

Rock & Roll

Naughty By Nature

And y'all thought it was over
Nah nah it ain't over 'til the fat bitch sings my nigga
We ready to rock & roll goddamn it? Fuck Yeah
Dirty Jers', New Jerusaluem, Shaolin
Naughty By Nature motherfuckers, Wu-Tang my niggaz
Grab your hat bitch, c'mon

Dum-dum-dum, there they go
Dum-dum-dum, there they go
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Dum-dum-dum, there they go

Gettin the realism, statin' the great prism
Journalism, the Moses writin', graffitti on the state prison
Hard to steal, last year, slash a pop hit
Hate related, he's the closest that I lost since Pac

Got the glock blown, ready to rock & roll
Give me a shot that go up the most, cop the blow,nock us no
Finger fuck the fair place, that's in the stairway
Gut a motherfucker, gotta die to get airplay

If I can't spray the airwaves, like a great AK
You stay where you lay babe, "Fuck you" is what I dare say
Hatin' niggaz cuz it ain't passion for rappin' or axin'
So sell extortion and jackin', what's happenin'?

What's that? The clappin', they're kidnappin' Sergeants and Captains
I'll be mackin' and actin' like a nigga scratchin' for super passion
Blap, blap, blap, c'mon

Rotten and dazed 'cause I may not be here tomorrow
World feel the sorrow, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo
Bullets in, barrels off, urban apparel
Like I told you before, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo

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M.C.'s have the right to remain silent
Everything you say can and will be held against y'all punk muh'fuckers
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya
Me need ya? That'll be the day, ya bustas

Son suffer, the consequences, for askin'
Competition get an ass kickin' so tremendous
I throw my draws in it
Who representin' for The Projects tennants since Day One?

Shit is gettin' deep out here, run your garments son
Like niggaz when the police department come

Yes y'all, Mef y'all, stank ass an' all
I'm too off the hook it don't make no sense to call

1-900 eat shit, I get get my cobra cock
Might death blow, close your eye

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And I', ready to rock & roll, I lock your load
I blow the block some mo'
Undercover like sellin' cops some blow
Bring a pain killer, my name ring a bell
Orangutang, I throw it up like gang members

Crunk as fuck, walkin' in with the pump tucked
Punks get it nigga, we even jump sluts
How 'bout a dump truck sellin' 2 for 5
I ride with tools I made out of school supplies

I show you it's not serious for y'all
Trouble, I got a phone on my wrist to call
You niggaz know when you pissed 'em off
I turn gorilla with football equipment on

Cla-cloaw-cla-cloaw, I'm 'bout to tap ya foul
Danger, when the last Rotten Rascal out
Hang up, phone calls ain't gon' happen now
An' I'm straight facin', you niggaz can't ask around

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