

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Strike A Nerve"

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Intro: Vin Rock

(Strike a nerve)

Yo bitch, it was some bitch in a seminar
talkin bout you had to get up early to wax this

(Strike a nerve)

Them other motherfuckers said you couldn't even wax
that dirty bitch

So wassup y'all?

(Strike a nerve)

Verse 1: Treach

I get my daily dose of cha-cha-cha and "Shut the fuck
up, ho"

Shit, shaved, and bathed e'ryday then I must go

Ugh, this is Everyday All Day, let's all say

Pluckin enough and roughin em up and fuckin em up
always

Bet, let's talk about a back flash, ya jackass

That fast you flash witta match, your fast rap

And even though you didn't know me before the flow
solo

It's no slow way to go, bolos I throw or sold

Let's pick a bitch to pick with, peekaboo

I see you thru your crew, now whatchu wanna do?

After that, caps off to the black frost

My pants always sag cos I rap my ass off (Ooooooh)

You wanna talk about a badboy *?sanchoi?*

I'm bad as they come, chum, straight up ricochet rap
style

To Vin Rock and KayGee, I'm the baby

Droppin the ladies, cravin ya maybe, I have the right to
be lazy

Got more stretch to my swing and the stretch of a
chicken wing

The flavor is bacon and its cravin is icecream

I'm too trucked to be fucked and too live, otherwise

Ya drive by's smuffler, word to the mother, my brother
eyed

Runnin and comin, drama starin wit a stellar

I need so many lumps, I'll use your head as a braille
book
Many friends ships ink, quick, fast
It'll take a dollar worth of gas to outlast your little tired
ass
You tried to swing this way, you little swifty
(Ha ha ha, slum bitches still miss me)
I do the dumpin, humpin, clappin like thunder
and that's comin from a land down under

Interlude:

Yo, I'm sick of dis shit, man
Niggas tryin to cut, they rocks none (Strike a nerve)
Yo, they tryin to make us drop, Vin Rock sayin he don't
rock enough
Yo kick that shit

Verse 2: Vin Rock

Prepare for the worst, cos I ain't livin loss
I wouldn't just give a fuck, cos givin is free and my
fuck's cost
????? your loss in The Source, cos I know no way
I been there before, maybe 5-6 times a day
Sometimes I put my hands on my head when I'm done,
from
and wondered to myself where did dat def shit come
from?
And then I think about the Naughty and the Nature in it
and then the Flavor then the figures while I'm flowin wit
it
So I won't give up, stop, stall, quit, ya kitten
You can't touch this, fuck what them throats written
I got tracks, better known as snaps, far forbidden
And the warm do, I know, I know how to make ya feel it
I'll take a head, I'll make ya spread and now lay back
I tell you once, I tell you twice, Vinnie don't play that
(You don't?)
So don't start, there will be none is the lesson, folks
I hate cigarettes but my Smith & Wessun smokes
>From anywhere, from any corner, anytime that's right
Who you bashin? I go blast in broad daylight
You stand hard, you look hard, yeah, your figure's soft
I got nuff props from buckshots that niggas caught
Ya say you can't go to the takin me out close
Huh, in that case, you shoulda named your album
"Almost"
I wouldn't rely on the try if I was you, yo
Cos I'm turnin tries into "oh oh's" and "hell no's"
I wouldn't be caught dead witchu up in tryin it

And if I was goin, I get my stiff ass up and rip shit
I can't go out like a wooden sock with padlocks
I'll leave tacks tiny and slimy like snot spots
I write a day, to me, it's a common caper
Say so much shit, huh, I write my rhymes on toilet
paper

Interlude:

Yeah, Vin Rock, backbone of Naughty By Nature,
y'know! msayin?
(Strike a nerve)
That's right, so everybody sleepin on the up, stay off of
my dick
(Strike a nerve)
We're gonna stomp this time around, word up
(Strike a nerve)

Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock

Look who's mother's in the studio, thirty sons and
daughters
Mrs. Happy Thing is in the back catchin quarters
Come and try to run wit it, never in a lifetime
Thirty ????? could act at Caesar's, still I bet I get mine
I heard your girl's havin a baby, now will what she
have?
A bag of dope, a bottle, or crack, or a sess bag
There ain't a part of me with 'sorry' written on it, slick
You couldn't rock a crooked cradle, you fuckin prick
The way I rock could shit, you just often like it
My style's so fat I had to throw it on a water diet
Bullshit ya not, I ain't the type to be fuckin with
Wreckin with, and if I mic attest it, I'll be neckin it
Onslaught at an encore, you stinkin rat
You're so dumb you tried to buy a fuckin thinkin cap
Now that tells us in a sec right where your head is at
In between some bitch's legs, lookin ass and lap
My name is Treach, remember this and don't you ever
'fess
That's a shame, I get two minutes just to say "Next!"
Fuck who follows you, you and them could help each
other
I treat you both like any other motherfuckin runner
This is the Flavor, tasty although sugar-free
So have a Coke, have a smile and have a booger, G

(Why?) Cos you don't mean shit to me
I'ma take you ????? where good shit's meant to be
I rock a rhyme that'll be a straight up def track
Droppin more shit than white castles and neck slacks

A studio to me is just a chance to rock, G
I rock and rock, god damn, call me VinRocky (ha ha)
It's just what the fuck I'm talkin bout
I say one thing and your whole crew's walkin out
So do the lyric here, this is one lyric less
If I were you, I'd take and throw em on his fuckin neck
Something that flow should come straight from the
horse's mouth
Mr. Ed's dead so his ass is the best way out
Shit man for hire, this hitman is the law
I run more tracks than a San Francisco trolley car
Prepare for the win-te, oh yeah
I could write your fuckin album and you'll soon be the
last one there
I start to heat up and rip shit in one, see
You couldn't get it hard if the eyes were on Broad
Street
So don't you ever never tell me I'm not good enough
I got more stuff than a teddy bear, from ass to gut
This is a solid you could never outlast
If bullshit was worth a dime, you'd have a job in a cow's
ass

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