

Naughty By Nature "Guard Your Grill"

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Has this ever happened to you?
Can you name this tune?
These victims knew how to guard they grill, this
would've never happened

I put two and two together and I came up with four
You are forever, forgot, forbid, shouldn't have to say
much more
I been through more crews than a flute, yeah I'll show
ya
This is so damned scrap I betcha bro don't know ya

You tried to get cool and say peace, save that peace
for a jigsaw
Stay back and watch a real MC get raw
I never know, never know when another will come to
diss this
But if and whenever they come I'm runnin' this merry
fist miss

I shooker the crook and shaker the fake to get like a
quick stick
It's just another one dud and is dismissed
Kitty guard your grill, well be for real, you ain't built
I'm silly ho smackin' MC's on a ninety degree tilt

The reason that it's tilted 'cos you're guilty, too hard to
guard
It's not you're tryin' too gay, you're tryin too hard
How hard can your guard be, I say wassup?
Guard your grill, knuckle up, put 'em up, yup

Guard your grill, knuckle up
I ain't the type to give up
Guard your grill, knuckle up
I smoke first, so what's up
Guard your grill, knuckle up
Put em up, you ain't tough
Guard your grill, knuckle up

I give em much business, an Aspirin
Damn, I love a glass chin

What are ya askin' for mercy, I'm laughin'
Huh, you know the game, you know the name and you
know the rep

You know the Kay, you know the Vin and you know the
Treach
There's no sleepin', no nothin', no rest and hey
No snoozin', no dozin', no f'in way
Heapin' things up like a Coke cup

Wind me up but y'all I gets the low wits tha rough stuff
And after enough to cut ya off a piece, still have
enough
Then go around to them and him because
[Incomprehensible]
I, I got posse full a fighters all fly like a chopper

Use to couldn't take em out 'cos they was rowdy hip
hoppers
There's so much gold for roast, the nuts don't knock us
My nuts are my only homies that can hang proper
At school I had a lot, I filled with VCR's and Vodka

I had two grills, one a runner, one a trotter
Back then I wore briefs, tella starter, gettin' hotter
Then I grew yea long so I had to switch to boxers
How hard can your guard be, I say what's up?
Guard your grill, knuckle up, put 'em up, duck

Guard your grill, knuckle up
I ain't the type to give up
Guard your grill, knuckle up
I smoke first, so what's up?
Guard your grill, knuckle up
Put em up, you ain't tough
Guard your grill, knuckle up

I don't lay, I lie, who knows like Pinnochio
Never been to Tokyo or Keeper's Day Bolochio
Guard your grill, here's a feel, I rush hard
I got the fliest ride out here, the '91 bus card

So callin' me for a ride ain't the answer
Huh, you want a lift ya better pick up a transfer
Sayin' we will go for one cut, now we're dead
Oh yeah, that's 'bout as funny as Barbara Bush in a
bobsled

Now how wrong can you be to think we play
Even a broken clock is right at least twice a day
So now ya feelin' real low, ya no flow crow

You slow hobo, stiffer than Robo

Oh, here's another side of bein' real quick
You might speak it fulla cracks, but you still ain't shh
So don't try at those same style battle cry
I rock the U-train, the routes that I battle by

I listen to sister shit, it 'til they quite slow
No matter that white rap, shoot a pharaoh with a
psycho
Put down ya handgun, up with'cha hands son
Look cops they come, I ain't the damned one

I was only three steps from a peace prize
Pieces laid, piece of his eyes and his left thigh
Knuckle up, put 'em up, yeah guard your grill
And that's comin' from Illtown, down the hill

Guard your grill, knuckle up
I ain't the type to give up
Guard your grill, knuckle up
I smoke first, so what's up?
Guard your grill, knuckle up
Put em up, you ain't tough
Guard your grill, knuckle up

This goes out to the 118th Street Posse
My man scratch in the house, y'know what I'm sayin'?
And oh yae, pss pss pss pss
Don't forget, guard your grill, knuckle up

A strong what up to my man Kid Capri
This goes out to my man Jack Don
I gotta say what's up to my man Pop Dezza Dezza
What's up to Clark Kent and my man face?

This goes out to my man Fitz and the whole Down The
Hill
'Cos they know how to definitely guard they grill
I gotta say what's up to my man Dre and Easy in the
house
This goes out to my man Tamere he's definitely in here

What's up to my homey Kool G Rap and my Brand
Nubian brothers
Special shoutout to my man Grand Puba, one of the
fiercest MC's out there
Peace goes out
Peace to my man Frank Ben, we outta here, peace!

