

Naughty By Nature F/ Next "Amazin"

Visit "[Amazin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Yo Biz, play that shit
Yeah yeah cause I told ya, ha ha ha HA!
It's going down like this!
That's some real shit, on some real shit
About to set this motherfucker OFF
For the motherfuckin nine-nickel REPRESENT
Yeah, collaboration
Niggaz ya know, niggaz ain't ready for this that's word
life
Yo!

Verse One:

I'm living life colossal, I'm hostile
Ghetto apostle, hip-hop that's my gospel
I'm gettin up in skins like Massengil, dat's the deal
Not the Guru, but I got Mass Appeal
Pass the pill, and I'ma shoot the rock
Like constipation put your shit on lock
I be the bomb and then some, you sweatin my income?
Makin more yards than Rashan Salaam
Gotta make moves in this hip-hop biz, fuck a test
Couldn't even give me a pop quiz
So what's up son? Let us put the burner to the blunt,
don't front
And we gonna run a train on this stunt
that they call hip-hop, but I won't catch blue balls
I'm goin way back, like the hairline of Lou Rawls
Even before I got my label deal
I was disconnectin niggaz like they late for they cable
bill
Now I got the number one album in the nation
on occasion... I'm sayin...

Verse Two:

Uh, check it out... check it out... check it out...

I'm not run of the mill, pimpin shit like Ron O'Neal

Reminisce on can I get a deal?
Makin demos in the garage, now I'm fuckin large
Now my entourage rocks camoflauged it's a sabotage
This jam is on some bust your head shit
Niggaz gettin amped and I ain't even said shit
I be freakin facts from here to Secaucus
Bitches stalk us, put us on like British Walkers
I'm layin in the cut like a Band-Aid
And your shit is still played like waves in the skin-tight
fade
like Jade, everyday of the week I freak techniques
What's the science on the streets?
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system
Omniscence got the funky shit -- for your system
Run up in your Earth and your Wisdom
Even though bitches wanna skeeze me and please me
and tease me
I ain't goin out like Eazy
Pack a twenty-two caliber, blowin up like the Challenger
Bangin mo heads than Metallica! What nigga, what?

Verse Three:

It's like this y'all, it's like that y'all
It's like that y'all, one time for your mind!
Lick shots one time to your mind
if you feel what I feel let me know one time
Yeah, lick shots one time if the herb is superb
if you're high then you got what you deserve

So once again again I slam god damn yo I'm out like
antenna
No beginner, get under your skin like a splinter
Punani nigga, rock the Tommy Hil-figer
And I don't tote a glock, to show that I'm a real nigga
Runnin shit in ninety-five, you ain't gettin live
I'll be takin your shit, like this was New Jersey Drive
I strive, for perfection, number eight section
selection, kickin like the tag to connection
You can bring the noise 3 Boyz is my alliance
Reggie and Ronald better known as the giants
You know the science, I'm rippin out hearts
If I was a bomber then you still couldn't get no parts
Do rock it funky nasty downright
This is what a beatdown sound like!
So let me know if you FUCKIN with me
I'm the O-the-M-the-N-the-I
the-S-the-C-the-E-the-N-the-C-to the fucking E!

Outro:

Yeah, 3 Boyz -- make noise
This is our groove
So rock rock rock on
Like that like this!
Ahh yeah, just some flava
Ninety-five, ninety-six, forever
YEAH!
And to the fake crews...
..I hope you're ready
And to all the real niggaz...
rock steady. And I'm out

Visit [Naughty By Nature F/ Next](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.