

## Naughty By Nature "It's Workin'"

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It's workin'  
It's workin'  
Party people if you're ready to rock  
Let me hear you scream

I play for keeps, sidewalks and streets  
We reign and we pop and daily routine sweeps  
It's the fanatic, can't kick the habit, so there you have it  
I'm a addict when I'm near the mike I gots to grab it

Rip the system to shreds grab the braids in my head  
Everybody get lifted remember the rhyme said  
This is your introduction to the new episode  
With the double I countin' down to explode  
Naughty kicked in the door, here come 235 more  
Livin' rotten to the core

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Everybody to the right 'cause all I got left is my flow  
I'm floatin' with Boogie Beat fishin' in a record ocean  
Uh oh, I guess it's goin' down, not now, right now  
So I got down with the git down for Illtown

Figure it's the fine fanny, I miss my mammy  
And you could ask my uncle Randy  
I'm grateful for my granny nanny, that's my mother's  
mammy  
Two tittle brothers with different fathers but we're still  
family

Forget how rough I had it, let's see how smooth it gets  
'Cuz I might wind up doing that same old cruddy shit  
Like clockin', sellin' rocks in my neighborhood  
Back cockin', buckshottin', your ass is shot

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Can you chill a can? Can you spill a can? Can you kill a can?

I know I can, I know I can

Can an American a Republican fuckin' with this African  
Can from this kian land? I know I can

It's a war wick, wick, wick, wack that's Dionne  
Dionne should have predicted her quick trip  
And stayed cool like fuckin' freon  
Or get frozen for eons and beyond bein' the  
unbelievable bastard I be  
Well, believe that shit's some be on

Settle the score, check Melba needs Moore, since now  
she poor

Looks to get richer by puttin' rap up in the picture  
I'll fix ya backwards blindfold step klickow  
Your ass like Calvin so butts get kicked now

Forgive the enemy, be a friend of me you teach  
But forgivin' ain't seem my music crushed in the  
streets

Preach love, practice hate, break tapes and chatterin'  
Streaks on your structure, stain your whole  
establishment

Let's get specific, style that's horrific  
Twisted plus terrific with a tongue that's terroristic  
We'll lift it, then shift it, brandish the biscuit, finish you  
nitwit

Cancel Christmas, won't stop this slick shit

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Time to do sit up, I'm a loose nut, watch crews get cut  
Bring it to my Illtown grounds and lose your butts  
But what is the matter?

Matter of fact I don't wanna hear you talk so close your  
trap

Suckers get interslit like splinters for the winter see  
Dolores sucka

Truck I shoulda told you Large Marge sent her  
Two chocolates away from being sloppy in bunches  
With no lunches step with the punches and try some  
butt crunches

Get your hands clappin', front and the back and keep a cool head  
For all my swingers packin', attackin' back in the motherfuckin' house  
Done traveled a million miles and I'm still kickin' styles

Back snack, that ass back now how's about that?  
You feel about as shitty as a baby's unwiped ass crack  
I'll crack a bat, dead on the back black  
And leave you layin' there flat as a flapjack

We ain't friends to the end I blasted Chuckie  
After this instead of beef you'll be givin' me chicken at Kentucky  
Lackin' lucky so worlds fear these and there'll be no more you  
Ooh, ooh like no world's series

Never a fad and madder than mad  
And radical rude rottin' razxkal kid man  
What's happenin'?  
Check the skills on the real it's best to chill  
Don't be caught in the down the hill ordeal, it's ill

Man this shit is deep, huh, I'm goin' deep  
Undercover like a muhfucker way beneath the sheets  
Full blows get thrown to the upper dome  
And continue to go on until you're up and gone

When we spot a block knob no tellin' where the rest will go  
Hustle with my friends  
Straight ballin' like testicles bowlin' for dollars, rollin' for hours

Rappers the pin strike is my friend they be took out in groups of ten  
Scoopin' change you'll be like "Who's that group again?"  
On the ground with no sound with just boots and chins  
Yeah, and ya don't stop, just check out us Illtown niggaz rock

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