

Naughty By Nature F/ Master P Mystikal Phiness Sil "Nothin' Could Save Ya"

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Pump up the boomin systems that'll bust
New York City's about to be bumrushed
Shameek and the boys bringin back the boomin bass
All five boroughs are packed in one place
A million partygoers on the set
Imagine the sweat, the bodyguards won't let
anyone on the dance floor until Twin Hype outta there
And we can go on for about a year
At a jam we hit hard like Bam Bam
So don't stand still god damn get with the program
Twin Hype records weren't made to please
wallflowers, Shameek can keep em busy after hours
of going berzerk, backflips and body jerks
Nobody stand still, nobody get hurt
This is a concert, be on your best behavior
Cause nothin' could save ya

Nothing, could save, you when Twin
Hype is on, the mic

Bring it back once more
Throw up the call of the floor until your feet sore
The party's over here, nobody's over there
No drugs shared, just Bacardia and beer
Brothers in Levi's, girls in the Fila's
Girls in bikers, mini-skirts, and knee-highs
want it when we perform
I get the dough, do the show, pull a hoe and I'm gone
(back) Back to the crib, yo that's where the party's at
It's with a flock of rump, and where the Bacardi's at
Even though my fans exhausted and rehabilitatin
Wait for another day and life
To be astound, we get Shameek in the town
Cause I'm bound to get down with the sounds of Twin
Hype
Yo be on your best behavior
Chill, cause nothin' could save ya

Nothing, could save, you when Twin
Hype is on, the mic

Throw on your brand new dancing gear
Nineteen ninety-one's the year
Troopers everywhere, check the crib where the beat
bop
Boomin system pumps on every street block
I see em freakin, brothers goin all out
Girls dancin till your hairweaves fall out
Double bout, ain't no stoppin us
Hollywood (you can bite the dust)
I'm here to force on stage to hear em shout
(Go Twin Hype, go Shameek!) It's about
fifty, thousand, dancers housin
the coliseum floor, be strobed on the board
Boys from Brooklyn ain't beatin nobody up
Tonight they lounge, snatchin the hotties up
The party's stretched with girls you'd adore too
Wallflowers are home, nobody called ya
Be on your best behavior
Word Bird though, nothin' could save ya

long interlude

Nothing, could save, you when Twin
Hype is on, the mic

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