

Radio

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: Treach

I'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-TIRE

Under 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 ya

The 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'ALL

So I asked some-motherfuckin-body who breed's the bangest?

Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street flamers!

Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought

Wanna 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: Vinnie

My 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 wanna 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 got
We 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 over
so call up with your request it's been a good long while
Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dial
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!
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 *repeat 3X to fade*
[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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