

Everyday All Day

Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is something that I call the flow
Not many if any, 'cept for Vinnie, can say they know
In fact, detracting that is something that I rarely show
Because my tongue is actually fast but then again it's slow
See yo (Throw it bro) you say cheeka-boo
A name pertained for niggas who WHO
Who hear that name and place a trigger to the figure who
It blew through and if ya try ta rip, I throw a bigger blue shoe to you
And if you take the shoe, a nigga actor will do, ooh
Dressed to the best to impress but after they try take us in
Crook as a nigga, take a pistol, see who wants to be Naughty or nicest
Like ice is I'm priceless, plug the mic to it
Come with the D with the I with the S to the S's, see whose hype is
Test the test the Treach to Treach address, the address,
How I'll bless and blow any conflicts
Why to try to chrome, my style is just nonsense
M-my ni-ni-nigga m-m-macking so you get out of it
Any and all should fall, many are small should call
Naughty By Nature the creator of all y'all
Show hope, show no hope and can't cope, so no way
This is how we play everyday all dayYo yo hey yo
Having a round of cadavva, gather matters is drastically
Never say never whenever whether we come on after thee
Hand to Gee the producer, me is loose off the claps ya see
That keeps you boogie'n happily
Voice ya opinion, it's the rhythm I'm lending
The message I'm sending from London to Linley
Girls are given a chance to get ya all pampered
Leave them ol' cramps in your pants then I belly dance her
God is good and if ya would, you should just
Play to the way I see em, play all day is what He'll bless
I'm leaving em evil and seeing em being a torture with dull props

I won't give up til you had 'nough of these call shots
 Now let the hard floor break your fall darling
 'cause on the shrift and Naughty ain't waltzing
 When we dance we come full-thrust, the bum rush
 Knocking and popping 'em up inside, they rocking dawn til dusk
 I ain't the type to get suit-to-sike
 I feel I'm better than ever before but as a rapper I'm just alright
 Showing time is for clocks, knocking poppas
 Pop pop ya try to shine I make your heart work proper
 And that's comin from the drifter and if ya
 Are-you-IN YA L-I-P, you will B-E-G-O-N-E
 So let the guests getting pass-ons, be by-gones
 Nevertheless is definitely hit and hits are what we strive on
 We feel this way every single day all day
 So make way Was up to all you MC cub scouts
 Grub scouts getting rubbed out
 I'll bet'cha kept ya album froze til this came out
 Hitting ideas to use, a half of us snit or two
 Snatching and maxing a rap that I'm casting, how dare you!
 How the hell can you yell what someone else said?
 I must get on what I loan, what I own on my forehead, huh
 But I doubt that, and now ya want to back out
 Your career had more ins and outs than a crack house
 I'm macking 'n rackin 'n capping the acts and I wax em wit-wit a smack
 This scam he owes must judge me rough with a whiffle bat
 And that's simply elementary Walton
 So pack ya track and do 5 flat in your Dodge son
 Now let my canine backtrack the copy-cat
 Your night life is up, so what you had, you gotta sound track
 What's all with seven thousand other rappers, groupie
 The cut ya made for that movie ain't soothed me
 Who said that Treach can't work when he don't curse?
 Some nasty ass me, Naughty and that keep it happy
 I'm all that and never go out the small way
 You need a lift, we go this way everyday all day Your little tape got more blank spots than a tank-top, think, stop
 You ought to store it all, fast-forward 'fore I ring props
 You sorry sight, you're a immature rhyme ho
 Come rock a lil something, no we're all outta time so
 From Chilltown JC to Brooklyn with A-D
 I'm ripping things daily, ni if, and or maybes
 At the ? and the A-V, the O-U-R-B-A-BE
 Kris, the Jungle Brothers, Tribe Called Quest, yeah they be
 Down with Sha-ka-ottin, pimp or, man, they swiftin
 Then the ruler (?all reigns?), he comes handy on the roll again
 Marked the 45, kids kneels feels the reals

With the real chill, not the run-of-the-mill deals
Get poopoo dooie, producer Louie Louie
Throwing best tracks to me to me
So that sometimes they do me
I can't forget the day live, the solo need a tongue
Patrol the song, what up to the brothers from the (?Natcheo?)
We got the gatch to ya batch to rock and lock him
But now it's ??? don't even try to outrun them
The stable now cocky, Lord Ali Raski and (?trueogy?)
The sharper day with double jade is the props see
We also got the speaker Latifah, the Queen of the flavor
And nothing weaker behind is watching, kick her
The Digital Under-the-Underground, rocks with Shock and 2PAC
With Money be , Humpty and Jimmy, the master of the charts
And on the tippie several brothers, we muskets
It's Tahid, Akeem, Cracker see and Cee Justice
Plus is the voice behind the flavor unit, all time, all early
It's that girlie, head of the head called her Shirley
And what poop last but not least, Camille
I feel you learned the way we come this deep everyday all day Ya know what I'm saying? We got the newest
member of the flavor unit
Def Jef in effect. We got the producer of this trach Kay-Gee
We got my girl Nikki-D in the house
My man internal All-Star Dave
My man on the sax Andy
We got another engineer Andy and assistant Todd
We got Anj-do, G-Quick
We got the whole entire 18th Street Posse-Rachim,Mook Daddy, Skee Steve
Hammer, Howie Cru-are you, M-Dee, Tak Diesel, Na-Na
We got my girl Aphrodite and her posse in the house-Cherokee, Chaka and
Lisa
And we outta here like last year
'cause we come this deep everyday all day
Peace

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>