

## **The Jungle Brothers**

# **"How Ya Want It We Got It"**

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How ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)  
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(Oh yeah)

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Hey Mr. Africa, this joint is headed  
Man, I'm glad that beef is debated  
I jolt the bullet quick out of the fifty-one six  
To hear my Sammy on the mix

We flipped the belt, I felt the rubber burnin'  
See I was yearnin' for the moment  
Man opponents couldn't stop me  
When I first heard AC/DC I had to get a copy

Now I'm swole, who try to patrol my family  
Your fantasy back in the day was to be native  
But now your shit's sedated  
I bring the doctor, I'm a for the remedy

But some pretend to be, a bit seditty  
Your attitude is sh-tty  
I'm getting downright grimy and gritty  
Introducin' to the scene is Mike Giggy

Yo, we sling the raw through the airwaves  
We make you wanna misbehave  
We gotcha hooked  
Like the rhythm and the slaves

So catch a phase of the craze  
Noddin' heads for days  
He's acting stingy with the level  
And he spreads in many ways

So if you want to test the effervesce  
Come along and be my guest

Yo, 'cause Jungle Brothers in the House  
And De La's in the house

And Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, you wanna all it  
Y'know 'cause I could give it all night Nigga  
And make ya last Mike Gigger

Africa, Sammy B, the JBeez  
Straight out the jungle with the natural remedy  
I'm reppin', we lettin' off joints at this section  
The steppin' rhymes  
Turntables and beats are lethal weapons

And the essence, you know we got a lot like constock  
The Native Tongues are here with that brew for your  
heart  
We're makin' ample usage of the times that we see  
Tell us how you want it, and we bring the strategy

So, how ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)  
How ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)

How ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)  
How ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)

Now imported from the planet of dope shit  
Be the native tongue  
Rocka one plug infinite dot com  
Getcha tail hooked in the thoughts

Don Perry on free back where  
Ladies love to hear the emcee  
We be the necessary realism  
While you be

Chicken lo mein stream, baby  
What? Place it in your gut  
Guaranteed, we in the lead to run rap  
Just hand over the deed

Now Ya heard about, read about  
Be apart of it don't front  
Now I'ma play ya like the government  
And give ya what I think ya want

That native river to make ya rock with one another

'Cause in my eyes, I consider us all sisters and  
brothers  
So to the table I bring Fat jams to make ya sing  
Cause I'm starvin', I haven't had nothing like this

Since doin' our own dang  
So be ya P, Is it ready?  
To flip ya pattern of speech, 'cause I thinks  
There's heads out there we still need to reach

True, yo this joint is crazy  
Get's the lazy out of  
Hey yo, Mikey how ya figure?  
I wouldn't wanna catch cold  
This joint is wisdom, kid

And be emcee, I'm out to get old  
I seek the blessed the drum pattern  
From brand new to tattered and torn  
This place is Jimmy crack corn

My shit's Mazola  
Your style's kiddy like Crayola  
JBeez be the top dola, I mean dollar  
Study the E-M-C-E-E's to remain the rhyme scholars

Now how ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)  
How ya want it we got it  
(Oh yeah)

Record shop nine to five with the Raw Deluxe  
Jungle Brother Africa, I got the Native Tongue touch  
Verbal grammar, comin' atcha like a Black Panther  
Check the sampler, the microphone man handler!  
Crowd controller

Yes, we gotcha open, gotcha ampler  
Shootin' the gift like Saint Nick, the black Santa  
(He's checkin' his list)  
Say what?  
(He's checkin' it twice)  
Ya

You ain't gettin' shit  
If they naughty if ya nice  
So come down the chimney  
Brothers the vicinity  
Lock down ya block nonstop with the remedy

Similar to water out the clouds

I'm here to reign supreme  
Self-esteem lower than them rides in Cali  
Is the reason why these niggas

Rally around the bull shit, rubber duck, you can't bull  
shit  
Occupy world-wide with frontings all the misses  
These womans don't love us so we forced to talk to  
bitches  
Tryin' to ease up in the rises, sayin' "I like the way you  
stylin'"

Let me in the passenger while you play the pilot"  
Listen baby doll, recites is a peeper  
Hair fully wooly but you mental's six ether  
And I don't live that so step up top  
And watch the Native Tongues lick the crop for the  
cream

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