

Nature

"Slang Bang"

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Intro: Vin Rock Treach

Hup yeah Guess who's back?
Hup hup Naughty By Nature's in the house Guess who's
back?
Settin off the 19Naughty4/ Naughty5 flavour Guess
who's back?
Word up this is how we do things Guess who's back?
Uhh

Hook: (x2)

Cos it's a slang bang thang
Slang bang it's a slang bang thang a slang bang thang

Verse 1: Vin Rock Treach

Hup
Get up get up but don't push me
Cos I ain't mooshy mooshy, you can't mash me
You chocolate bastard with your smile, your face looks
ashy

Sendin detrip witta free trip to blast out outer
See this, cos I'm that nigga that'll leave you ass out like
G-strings

Meanin I'm fienin, your heart trips when it stay at work
So fuck fear you fear-fuck, one jerk I'll make your head
hurt

The punani, they're making pairs perk, who'll dare flirt
I get kitty's from your city, just near where your mans
work

I be on that ass like ol' mole, turnin your whole show
slow-mo
Cos you're too good to corroso

I'm on and off so you know my shit ain't partial
Pardon me, packin arsenals, takin knees and nostrils

Our style is savagery, you try to be the badder G
You ain't even the man, you just the filling, where's the
cavity?

Father be grabbin it, gravity, have the gravity grabbin
Actually after we nigga naturally have to meet

Hook (x4)

Verse 2: Treach

One check to the chin and you'll be bust quicker than
liquor

Aw shit, pop her chain and lock her rock, a city slicker
Slick a rhyme, kick or vick her, knock her without a
popper

I take the cake, took the chain but left the lock up

Love me or leave me, hate me or like me

Might be gettin feisty, fuck yeah I'm sheisty

Shit yeah, I fit there, *?sqwin?* your shit wear

You're a trick until you niggered me a bitch without
liquid

Some thank me for puttin the hanky in panky

Slappin stanky like lightning, stickin Yankees like

Benjamin Franky

Fuck buyin kitty cases and city lights

Just give my loot, get your licks and get all the high
titties right

But then I'm into what you bitches is sayin

So I wasn't really feelin on her ass, I was just massagin
her brain

The objects that I learned from the projects

Try Treach I bet, and get your throat choked like my
necks

Hook (x2)

Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock

My mind thinks right, ????, pick snipes, don't pluck, I'll
fuck your finger

At any *?prejudice Presley?*, now I got more snipes
than Wesley

Test me, touch me and lay next to the rest of the best

The rusty monks or ??? who tried to fuck me

But see this is where I BOOM and ZOOM

Just drive a line like a cartoonist on some SOON shit

Adidas couldn't read us so they freed us

Then we tried Reebok from a cheater, succeeded then

got weeded
Oh Anna, rip of some grandma's, no my Grandma from
Santa Ana
To Atlanta where cops ain't a-feared and niggas wear
'dannas
Now tell ya lady that I'm crazy when I'm summin
There's a party and I'm out and guess who's comin

Hook (x4)

Outro: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup, hup, yeah niggas

It's all about a slang bang
Doin this shit lyrically on wax
And gettin paid for it
Word up, we don't care where you're from
Everybody can get down with the slang bang
We doin "rhyme-bys" on record
Hahahaha, wooweeeeeee.....

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