

# Yoke the Joker

## Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yoke the joker  
There are too many overnight MC's but one  
And too many wacked who haven't paid dues  
You have now entered the path of the Flavor Unit  
And we are Naughty By Nature, and we will just do, by terminatin' you I can snap, rap, pack, click, clack, patter,  
pat, pat  
Take that ass to the point you have to ask for your ass back  
A fuckin' joker smoker, taunted by no one  
If I was born in Chung Li's temple I would've turned out a shogun Smack the any and all talk, jokers I can't  
hawk  
And all that shit I hear about me losin' is small talk  
I ain't no punk, I'll slot'cha, furthermore I don't scare chief  
The reason I called you 'pussy' 'cuz you are what you eat, each Look is a little closer to the centre of a blowpipe  
Don't speak when I am talkin', this is my fuckin' sho-op  
How dare you even try me? Don't you know you be funky, while  
You're smilin' backstage doin' mother, ugh, doggystyle Hot, wild, raw, whores' still suave  
Check out this style that I've  
Soul simulated, sounds from a stocky  
Semi social, never seem sloppy See silly slappin' suckers, sorry saps and slouchers  
Straps slammin' stouch, mackin' this mass is savvy  
We see so, so songs and some shots, so  
Snaps steppin' separate, start slowly, go solo Set the cassette stereo, sounds diffin'  
Stood the Sagittarian, some marriage is a system  
Smoke the joker, three times over  
And owe her, go with the flow or I'm about to yoke a joker All that straight faced shit like your heart had been  
thru  
Smile and give your face somethin' the fuck to do  
You're ugly, smugly, squiggly, dilly, wrinkled faced bastard  
Someone needs to hit and run ya to run ya ass over backwards Let's giddy up, yep yep, another fuck up  
Grab your microphone, battle time shown up  
Any freestyle I see while I prowl  
I dial a new style, tell me about ooh chow Another victory, it's mystery

I smoke your skull, your brain'll come blistery  
All fuzzy, dirty, dizzy, does he  
Get the things he needs? Remember how blistery? You ain't ready for the Freddy of rap  
You can't kill me, I step into your dreams, you feel me  
Slicin' your life away, just like I might today  
I eat you the psycho way, I'm rippin' shit right away I treat ya like a bitch in a ditch off of angel dust  
Take you to a [Incomprehensible] sure you can fly, just jump slut  
You think you might say a rhyme, then someone might order like  
You couldn't wet shit up in a motherfuckin' water fight All luck y'all, look at the props y'all  
So proud I'm sure, suck my encore's  
Swingin' a bolo, your flow goes solo  
I'll smoke ya, it's time to yoke the joker The only way you would be gettin' dis jump like a girlie  
Is if your father would've bothered to pull it out early  
You ain't got a single drip drop, you're stripped of hip-hop  
If I see ya disagreein', you'll be gettin' your shit dropped It's extended version, the side you can't fuck with  
You'll get the jimmy MC, you're swift to kick the bucket  
I'm tired of Mr. Nice Guy, place your price high  
Bet on a battle rhymer, tell my chances are sky high Never would you ever get the thriller, say y'all sweat  
"Y'know that kid Treach, I took him out, he was no threat"  
Because you know I'm better than that on my worst day  
Takin' competition's what I do in the worst way Quick to do a hit, for you most likely I spoiled ya  
I bored and ignored ya, then boringly floored ya  
The proof is in the footin', my collar ain't wooden  
It takes more than an axe to tax, bless the children Physically, facially, racially made to be  
Crazily paid or G, what a fuckin' way to be  
Hot damn, I'm a man with a hand plan  
This smack that then attract the new game plan Eat your big beef, digest the rest, test  
Shit, I was slept yet, then go to the next step  
That's what I do, that's what I say, that's what I live  
That's what I prove, that's what I move, that's what I give Makin' other brothers wanna go home and write shit  
Bite what I might get, then up and say "I quit"  
Me here, got, oh, what a beautiful dawg  
From you ain't in amazin'  
Want some paper plus a pen and tongue can do  
Yoke the joker

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