

Nature

"Wickedest Man Alive"

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Intro: Queen Latifah

Mercifully mercifully mercifully massacre Naughty By
Nature

Thru it ever time comin at a dance

My man Treacherous MC go on let the saxophone man
play a little

Make it lovely

Verse 1: Treach

You got beef well what we do talk to the bunny sunny
He's the man Bugs the thug wit the money
Funny that you should mention as my family they
covered

Wassup to my cousins and my sisters and my Warner
Brothers

Birds of a feather, flap and fold and be together
No matter what your whatever, endeavour, find us
better

You mean he, she, them, him, those and others
Let's kill two ducks in one, pluck, initiate the trouble
For those who disagree, I maybe feel the need to front
it

Show me your whole entire crew, two shoes and I'ma
run it

Do you want it? Maybe so, but just know, we're rollin
spreads

You claim you want it but you need it just about as
much as a hole in ya

Head

This is a flow-er show, a product float a while ago
Witta new swing, I think so, bring it, sing it, act like you
know

And if ya don't, you won't by the time this track is done
Queen Latifah the sire, give em some, come

Chorus: Queen Latifah

Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know
It's time for rum, man, yeah man

Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know
It's for jammin, g'yeah know?
Everytime they come, you know they come without the
flow
Soon we have a single, they're the quickest out the
door
The wickedest mna, the wickedest man in dancehall,
well y'know
I'm out for rum, COME!!!!

Verse 2: Treach

118th Street keeps production, conjunction junction
nothin
Huh, what's your function?
I don't mean to be blunt or front, true or rude
How can he diss? Your honeydip looks like a honey
dude
So keep it to yourself, greedy when you're in good
health
So before you come and try the Treach, try yourself
Cos I ain't havin it, remember act like you know
And if ya can't act jack, you best find the door
I hate to think a trade, I slot another, see ya gator
A stam yada, PEACE!, sasalama, lick em later
Yeah, you don't have a chance, but I see ya next
This track is KayGee's baby and he named it "Def"
I'm smokin in em, it's like chimneys, I ain't friendly
Fuck your fendy, I'm swingin for your diet kidney
Pimples are simple to pop, I want temple's op
Then slop your rock wit more floppin than a waffle spot
The wickedest man alive, I am what I am and I'm
Damn good to be a no good, hooded by
The wiggle in the middle, simple to party thumps
They call me the wickedest man alive, make em jump

Chorus

Verse 3: Treach

Gettin it and hittin wit it a old fashion weapon when
you're slippin, I got
Time
Try to stand and get rammed like a Stop sign
The bad just got worse within one verse
Put the shitty verse and reverse and this fella's first
Wreckin is second, so back wit'cha wacked disc
For candle after candle and still couldn't wax this
I be the wickedest while you're still the wackest
I need wallpaper to list what your track miss
This is a double decker from the head wrecker, neck

and head checker
Check the check and who's def? Who's left ya?
Standin back cannin ya, plan ta stay back
I'm down wit Kay's tracks, black, this is the payback, lay
back, jack
I have you every which way but loose, blowin your
sound proof
That's happenin to me, your thanks for givin a neck
noose
This comes naturally, all day and night
I make a party of all lefty's leave screamin out
"Alright!"
Talkin bout needin a lot more work than you had
Twelve years, twelve hundred, twelve inches and sold
one
Who's gettin done? Who's swifter? Who's badder?
You be able to get down wit some help in a step ladder
This is another song, we check out the style that I've
Picked and rip, I be the wickedest man alive

Outro: Queen Latifah

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