

## Naughty By Nature "Respect Due"

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(Treach)

We're on wax and it concerns ya that's make us eternal  
like a picture  
Ya bitch ya, I'll fix ya, raise a rapture ripped ya  
scripture  
I'll mac a meal infact until I stack the bills ta rack the  
skills  
ta get a track ta kill them rap at will, the I is capital  
double L, lower case t-o-w-n  
No trouble, I'll bust your bubble then leave you for ruin  
Such come a dime a dozen, fuck some  
You lost the race by a dick slut's cum cos nuts won  
What fun freaking it frequently, freak wit me, slick ta  
freak quick  
Your girl's poonany's packed like tha freaknic  
We get redicu-down-diculous and devious, believe me  
bitch  
Now your fucking soul ain't so mischevious  
Diss who? We're the hip-hop rap pounder founder  
Ricocheting PM to AM, frying freestyle flounders  
big as bouncers  
Ounce ta ounces  
Don't make us check you  
yes you, just know respect due!

(Vinnie)

I'm hearin niggas in the game yappin this yappin that  
Talkin Vinnie don't write and Vinnie can't rap  
but I bet if you put a pen and pad in my hand  
I could write it in your face my friend, put it on tape and  
then  
give it to my nigga Kay Gee, he produces me  
Pump it thru the Flavor Unit, spread it thru the industry  
The next three weeks my single done peaked on the  
rap sheets  
Sound's knockin from malls to swapmeets  
And then there's oh mad tours and oh mad whores  
We sign autographs by the G's in the in-stores  
And then there's oh mad sex and ASCAP checks  
So when I, um, plex it, it's me I'm in the beamer or

Lexus

Guess which nigga is next to flex this  
Style that I be rippin's authentic so don't text this

(Treach)

You can fool some of the people some of the time but  
not all of the people  
all of the time  
Some of the rhymes some of the times cos some of the  
9's some of em mine  
And bout a brown as Bobby wit a trolley  
to bury Halle, it's chocolate so pardon Dolly as a hobby  
When it comes to harm me ya don't alarm me  
cos I roll wit Double I and Ron G's army  
So that's 235 on a slang bang  
and see Ron wit a nigga for fucking A-Train  
And that's deep like the minds of Minolta  
Deep ditch like the Swedish knits on John Travolta  
If you don't look good we don't look good  
These nuts that soon clear the room  
So boom to the break and break, ah, to the snap  
and snap ta the beat, I'll freak them, bring it back  
So's I had no choice but ta roll wit the flow  
Plus I came over the bridge and I ain't wasting my toll

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