

Pin the Tail On the Donkey

Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Treach (Vin Rock)]
Oh finally, finally (here we are)
And for good, are the three, follow me (It ain't far
Even though if it was, you could make it to the start
The enemies, do you know who they are? (There they are)
A devil with the do rags be walking, now I had it up to there
Oh yeah, that's the last straw (The Nature's back for)
(Better than disco) (R-are-are-are-are-are-are-are-ound)
Pin the tail on the junkie, find a false flavor
It's a new day to play with a neighbor
Freeze the MC's that want to see thee
By now Naugh-ty By Nature by me
They want me to come and come up faster, that could be arranged
Dump the last of the matinee, 'cause they couldn't stand the damn rain
The pain's the same, the game remains mine
I got more hooks than a fish line
Bite the head off a snake
Chew up from the first to last break and shoot em in the face
Make way, (move), who are you to test me?
I seen your last porno flick, it ain't impress me
Whats up? Cuddle sport, here's a thought
(The only records that they got, are the records their crew bought)
Damn real B rock, get fiening, spunky
Pin the tail on the donkey(Bring that beat back)
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go[Treach (Vin Rock)]
I do more popping than a blockhead, wreck the wax heads
I'm fed, (Go ahead, you retired tackhead)
Back to the fact of the track with a new thought
You couldn't smoke butts with a match and a Newport
Here we go, we go, we go again, with a flow we know, we know it's in
(Def play like Poppa Simpson)
KayGee's on the slice, can he co-clean?

Doing more scratching than a funk and a dope fiend
Go knock the blocks off, get your props off
But don't cop off, cop out, and I'll cut off
Another renegade of rap will stop that
I'm more feared than a Sugar Hill contract
I'm known for Letting The Hos Go, my demo's all flow
When cursing was a no-no, you dodo
Give it up 'cause I'm hot with a warm hate
I won't stop, pop, til that head is screwed on straight
I take shorts, and no sorts, so take that clone
The only thing I take is the 8 to the path home
And I take you all the way to the north stop
Your style's more foul than a pork chop
I rock the hip-hop, non-stop tick-tock
Around the big clock, with a spot, tick-tock
Pin the tail on the jackass, it don't mean jack (chill)
To a brother from down the hill
Back track with a rap that remains funky
(And it's ugh)
Back in the day, y'all, I played with play dough
The dough is real now, and dildo's feel how
A starving hungry MC gets when
MC falamin your own is the big sin
I'm starving up, it's time ta, call them up, yup
Get em and cut em up, stuff em and cook the duck
Tough luck, tell em to shut up and jet
And feel the threat of a real life roughneck
Pin the tail on the donkey(Can I get a witness?)[Treach (Vin Rock)]
(Check check, where you, where you at, at?)
That another best will need a hard vest for this head check)
(What? There's another, Treach?) That's what I heard, yep
Three steps from a pit, boom, in his chest
I never knew a nigga really wanted to die
Instead he bit, instead of looking me eye-to-eye, then I
Knew he was truly through, dumb plus the one
To meet the mighty one, call a bad one
I rhyme about what I want to, microphone 1-2
You're doing like Lasuran then a bomb do
T-H-E MC O-F are-H-P T-O L-double O-K
A-T, I-N T-H-E N-I-N-E-T-I-E, or watch me S-see
And I might top to step to a sexy
Fancy, prancy and dancy
No cosmo stomp, her's the true form
Style's so fat, it gets fitted with a shoe horn
Here's a clearer mirror, dear ya

Looking in nearer, 'cause I don't fear ya
Some get too souped to the point
Where it's still too thick but still lick through and through
Always wanted a guy to come and try
To get sly and try ta, get by my
Hideous, treacherous style that's wrecking it
Pin the tail on the donkey What the?
Yo, yo, yo, yo, whats up yo?
What happened? It's like that?
We goin' rush you again Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

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