

Radio (feat. Rustic Overtones)

Naughty By Nature

[Treach] You know it's Naughty on the RADIO (Turn it up!){ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}
{ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!{ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da ladi dadi da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!Verse One: TreachI'm the King of Hip-Hop, there is none NIGHER
Sucker motherfuckers better call me SIRE
To burn my Kingdom, there ain't enough FIRE
I won't stop rockin' cause I won't re-TIREUnder the sheet, boricua heat, a street fleet, with missile seekers
Cause G.I. Joe's a John Doe, ass beat with some street sweepers
Hold the heaters, want a war? Bless the butcher
Glad to meet you MOTHERFUCK THAT, nice to mush yaThe twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles
Of beer of beer on the wall on the wall
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles of, beer!
Now if the one of the one bottles of bottles of
Happened to happened to fall
We'll bring the rock with hip-hop, and YES YES Y'ALLSo I asked some-motherfuckin'-body who breed's the
bangest?
Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street flammers!
Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought
Want to hear this bump from New City, New Guinea to New York!(Niggy what?!)Chorus: Rustic Overtones
and Treach{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it
up!)Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!Verse Two: VinnieMy radio believe me, I like it loud
I don't care if you don't like it cause it draws a crowd
And if you want to find me one-eighteen is the block
My first name Vinnie, the last name ROCK (ROCK)
But don't you come around unless you got a boombox
To add on to the sounds that we already gotWe don't be trippin' or flippin' we concentratin' on rhymes
Never snitchin' or bitchin' or perpetratin' no crime
Kay-Gee and Treachery's both down with me
The illest on the mic since Run-D.M.C.Whether urban or top 40, Naughty,
Thought we'd resurrect the where-we-from amensia,
blackin out so much I suffer epileptic seizures (AHH!)
Takin our time just to guarantee we'll please ya, the wait is overSo call up with your request it's been a good
long while
Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dialChorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach[Treach] Turn up your
motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Verse Three: Treach
When undercovers don't know who to cop, spots gotta
move the rock
Now Poppa the Cop's got out with two blocks sport a newer glock
Niggaz be in tuned to watch, some like to move in mob
Dressin' wildin' up my niggaz ? slice my tuner top
The streets are boilin' brewin' hot since 1-2 to Watts
But later we go and party with more mami's than when Menudo dropped
Take a ride through the buddha block, 360 through the block
Lock it up, then stop, cause there's two of the cop
Find a crew to knock I'm in the mood to rock, fuelin' hot
Actin' like you knew the block when you the cops, two to drop
My motto here you see is no way slick
Givin' you news to get you off my nigga O.J.'s dick
Haters don't walk shit, they talk shit, new tactics
Like the six million dollar man they see six, after them taxes (No shit)
My niggaz rap shit like they classic, but
ask this
I'll BLOW any show, and if you diss you'll get yo' ASS KICKED
Chorus: Rustic Overtones and
Treach [Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da }
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

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