

Nature

"Wicked Bounce"

Visit "[Wicked Bounce](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus 1] X 4
Don't fuck with us
Watch these niggas get wicked now
Check it out

[Chorus 2] X 3
Put em up
What What
Put em up what what

[Chorus 1]

[Treach]
Well here's a shot out to all those who think that we
slipped
Doing this ever since 165 North 15th breakdancin with
slick
Nigga what I'll beat your butt
You niggas on a beef or what
And if I gotta go deep I'll cut
And if you try to face this
The Naughty by the Nature gonna lace this
Track, we be the cream of the pack
Don't come up in my face with bullshit 'cause you're
bound to get slapped
And then we'll take it to a level where you're gonna get
clapped
And then we'll all be up in court, I don't got time for that
'cause I'm, one third, naughty
Look into my eyes yeah you know me
Ain't nobody pimpin like us three
Call us masters, o.p.p
And when I draw the line don't get in the way, I'm paper
chasin
Or I'll be cuttin you off like Friday the 13th and I'm Jason
Single don't mingle with ladies hearts I'm a thief
I'm not a virgin but Virgo birthday September 17th
And don't ask me for favors 'cause it'll be just like
pullin teeth
I'm on some new shit with niggas 'cause you
continually sleep

Don't creep

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Dun dun dun dun dun dirty the motherfucker with them
jewels on

Did the dirt, turn the news on

Nigga left layin with his shoes on

With every clue gone

You actin nervous, what'd you do wrong?

Nigga lookin shady, all fakey all quiet

Ah forget about it when the feud's on

Now wha-what what put em up that's what the party get

I bartend on some naughty shit

And don't play that shorty shit

We hittin and kickin like (?)

Shakin like (?) chicken like pick pick pick pickin the town

Dickin em down, pickin a hoe, give em a show, the

rigamarole

So, if you ever gone report you seen my tribe

I best to pray you got nine lives because your goddamn
eyes lied

(...?...) that's 25 lines motherfucker you on my side

What you gonna do wanna do talkin all the drunk talk

At least you'll die high

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

[Treach]

Just look don't touch, just tip my bitch

'cause things get crazy now

Punk motherfucker gonna pay me now

Got busy got forty got fam got (?) got jet got slash

Diesel do, take apart that ass

Got another motherfucker get cash fast

Did dash smash, who you fought last, him or me?

Them or we? Get Hennessy, you memory

Treachery, and to the right of me, it's that nigga uncle

Vinnie

What with K Boogie on the break release

The beat don't cease til we double fuckin platinum

apiece

Hands touched

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

Visit [Nature](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.