

## Written On Ya Kitten

Naughty By Nature

Oh, where's my kitty cat? (Repeat 4X)

Oh Lord have mercy, come again, come again  
I'm making other people's pussycats max if your nookie  
That's, good for your voice, plump, trump and moist  
Rub me where you love me, face to waist, I'm taster's choice  
Plenty many ladies try to pay me the lady  
I got motts but worse, that cost a lot baby, baby  
Kitty kat hittin' kid from the corner on a quest to rest in your nest  
Straight from my shower to your sauna, yup!  
Next crew, this ain't no Pepé Le Pew  
This is what we do, ménage à trois we do  
Too mean, too mad, too much to handle  
Name is written like a mark and lit that kitten with a candle  
And if ya go court on that have a rate court stuff  
Come take a short cut to Fort Nuts!  
Many praise the way we play  
Well, you know, what can I say?  
Hit 'em low!

Oh, where's my kitty kat, where's my kitty kat, at stroking me? (Hoping she's open, G)

Oh, where's my kitty kat, where's my kitty kat at, stroking me?

On and on, I coulda sworn I saw puddy cat  
City titty cat, witty pretty cat  
OH, WHERE THE HELL IS MY KITTY KAT!  
Pretty patter craps, then I lick her paw, looks like a thicker broad  
Thick as a brick, time to pick her draws  
Now every time her waterfall flows  
I'm at the tip her toes going 'Yo, GERONIMO!'  
Got my name written in missiles  
Capitals, lower-case, show your face, cursive and big initials  
I mow the lawn every season, call me Mr. Green Thumb  
'Cause I'm pushing bushes, giving mean ones  
Cook up the stew and keep steppin'  
I started another life with your wife after we met at y'all reception  
I saw your thing down in the ditches  
Now she does kev, does head, the dirty laundry plus does dishes  
Before the hittin', throw on your mitten  
And don't stop stickin' until it's written on her kitten

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Oh, where's my kitty kat, where's my kitty kat at, stroking me?

Hallelujah! Hip Hop Hooray!

I'm up six hours early, it's a kitten hittin' day  
The dog catcher doesn't speak, his moves switches  
'Cause I catch the pussycat and he catches all the bitches  
I go for cats plus I ball hard  
'Cause you can never get the purr or the fur from a bulldog  
So I'm back for the cat, give up the nappy, stat  
So I can take a cat nap  
Oh yeah, I like my pussycat deep  
So if she's tired or sleep, I have some place to soak my feet  
I see some looking for a bigger knot, what a nigga got

Just make sure there's satin sheets in your litter box  
That's when they hit us our props  
Make sure the room is hot and locked with "Gangsta Bitch" in the boombox  
I hit it chill and leave happily  
And if somebody knocks it after me there'll be a catastrophe  
You don't ever let me get a little bit  
For the kibbles 'n bits, I hit for nipples and tits! (nipples and tits!)  
Always do the hittin' with a lubricated mitten  
Some do lickin' stickin' just to get it written on a kitten

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