Naughty By Nature F/ Phiness ''Jam Session''

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[Intro]

Ah you hear this? Ada big belly guy I telling be talking By my side is my version Biggie Smalls Ya? (no question, no question) From Brooklyn Ya! (Representing', uhh) Comfortable calling in NBA stars, wiggity wiggity wiggity wiggle wiggity why Come in Biggie and let them understand

[Verse One: Notorious B.I.G. & Heavy D] [Biggie Smalls] Not even Stan the man could withstand the lyrical punch You nibble on my double dribble or alley-oop and monster dunk. (Ah hah, ya heard this?) Dig in the trunk Mark Jackson even Bill Paxton Give me my props at the lyrical waxin (ya heard)

[Heavy D]

Ya heard, kill the beam cause the heavy one's coming Shot are being blocked and the funky drum is drumming That's one of those set's where ya gotta get wreck or get wrecked

No time flex, Heavy D is on the set, so what's next?

[Biggie Smalls]

I'm stripping like Scottie Pippen giving the serious butt kicking

Breaking bones like Karl Malone yeah I'm flippin' Or Isaiah, say ya prayer when I step inta your layer Leave the lane clear; I'm welfare like Lambier

[Heavy D]

Now in case you didn't know it's a funk flow slide show Hip hop here we go, how did ya know the big belly pro Doing his thing Ting-a-ling-a-ling ting-a-ling-aling I'm the man, yes I am, now watch me jam, who I am? [Chorus x4] Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam [Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G. & Heavy D] [Heavy D] This time it ain't the shoes, it ain't the shoes, I swear it's me (Who that?) The H to the E to the A or Y Vesty I slam a dunk bunk I make a funky feel the funk I don't know what it is but I got blue funk inside my dunk

[Biggie Smalls]

One in the chamber like Chambers, Getting' that close range like Danny ainge nobody is stranger Than the Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn thumper With the wicked jumper you like the way I freak the double jumper

[Heavy D]

Jump shots, jump shots, I got them for days Call me radar; I'm a star I don't miss them far A funky dribbler ball handler rough for a verangular Giving props there you want cocks and I'm slamming them

[Biggie Smalls]

Rebounding, Outstanding, no one surrounding I'm screwing and doing like I was Ewing The only one soaring and scoring is Jordan (Ah heh ah heh)

He must of had his wheaties this morning

[Chorus x4] Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam

[Verse Three: Tru Kula]

(Yeah)

Hey maa! Pass my kicks with the ill grip, quick Watch it wreck, use the number one draft pick In my district I'm slick with the b-ball Your curious ask the Heavy or the Notorious Biggie, who can check me, can he see me? I'm ghost like the board slave, five coast to coast Cause I'm the dread not the baldhead With the ill vertical, like my man Spud Webb (uh hahaha) Don't push your luck I won't spear chuck a 20-footer

Gripping the archive for great sky hook Look, who's that? You never heard of me Ever seen a structure that fits in a jersey Could you flow like the general on the hard wood? To black top courts in ya neighborhood Yo, Biggie's on the low post, heavens to swing man Eh yo, check out the jam

[Chorus Fades Out] Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam

[Music fades out]

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