

## Everyday All Day

## Naughty By Nature

This is somethin' that I call the flow  
Not many if any 'cept for Vinnie can say they know  
In fact detracting that is something that I rarely show  
Because my tongue is actually fast but then again it's slow  
See yo, you say cheeka boo

(Throw it bro)

A name pertained for niggas who, who  
Who hear that name and place a trigger to the figure who  
It blew through and if ya try ta rip, I throw a bigger blue shoe to you  
And if you take the shoe, a nigga actor will do, ooh

Dressed to the best to impress but after they try to diss it  
Well guess a nigga, I'll take a pistol  
See who wants to be naughty or nicest  
Like ice is I'm priceless, plug the mic to it  
Come with the D with the I with the S to the S's, see whose hype is  
Test the test the Treach to Treach address, the address  
How I'll bless and blow any conflicts  
Why to try to chrome, my style is just nonsense  
M-my ni-ni-nigga m-m-mackin' so you get out of it

Any and all should fall, many are small should call  
Naughty by Nature the creator of all y'all  
Show hope, show no hope and can't cope, so no way  
This is how we play everyday all day

Yo yo hey yo  
Havin' a round of cadavva, gather matters is drastically  
Never say never whenever whether we come on after thee  
Hand to Gee the producer, me is loose off the claps ya see  
That keeps you boogie 'n happily  
Voice ya opinion, it's the rhythm I'm lendin'  
The message I'm sendin' from London to Linley  
Girls are given a chance to get ya all pampered  
Leave them ol' cramps in your pants then I belly dance her

God is good and if you would, you should just  
Play to the way I see 'em, play all day is what He'll bless  
I'm leavin' 'em evil and seein' 'em bein' a torture with dull props  
I won't give up 'til you had 'nough of these call shots  
Now let the hard floor break your fall darlin'  
'Cos on the shrift and Naughty Nature ain't waltzin'  
When we dance we come full-thrust, the bum rush  
Knockin' and poppin' and poppin' and sockin'  
And rockin' dawn 'til dusk

I ain't the type to get suit-to-sike  
I feel I'm better than ever before but as a rapper I'm just alright  
Showin' time is for clocks, knockin' poppas  
Pop pop you try to shine I make your heart work proper  
And that's comin' from the drifter and if ya  
R U N ya L I P, you will B E G O N E  
So let the guests gettin' pass-ons, be bygoness  
Nevertheless is definitely hit and hits are what we strive on  
We feel this way every single day all day  
So make way

Wuz up to all you MC cub scouts, grub scouts gettin' rubbed out  
I'll bet'cha kept ya album froze 'til this came out  
Hittin' ideas to use, a half of us snit or two  
Snatchin' and maxin' a rap that I'm castin', how dare you?  
How the hell can you yell what someone else said?  
I must get on what I loan, what I own on my forehead, huh  
But I doubt that, and now you wanna back out  
Your career had more ins and outs than a crack house

I'm mackin' 'n' rackin' 'n' cappin' the acts and I wax em wit-wit a smack  
This scam he owes must judge me rough with a whiffle bat  
And that's simply elementary Watson  
So pack ya track and do 5 flat in your Datsun  
Now let my canine backtrack the copy-cat  
Your night life is up, so what you had, you gotta sound track  
What's all with seven thousand other rappers, groupie  
The cut ya made for that movie ain't soothed me

Who said that Treach can't work when he don't curse?  
Some nasty ass me, Naughty, and nappy but happy  
I'm all that and never go out the small way  
You need a lift, we go this way everyday all day

Your little tape got more blank spots than a tank-top, think, stop  
You oughta store it all, fast forward 'fore I ring props  
You sorry sight, you're a immature rhyme ho  
Come rock a lil' somethin', now we're all outta time so  
From Chill town JC to Brooklyn with A D  
I'm rippin' things daily, no if, ands or maybes  
At the F L and the A V, the O U R B A B E  
Kris, the Jungle Brothers, Tribe Called Quest, yeah they be

Down with Sha-k-a-m, pimp or, man, they swiftin'  
Then the ruler Lord Ramsey, he comes handy on the roll again  
Marked the 45, kids kneels feels the reals  
With the real chill, not the run of the mill deals  
Get poopoo dooie, producer Louie Louie  
Throwin' best tracks to me to me  
So that sometimes they do me  
I can't forget the day live, the solo need a tongue patrol  
A strong what up to the brothers from the Natcheo

We got the gatch to ya batch to rock and lock him  
But now it's I don't even try to outrun them  
The stable now cocky, Lord Ali Raski and trueology  
The sharper day with double jade is the props see  
We also got the speaker Latifah, the Queen of the flavor  
And nuthin' weaker behind is watchin', kick her  
The Digital Under-the-Underground, rocks with Shock and 2PAC  
With Money B, Humpty and Jimmy, the master of the charts

And on the tippie several brothers, we muskets  
It's Tahid, Akeem, Cracker C and Cee Justice  
Plus is the voice behind the Flavor Unit, all time, all early  
It's that girlie, head of the headquarters Shirley  
And what poop last but not least, Camille  
I feel you learned the way we come this deep everyday all day

Y'knowwhatI'msayin? We got the newest member of the Flavor Unit  
Def Jef in effect, we got the producer of this track KayGee  
We got my girl Nikki-D in the house  
My man engineer all-star Dave  
My man on the sax Andy

We got another engineer Andy and assistant Todd  
We got Anj-Du, G-Quick

We got the whole entire 18th Street Posse, Rachim, Mook Daddy  
Skee Steve, Hammer, Howie Cru-Ru, M-Dee, Tak Diesel, Na-Na  
We got my girl Aphrodite and her posse in the house  
Cherokee, and Lisa  
And we outta here like last year  
'Cos we come this deep everyday all day  
Peace