

# Hip Hop Hooray (DJ Scene Remix)

## Naughty By Nature

Hip Hop hooray...  
Ho...Hey...Ho You drew a picture of my morning  
But you couldn't make my day, Hey!  
I'm rockin' and you're yawning  
But you never look my way, Hey!  
I'm lickin down you darlin'  
In every single way, Hey!  
Your funny flow is foreign  
And a green card's on the way! This ain't got shit to do wit shampoo  
But watch your head n shoulders brother older bold enough to fold ya  
Yo I told ya a raid afraid of what I made  
Plus played a funky fit so save ya flips  
Plus tricks for that music plus the monkey bit Triggas from the Grilltown Illtown  
Some ask how it feels  
How the deal is that we're real so we're still around  
Don't lamp wit a freestyle phantom ain't tryin' to be handsome  
Shrinkin', what ya thinkin' 'cause I'm vampin' I live and die for hip hop  
This is hip hop for today  
I give props to hip hop so hip hop hooray...  
Ho...hey...ho You heard a lot about a brother gaining mo' ground  
Being low down I do the showdown wit' any little ho round, no!  
I want to know who you're believing through you're funny reasons  
Even when I'm sleeping you think I'm cheatin'  
You said I know you're Mr. O.P.P. man yo PP man won't only see me man You  
Should've known that I was wit if a bit when I ain't hit it And step not  
To consider the Rep Heck! I did your partner cause she's hot as a baker  
'Cause I'm Naughty by Nature not 'cause I hate cha!  
You put your heart in apart of a part that spreads apart  
Even though I forgave ya when you had a spark You try to act like something really big is missing  
Even though my name's graffiti written on your kitten  
I love black women always and disrespect ain't the way  
Let's start a family today hip hop hooray...ho...hey! Hip hop, hip hip hop, hip hip hop hooray!  
There's many hungry hip hoppers one reason hip hop's  
Hip top today swerve what cha heard  
'Cause I ain't bailing no hey ain't choppin' no crops  
But still grownin ever day! Here's a thunder sound from the wonders found  
From the underground town down the hill  
Feel how Illtown drown smiles to frowns  
Snatchin' crowns from clowns beat downs are found

Don't know me don't come around  
Tippy tippy (pause)  
Tippy tippy (pause)  
Sometimes creepin' up I eat em up  
Your style is older than Lou Rawls!  
Peace to this one and that one and them  
That way I shout out and I didn't miss one friend  
Fools get foolish neither them or Parker Lewis knew us  
You could have crews wit shoes and can't step to us  
Some kitty purr I call em sir too  
Any trick that diss gets a curfew  
I put my projects for boots step through troops and leave proof  
My problem solvers name is Mook!  
I hittin' woodys in a hoody  
Peace to Jesette, Jobete, Jo-Jo, Genae, and every hood gee!  
That's right my fight is ill  
Peace goes to L.O.N.S. and Quest, Nice & Smooth & Cypress Hill  
I live and die for hip hop  
This is hip hop of today  
I give props to hip hop so hip hop hooray...ho...hey...ho!Smooth it out now!

Songwriters

ISLEY, O'KELLY/ISLEY, RONALD/ISLEY, RUDOLPH/ISLEY, ERNIE  
Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>