

Wicked Bounce

Naughty By Nature

[Chorus 1] X 4

Don't fuck with us

Watch these niggas get wicked now

Check it out

[Chorus 2] X 3

Put em up

What What

Put em up what what

[Chorus 1]

[Treach]

Well here's a shot out to all those who think that we slipped

Doing this ever since 165 North 15th breakdancin with slick

Nigga what I'll beat your butt

You niggas on a beef or what

And if I gotta go deep I'll cut

And if you try to face this

The Naughty by the Nature gonna lace this

Track, we be the cream of the pack

Don't come up in my face with bullshit 'cause you're bound to get slapped

And then we'll take it to a level where you're gonna get clapped

And then we'll all be up in court, I don't got time for that

'cause I'm, one third, naughty

Look into my eyes yeah you know me

Ain't nobody pimpin like us three

Call us masters, o.p.p

And when I draw the line don't get in the way, I'm paper chasin

Or I'll be cuttin you off like Friday the 13th and I'm Jason

Single don't mingle with ladies hearts I'm a thief

I'm not a virgin but Virgo birthday September 17th

And don't ask me for favors 'cause it'll be just like pullin teeth

I'm on some new shit with niggas 'cause you continually sleep

Don't creep

[Chorus 1] X 4

[Chorus 2] X 3

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Dun dun dun dun dun dirty the motherfucker with them jewels on

Did the dirt, turn the news on

Nigga left layin with his shoes on
With every clue gone
You actin nervous, what'd you do wrong?
Nigga lookin shady, all fakey all quiet
Ah forget about it when the feud's on
Now wha-what what put em up that's what the party get
I bartend on some naughty shit
And don't play that shorty shit
We hittin and kickin like (?)
Shakin like (?) chicken like pick pick pickin the town
Dickin em down, pickin a hoe, give em a show, the rigamarole
So, if you ever gone report you seen my tribe
I best to pray you got nine lives because your goddamn eyes lied
(...?...) that's 25 lines motherfucker you on my side
What you gonna do want to do talkin all the drunk talk
At least you'll die high
[Chorus 1] X 4
[Chorus 2] X 3
[Chorus 1]
[Treach]
Just look don't touch, just tip my bitch
'cause things get crazy now
Punk motherfucker gonna pay me now
Got busy got forty got fam got (?) got jet got slash
Diesel do, take apart that ass
Got another motherfucker get cash fast
Did dash smash, who you fought last, him or me?
Them or we? Get Hennessy, you memory
Treachery, and to the right of me, it's that nigga uncle Vinnie
What with K Boogie on the break release
The beat don't cease til we double fuckin platinum apiece
Hands touched
[Chorus 1] X 4
[Chorus 2] X 3
[Chorus 1]

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