: Treach, (Vin Rock)

I do more poppin than a blockhead, wreck the  
waxheads

I'm fed, (Go ahead, you retired tackhead)  
Back to the fact of the track witta new thought  
You couldn't smoke butts witta match and a Newport  
Here we go, we go, we go again, witta flow we know,  
we know it's in  
(Def play like Poppa Simpson)  
KayGee's on the slice, can he co-clean?  
Doin more scratchin than a funk and a dope fiend  
Go knock the blocks off, get your props off  
But don't cop off, cop out, and I'll cuts off  
Another renegade of rap will stop that  
I'm more feared than a Sugar Hill contract  
I'm known for Lettin The Hos Go, my demo's all flow  
When cursin was a no-no, you dodo  
Give it up cos I'm hot witta warm hate  
I won't stop, pop, til that head is screwed on straight  
I take shorts, and no sorts, so take that clone  
The only thing I take is the 8 to the path home  
And I take you all the way to the north stop  
Your style's more foul than a pork chop  
I rock the hip-hop, non-stop tick-tock  
Around the big clock, witta spot, tick-tock  
Pin the tail on the jackass, it don't mean jack (chill.....)  
To a brother from down the hill  
Back track with a rap that remains funky  
(Hmmm, and it's ugh)  
Back in the day, y'all, I played with playdough  
The dough is real now, and dildo's feel how  
A starvin hungry MC gets when  
MC \*?falamin?\* your own is the big sin  
I'm starvin up, it's time ta, call them up, yup  
Get em and cut em up, stuff em and cook the duck  
Tough luck, tell em to shut up and jet  
And feel the threat of a real life roughneck  
Pin the tail on the donkey

(\*Can I get a witness?\*)

Verse 3: Treach, (Vin Rock)

(Check check, where you, where you at, at??)  
That another best will need a hard vest for this head  
check)  
(What? There's another, Treach?) That's what I heard,  
yep  
Three steps from a pit, boom, in his chest  
I never knew a nigga really wanted to die  
Instead he bit, instead of lookin me eye-to-eye, then I  
Knew he was truly thru, dumb plus the one  
To meet the mighty one, call a bad one  
I rhyme about what I want to, microphone 1-2

You're doin like \*?Lasuran?\* then a bomb do  
T-H-E MC O-F R-H-P T-O L-double O-K  
A-T, I-N T-H-E N-I-N-E-T-I-E, or watch me S-C  
And I might top to step to a sexy  
Fancy, prancy and dancy  
No cosmo stomp, her's the true form  
Style's so fat, it gets fitted with a shoe horn  
Here's a clearer mirror, dear ya  
Lookin in nearer, cos I don't fear ya  
Some get too souped to the point  
Where it's still too thick but still lick thru and thru  
Always wanted a guy to come and try  
To get sly and try ta, get by my  
Hideous, treacherous style that's wreckin it.....  
Pin the tail on the donkey.....

What the?  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, wassup yo?  
What happened? It's like that?  
We gon' rush you again

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

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