

## Gitti & Erika

### "Radio"

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[Treach] You know it's Naughty on the RADIO (Turn it up!)  
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}  
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}  
[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)  
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!  
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}  
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse One: Treach

I'm the King of Hip-Hop, there is none NIGHER  
Sucker motherfuckers better call me SIRE  
To burn my Kingdom, there ain't enough FIRE  
I won't stop rockin cause I won't re-TIRE  
Under the sheet, boricua heat, a street fleet, with  
missile seekers  
Cause G.I. Joe's a John Doe, ass beat with some street  
sweepers  
Hold the heaters, want a war? Bless the butcher  
Glad to meet you MOTHERFUCK THAT, nice to mush ya  
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles  
of beer of beer on the wall on the wall  
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles of, beer!  
Now if the one of the one bottles of bottles of  
happened to happened to fall  
we'll bring the rock with hip-hop, and YES YES Y'ALL  
So I asked some-motherfuckin-body who breed's the  
bangest?  
Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street  
flamers!  
Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought  
Wanna hear this bump from New City, New Guinea to  
New York!  
(Niggy what?!)

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Two: Vinnie

My radio believe me, I like it loud

I don't care if you don't like it cause it draws a crowd

And if you wanna find me one-eighteen is the block

My first name Vinnie, the last name ROCK (ROCK)

But don't you come around unless you got a boombox

to add on to the sounds that we already got

We don't be trippin or flippin we concentratin on rhymes

Never snitchin or bitchin or perpetratin no crime

Kay-Gee and Treachery's both down with me

The illest on the mic since Run-D.M.C.

Whether urban or top 40, Naughty, thought we'd resurrect the

where-we-from amensia, blackin out so much I suffer epileptic seizures (AHH!) Takin our time just to

guarantee we'll please ya -- the wait is over

so call up with your request it's been a good long while

Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dial

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Three: Treach

When undercovers don't know who to cop, spots gotta move the rock

Now Poppa the Cop's got out with two blocks sport a newer glock

Niggaz be in tuned to watch, some like to move in mob

Dressin wildin up my niggaz ? slice my tuner top

The streets are boilin brewin hot since 1-2 to Watts

But later we go and party with more mami's than when Menudo dropped

Take a ride through the buddha block, 360 through the

block

Lock it up, then stop, cause there's two of the cop  
Find a crew to knock I'm in the mood to rock, fuelin hot  
Actin like you knew the block when you the cops, two to  
drop

My motto here you see is no way slick

Givin you news to get you off my nigga O.J.'s dick

Haters don't walk shit, they talk shit, new tactics  
like the six million dollar man they see six, after them  
taxes

(no shit) My niggaz rap shit like they classic, but ask  
this

I'll BLOW any show, and if you diss you'll get yo' ASS  
KICKED

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach \*repeat 3X to  
fade\*

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-  
da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

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