

## Naughty By Nature "Rock & Roll (Featuring Redman & Method Man)"

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And y'all thought it was over  
Nah nah it ain't over 'til the fat bitch sings my nigga  
We ready to rock & roll goddamn it? Fuck Yeah  
Dirty Jers', New Jerusaluem, Shaolin  
Naughty By Nature motherfuckers, Wu-Tang my niggaz  
Grab your hat bitch, c'mon

Dum-dum-dum, there they go  
Dum-dum-dum, there they go  
Dum-dum-dum, there they go  
Dum-dum-dum, there they go

Gettin the realism, statin' the great prism  
Journalism, the Moses writin', graffitti on the state  
prison  
Hard to steal, last year, slash a pop hit  
Hate related, he's the closest that I lost since Pac

Got the glock blown, ready to rock & roll  
Give me a shot that go up the most, cop the blow, nock  
us no  
Finger fuck the fair place, that's in the stairway  
Gut a motherfucker, gotta die to get airplay

If I can't spray the airwaves, like a great AK  
You stay where you lay babe, "Fuck you" is what I dare  
say  
Hatin' niggaz cuz it ain't passion for rappin' or axin'  
So sell extortion and jackin', what's happenin'?

What's that? The clappin', they're kidnappin' Sergeants  
and Captains  
I'll be mackin' and actin' like a nigga scratchin' for  
super passion  
Blap, blap, blap, c'mon

Rotten and dazed 'cause I may not be here tomorrow  
World feel the sorrow, click clack, blah blah blah blow  
yo  
Bullets in, barrels off, urban apparel  
Like I told you before, click clack, blah blah blah blow  
yo

Ready to rock & roll  
(Ready to rock & roll)  
Ready to rock & roll  
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Ready to rock & roll  
(Ready to rock & roll)

M.C.'s have the right to remain silent  
Everything you say can and will be held against y'all  
punk muh'fuckers  
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya  
Me need ya? That'll be the day, ya bustas

Son suffer, the consequences, for askin'  
Competition get an ass kickin' so tremendous  
I throw my draws in it  
Who representin' for The Projects tenants since Day  
One?

Shit is gettin' deep out here, run your garments son  
Like niggaz when the police department come  
Yes y'all, Mef y'all, stank ass an' all  
I'm too off the hook it don't make no sense to call

1-900 eat shit, I get get my cobra cock  
Might death blow, close your eye

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And I', ready to rock & roll, I lock your load  
I blow the block some mo'  
Undercover like sellin' cops some blow  
Bring a pain killer, my name ring a bell  
Orangutang, I throw it up like gang members

Crunk as fuck, walkin' in with the pump tucked  
Punks get it nigga, we even jump sluts  
How 'bout a dump truck sellin' 2 for 5  
I ride with tools I made out of school supplies

I show you it's not serious for y'all  
Trouble, I got a phone on my wrist to call  
You niggaz know when you pissed 'em off  
I turn gorilla with football equipment on

Cla-cloaw-cla-cloaw, I'm 'bout to tap ya foul  
Danger, when the last Rotten Rascal out  
Hang up, phone calls ain't gon' happen now  
An' I'm straight facin', you niggaz can't ask around

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