

Nature

"Yoke The Joker"

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Yoke the Joker!!!!
laughter

Intro: Treach

There are too many overnight MC's but one
And too many wacked who haven't paid dues
You have now entered the path of the Flavor Unit
And we are Naughty By Nature and we will just do by
terminating you

Verse 1: Treach

I can snap rap pack click clack patter pat pat
Take that ass to the point you have to ask for your ass
back
A fuckin joker smoker, taunted by no one
If I was born in Chung Li's temple I would've turned out
a shogun
Smack the any-and-all talk, jokers I can't hawk
And all that shit I hear about me losin is small talk
I ain't a punk, I'll slot'cha, furthermore I don't scare
chief
The reason I called you 'pussy' cos you are what you
eat, each
Look is a little closer to the centre of a blowpipe
Don't speak when I am talkin, this is my fuckin sho-op
How dare you even try me? Don't you know you be
funky, while
You're smilin backstage doin mother, ugh, doggystyle
Hot, wild, raw, whores' still suave
laughter Check out this style that I've
Soul-simulated, sounds from a stocky
Semi-social, never seem sloppy
See silly slappin suckers, sorry saps and slouchers
Straps slammin stouch, mackin this mass is savvy
We see so-so-songs and some shots, so
Snaps steppin separate, start slowly, go solo
Set the cassette stereo, sounds diffin
Stood the Sagittarian, some marriage is a system
Smoke the joker, three times over

And owe her, go with the flow
Or I'm about to yoke a joker

Verse 2: Treach

All that straight faced shit like your heart had been thru
Smile and give your face somethin the fuck to do
You're ugly, smugly, squiggly, dilly-wrinkled faced
bastard
Someone needs to hit and run ya to run ya ass over
backwards
Let's giddy up, yep yep, another fuck up
Grab your microphone, battle time shown up
Any freestyle I see while I prowl
I dial a new style, tell me about ooh-chow
Another victory, it's mystery
I smoke your skull, your brain'll come blistery
All fuzzy, dirty, dizzy, does he
Get the things he needs? Remember how blistery?
You ain't ready for the Freddy of rap
You can't kill me, I step into your dreams, you feel me
Slicin your life away, just like I might today
I eat you the psycho way, I'm rippin shit right away.....
I treat ya like a bitch in a ditch off of angel dust
Take you to a ????, sure you can fly, just jump slut
You think you might say a rhyme, then someone might
order like
You couldn't wet shit up in a motherfuckin water fight
All luck y'all, look at the props y'all
So proud I'm sure, suck my encore's
Swingin a bolo, your flow goes solo
I'll smoke ya
It's time to yoke the joker

Verse 3: Treach

The only way you would be gettin dis jump like a girlie
Is if your father would've bothered to pull it out early
You ain't got a single drip drop, you're stripped of hip-
hop
If I see ya disagreein, you'll be gettin your shit dropped
It's extended version, the side you can't fuck with
You'll get the jimmy MC, you're swift to kick the bucket
I'm tired of Mr. Nice Guy, place your price high
Bet on a battle rhymer, tell my chances are sky high
Never would you ever get the thriller, say y'all sweat
"Y'know that kid Treach, I took him out, he was no
threat"
Because you know I'm better than that on my worst day
Takin competition's what I do in the worst way
Quick to do a hit, for you most likely I spoiled ya

I bored and ignored ya, then boringly floored ya
The proof is in the footin, my collar ain't wooden
It takes more than an axe to tax, bless the children
Physically, facially, racially made to be
Crazily paid or G, what a fuckin way to be
Hot damn, I'm a man with a hand plan
This smack that then attract the new game plan
Eat your big beef, digest the rest, test
Shit, I was slept yet, then go to the next step
That's what I do, that's what I say, that's what I live
That's what I prove, that's what I move, that's what I
give
Makin other brothers wanna go home and write shit
Bite what I might get, then up and say "I quit"
Me here, got, oh what a beautiful dawg
>From you ain't in amazing, want some paper plus a
pen and tongue will do
Yoke the joker!

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