

## Naughty By Nature F/ Rustic Overtones

### "Black Widow"

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She tossed the flamer '94 walked into danger  
Behind the wall fought with a banger  
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased  
Back on the street, back on her feet  
Clappin the heat...

[unknown singer]  
She's dressed to kill  
Iced-out head to toe, a snake in black  
She's cleared, to, get ill  
She's about the dough, the black widow

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]  
Yo, she was a tight bird, female version of Iceberg  
To put in the right words  
Played the right curves, beige and white birds  
The type she served it was quite superb  
Ran through the city in a white suburb  
Lived in a predominantly white suburb  
She liked the herb, rockin all the richest type of furs  
Make your life submerge if you strike a nerve  
Dough she like to splurge  
Shine of her light blurs from off her finger  
Honey was off the ringer, the way she tossed the  
flamer  
'94 walked into danger, behind the wall fought with a  
banger  
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased  
Back to the street, back on her feet  
Clappin the heat, from the back seat, in back of a jeep  
Stackin the heat, pilin the ones  
Made her point when violence was brung  
Regulated and balanced the slums  
Brought in a cat with a talent for guns  
Click quick to silence a Dunn  
Convoys of black limos  
Employs strapped with mack millos  
Bustin off caps through a cracked window, that's the  
MO  
Push your wig back, make you a black Leno  
The feds on her tracks got the phones tapped for info

Tryin to map the dividend flow, and where the ends go  
Checkin on whose name the Benz go  
Who pushes the buttons when Mac-10's blow  
A rose on a black satin pillow  
The silhouette of her web, killin for bloodspill, a black widow

[Chorus: unknown singer] + (Kool G Rap)  
She's (out for blood) dressed (for the kill) to kill (bustin slugs)  
Iced-out (shit is real) head (livin crime) to toe (life of crime)  
A snake (droppin heads) in black (pullin nines)  
She's cleared (dodgin heat) to (play the street)  
Get ill (let the guns blow, had to eat)  
She's about (copped the raw) the dough (went to war)  
The black widow (beef no more, cold fours at your door)

[Verse 2: Kool G Rap]  
She was married but four times a widow  
The fifth time ditto, kiddo  
Step out of line, kitko, she spit nines and shi-dells  
Put a pound to the tip of your niddose  
Put em in line piddles  
Diamond-stud shinin the clito', the web spinnin  
With bloodstains soaked in the bed linen  
Spread venom, known for bustin the lead grinnin, tilted red brimmin  
Makin the lights inside of your head dimmin  
Givin head to men and, leave a knife in they chest with a red ribbon  
Bread to swim in, foes get left deader than Lennon  
Threads of linen, sippin gin with a shread of lemon  
Dead-up thoroughbred, slim and trim and stackin cake like Emminger's  
Under the down coat brown coat like cinnamon  
She went to have the Benjamins, for that she injure men  
Send a squad to go and injure men that injure men  
On top of that she popular, hit the opera  
Francis Ford Coppola, mezzanine she's with binoculars  
You even think about poppin her, stoppin her, moppin her, droppin her  
Hard with bodyguards divin on top of her  
Cops in they Blu-Blockers watchin her, steady clockin her  
Jock her, dreamin of knockin her, thinkin a scheme for knockin her  
Dress provocative, show the cleavage between her knockers

Bust a sock off with a blocker to rasta inside her locker  
She cover the bills though, restaurant delicatessen  
Armadillo  
White Willow, strike of the black widow

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Kool G Rap]

She held a white weddin  
Type settin just like a sight from heaven  
Spend twice the bread'n from her last rice on her  
head'n  
All types of presents, striking presence  
Bodyguards ready to light they weapons, ignite the  
Wessons  
Refuse to live the life of a peasant  
Days and nights was right and type pleasant  
At the foot of the aisles, took vows  
with all the criminals and crook pals  
That put smiles on niggaz' necks while they look foul  
Piles of cops peepin her central book files  
Beef them niggaz cook wild, groom lookin shook style  
Forced into marriage, horse and a carriage  
Remember lifespan shorter than average, lady boss  
flossin her carats  
Dreams to get rich and perish in Paris  
Cherish the cabbagem, makin her path out of the  
church passage  
Thugs they do they dirt massive  
Skirt slashed, first class, Doni Amberg glasses  
Flirt with her lashes  
Snapshots, smirk for the flashes  
Plots to leave her murked in the masses  
Two killin experts on the grasses  
Put in they Tec work for the cashes  
Leave the Earth hurt with a passion  
Two louds shots burstin in action  
Made her head jerk from the blastin  
Lady down, holdin her shirt gaspin, hit by another turf  
assassin  
Reason not even worth askin; the facts are real, though  
Got her cap peeled for stackin real dough  
Lifestyle brillo when you're rollin for krill dough  
Death of a black widow

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