

Naughty By Nature "Wicked Bounce"

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Don't fuck with us
Watch these niggas get wicked now, check it out
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Don't fuck with us
Watch these niggas get wicked now, what?

Put 'em up, what, what?
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Well here's a shout out to all those who think that we
slipped
Doin' this ever since 165, north 15th breakdancin' with
slick
Nigga what, I'll beat your butt, you niggas on a beef or
what
And if I gotta go deep, I'll cut and if you try to face this
The naughty by the nature gonna lace this

Track, we be the cream of the pack
Don't come up in my face with bullshit 'cuz you're
bound to get slapped
And then we'll take it to a level where you're gonna get
clapped
And then we'll all be up in court, I don't got time for that

'Cuz I'm, one third, naughty, look into my eyes, yeah
you know me
Ain't nobody pimpin' like us three, call us masters,
O.P.P
And when I draw the line don't get in the way, I'm paper
chasin'
Or I'll be cuttin' you off like Friday, the 13th and I'm
Jason

Single don't mingle with ladies hearts, I'm a thief
I'm not a virgin but virgo, birthday September 17th
And don't ask me for favors 'cuz it'll be just like pullin'
teeth
I'm on some new shit with niggas 'cuz you continually
sleep, don't creep

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Dun, dun, dun, dun, dun dirty, the motherfucker with
them jewels on
Did the dirt, turn the news on
Nigga left layin' with his shoes on
With every clue gone

You actin' nervous, what'd you do wrong?
Nigga lookin' shaky, all fakey, all quiet
Ah, forget about it when the feud's on
Now wha-wha, what put 'em up that's what the party get

I bartend on some naughty shit and no play that shorty
shit
We hittin' and kickin' like this shit
Shakin' like you know chicken like pick, pick, pick pickin'
the town
Dickin' em down, pickin' a hoe, give 'em a show, the
rigamarole

So, if you ever go report, you seen my tribe
I best to pray you got nine lives because your goddamn
eyes lied
[Incomprehensible]
That's 25 lines motherfucker you on my side
What you gonna do, when a dude talkin' all the drunk

talk
At least you'll die high

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Just look don't touch, just tip my bitch
'Cuz things get crazy now
Punk motherfucker gonna pay me now
Got busy, got forty, got fam, got fuss, got jet, got slash

Diesel do, take apart that ass
Got another motherfucker get cash fast
Did dash smash, who you fought last, him or me?
Them or we? Get Hennessy, you memory

Treachery, and next to me, it's that nigga uncle Vinnie
What with K Boogie on the break release
The beat don't cease till we double fuckin' platinum
apiece
Hands touched

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