

Strike a Nerve

Naughty By Nature

(Strike a nerve)

Yo bitch, it was some bitch in a seminar
Talkin' 'bout you, had to get up early to wax this
(Strike a nerve)
Them other motherfuckers said, you couldn't even wax that dirty bitch
So wassup y'all?
(Strike a nerve)

I get my daily dose of cha-cha-cha and "Shut the fuck up, ho"
Shit, shaved and bathed a day, then I must go
Ugh, this is Everyday All Day, let's all say
Pluckin' enough and roughin' 'em up and fuckin' 'em up always

Bet, let's talk about a back flash, ya jackass
That fast you flash witta match, your fast rap
And even though you didn't know me before the flow solo
It's no slow way to go, bolos I throw or sold

Let's pick a bitch to pick with peekaboo
I see you through your crew, now whatchu wanna do?
After that, caps off to the black frost
My pants always sag 'cause I rap my ass off

You wanna talk about a badboy 'Sanchoi'
I'm bad as they come, chum, and nasty like ...
To Vin Rock and KayGee, I'm the baby
Droppin' the ladies, cravin' ya maybe, I have the right to be lazy

Got more stretch to my swing and the stretch of a chicken wing
The flavor is bacon and it's cravin', is ice cream
I'm too trucked to be fucked and too live, otherwise
Ya drive by's smuffler, word to the mother, my brother eyed

Runnin' and comin', drama starin' wit a stellar
I need so many lumps, I'll use your head as a braille book
Many friends ships ink, quick, fast
It'll take a dollar worth of gas to outlast your little tired ass

You tried to swing this way, you little swifty
Ha, ha, ha, slum bitches still miss me
I do the dumpin', humpin', clappin' like thunder
And that's comin' from a land down under

Yo, I'm sick of dis shit, man
Niggas tryin' to cut, they rocks none
(Strike a nerve)
Yo, they tryin' to make us drop
Vin Rock sayin' he don't rock enough
Yo, kick that shit

Prepare for the worst 'cause I ain't livin' lose
I wouldn't just give a fuck 'cause givin' is free and my fuck's cost
... your loss in The Source 'cause I know no way
I been there before, maybe 5-6 times a day

Sometimes I put my hands on my head when I'm done, from
And wondered to myself where did dat def shit come from?

And then I think about the Naughty and the Nature in it
And then the Flavor, then the figures, while I'm flowin' wit it

So I won't give up, stop, stall, quit, ya kitten
You can't touch this, fuck what them throats written
I got tracks, better known as snaps, far forbidden
And the warm do, I know, I know how to make ya feel it

I'll take a head, I'll make ya spread and now lay back
I tell you once, I tell you twice, Vinnie don't play that
So don't start, there will be none is the lesson, folks
I hate cigarettes but my Smith-N-Wesson smokes

From anywhere, from any corner, anytime that's right
Who you bashin'? I go blast in broad daylight
You stand hard, you look hard, yeah, your figure's soft
I got nuff props from buckshots that niggas caught

Ya say you can't go to the takin' me out close
Huh, in that case, you shoulda named your album 'Almost'
I wouldn't rely on the try if I was you, yo
'Cause I'm turnin' tries into 'Oh, oh's' and 'Hell no's'

I wouldn't be caught dead witchu up in tryin' it
And if I was goin', I get my stiff ass up and rip shit
I can't go out like a wooden sock with padlocks
I'll leave tacks tiny and slimy like snot spots
I write a day, to me it's a common caper
Say so much shit, huh, I write my rhymes on toilet paper

Yeah, Vin Rock, backbone of Naughty By Nature, y'knowI'msayin'?
(Strike a nerve)
That's right, so everybody sleepin' on the up, stay off of my dick
(Strike a nerve)
We're gonna stomp this time around, word up
(Strike a nerve)

Look who's mother's in the studio, thirty sons and daughters
Mrs. Happy Thing is in the back, catchin' quarters
Come and try to run wit it, never in a lifetime
Thirty could act at Caesar's, still I bet I get mine

I heard your girl's havin' a baby, now will what she have?
A bag of dope, a bottle or crack or a sess bag
There ain't a part of me with 'Sorry' written on it, slick
You couldn't rock a crooked cradle, you fuckin' prick

The way I rock could shit, you just often like it
My style's so fat, I had to throw it on a water diet
Bullshit, ya not, I ain't the type to be fuckin' with
Wreckin' with and if I mic attest it, I'll be neckin' it

Onslaught at an encore, you stinkin' rat
You're so dumb, you tried to buy a fuckin' thinkin' cap
Now that tells us in a sec, right where your head is at
In between some bitch's legs, lookin' ass and lap

My name is Treach, remember this and don't you ever 'fess
That's a shame, I get two minutes just to say, "Next"
Fuck, who follows you, you and them could help each other
I treat you both like any other motherfuckin' runner
This is the Flavor, tasty although sugar-free
So have a Coke, have a smile and have a booger, G

Why? 'Cause you don't mean shit to me
I'ma take you where good shit's meant to be
I rock a rhyme that'll be a straight up def track
Droppin' more shit than white castles and neck slacks

A studio to me is just a chance to rock, G
I rock and rock, goddamn, call me VinRocky
It's just what the fuck I'm talkin' 'bout
I say one thing and your whole crew's walkin' out

So do the lyric here, this is one lyric less
If I were you, I'd take and throw 'em on his fuckin' neck
Something that flow should come straight from the horse's mouth
Mr. Ed's dead, so his ass is the best way out

Shit, man for hire, this hitman is the law
I run more tracks than a San Francisco trolley car
Prepare for the winter, oh, yeah
I could write your fuckin' album and you'll soon be the last one there

I start to heat up and rip shit in one, see
You couldn't get it hard, if the eyes were on Broad Street
So don't you ever never tell me, I'm not good enough
I got more stuff than a teddy bear, from ass to gut
This is a solid, you could never outlast
If bullshit was worth a dime, you'd have a job in a cow's ass