

Naughty By Nature

"1, 2, 3"

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Intro/Chorus: (x6)

1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3, and

Verse 1: Lakim Shabazz

???? rappers are full of this, since I'm a Don I'm pullin
out a hit
cos I'm fired up, I'm tired of all the bullshit
Flavor Unit, it's time to attack the prey
So make way for hip-hop's green beret
Bring on the refills, you see we feel
the name of the brain game is kill or be killed
I'm an expert, who will be the next jerk to try?
Let me explain you got 8 million ways to die
We torch and scorch ya, make ya feel real sore
Have that ass lookin just like *?this boo-boo?* slipped
the door
Known to kill, dunk skills, e-rupt
You ask why? My reply is 'I don't give a fuck!'
I'm a Panther, I love fresh meat
After I kill ya, I'ma leave ya body across 110th Street
My tactics are drastic and real fast
I tie one to a truck and go drag ya ass
I'm more than a threat, I'm a problem
To hell with cotton, watch out when I come to Harlem
So don't whisper or make a sound or croak
Shit ya prop, go straight back down ya throat
Everyday all day this be the hard way
Puttin rappers outta commission even on an off-day
Flavor Unit rules G, we're takin rappers out
1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x3)

Verse 2: Apache

Here comes trouble and it's all that, in fact contact
You're next of kin, friend, follow the flow format
While you slip, I grips so expect to get bruised

Ask me if I give a fuck cos I ain't got shit to lose
Fuck around, lay around and get stuck up
You beatnit, wait a minute, hold the fuck up
If I was deaf, dumb, blind, stupid, blame
handicapped, crippled and "pussy" was my middle
name
you couldn't beat me slick, snap that neck like a Chico
stick
I know who beat'cha quick (who?), my grip
?Failin this? to some type of tournament
I cut ya fuckin head off and use it as a Christmas tree
ornament
Come and give me a test whoever claims to be the best
He's with the 40-below footprint on his chest
Fucked up, got stuck, go press your luck
Both of his legs were found in back of a garbage truck
Head found in the bar of a limosuine
The rest of his body at a dove site in Queens
Damn man, Mr. Handman, you like braggin
Ya fucked up, made a wrong turn and entered the
dragon
I told you I'm out to stalk,
Last nigga tried me, died G, felt my tomahawk
Apache, that's me, I'm gettin rappers' ass
1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x4)

Verse 3: Treach

You coulda been my main shit but you scrap and will
wack, black
The only thing I smoke witta pipe is an ass crack
You challenge Treach, I'll seal you quick, you can't
touch that
I thought you did a triple cos you said "Aw, fuck that!"
Diamond Hill how ya feel, *?hey Ben Hef?*
Give me a hearin aid or two then I'm thru cos I'm that
def
That's how we all be, tighter than small leaves
Club rappin all be, I'm wreckin on all 3
This drill means chill, Guard Ya Grill, trouble
Is that your head or is your neck blowin a fuckin
bubble?
A-B-C, skip to the S-T
U-V-W-X, fuck the Y-Z
Brand new, Brand Nubian, Grand Puba-in
Tape dem and cruise me then, if I'm wrong, sue me
then
Wait let me hear another tune, tune me in
so I'm straight, if I hear "drop the bomb" I have to go

Break this nig' for anytime or any day, as many rhymes
are played
Erase, forgive me not cos shit I'm hot, if I can get then
you'll get got
Au contraire mon frere this is all my hair
I wouldn't cut it for the biggest butt-ocks out there
Put on a tip or hittin hips, I'm more than quick
I Grease my Lightnin', it's frightening how I get, a slick
schooled, dark, cool Sagittarian
Two types of marryin: very thick or very thin
Naughty By Nature and the Flavor U-N-I-T
1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x4)

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