

Guard Your Grill

Naughty By Nature

Has this ever happened to you?

Can you name this tune?

These victims knew how to guard they grill, this would've never happened
I put two and two together and I came up with four

You are forever, forgot, forbid, shouldn't have to say much more

I been through more crews than a flute, yeah I'll show ya

This is so damned scrap I betcha bro don't know ya
You tried to get cool and say peace, save that peace for a jigsaw

Stay back and watch a real MC get raw

I never know, never know when another will come to diss this

But if and whenever they come I'm runnin' this merry fist miss
I shooker the crook and shaker the fake to get like a quick stick

It's just another one dud and is dismissed

Kitty guard your grill, well be for real, you ain't built

I'm silly ho smackin' MC's on a ninety degree tilt
The reason that it's tilted 'cos you're guilty, too hard to guard

It's not you're tryin' too gay, you're tryin too hard

How hard can your guard be, I say wassup?

Guard your grill, knuckle up, put 'em up, yup
Guard your grill, knuckle up

I ain't the type to give up

Guard your grill, knuckle up

I smoke first, so what's up

Guard your grill, knuckle up

Put em up, you ain't tough

Guard your grill, knuckle up
I give em much business, an Aspirin

Damn, I love a glass chin

What are ya askin' for mercy, I'm laughin'

Huh, you know the game, you know the name and you know the rep
You know the Kay, you know the Vin and you know the Treach

There's no sleepin', no nothin', no rest and hey

No snoozin', no dozin', no f'in way

Heapin' things up like a Coke cup
Wind me up but y'all I gets the low wits tha rough stuff

And after enough to cut ya off a piece, still have enough

Then go around to them and him because [Incomprehensible]

I, I got posse full a fighters all fly like a chopper
Use to couldn't take em out 'cos they was rowdy hip hoppers

There's so much gold for roast, the nuts don't knock us

My nuts are my only homies that can hang proper

At school I had a lot, I filled with VCR's and Vodka
I had two grills, one a runner, one a trotter

Back then I wore briefs, tella starter, gettin' hotter

Then I grew yea long so I had to switch to boxers

How hard can your guard be, I say what's up?
 Guard your grill, knuckle up, put 'em up, duckGuard your grill, knuckle up
 I ain't the type to give up
 Guard your grill, knuckle up
 I smoke first, so what's up?
 Guard your grill, knuckle up
 Put em up, you ain't tough
 Guard your grill, knuckle upI don't lay, I lie, who knows like Pinnochio
 Never been to Tokyo or Keeper's Day Bolochio
 Guard your grill, here's a feel, I rush hard
 I got the fliest ride out here, the '91 bus cardSo callin' me for a ride ain't the answer
 Huh, you want a lift ya better pick up a transfer
 Sayin' we will go for one cut, now we're dead
 Oh yeah, that's 'bout as funny as Barbara Bush in a bobsledNow how wrong can you be to think we play
 Even a broken clock is right at least twice a day
 So now ya feelin' real low, ya no flow crow
 You slow hobo, stiffer than RoboOh, here's another side of bein' real quick
 You might speak it fulla cracks, but you still ain't shh
 So don't try at those same style battle cry
 I rock the U-train, the routes that I battle byI listen to sister shit, it 'til they quite slow
 No matter that white rap, shoot a pharaoh with a psycho
 Put down ya handgun, up with'cha hands son
 Look cops they come, I ain't the damned oneI was only three steps from a peace prize
 Pieces laid, piece of his eyes and his left thigh
 Knuckle up, put 'em up, yeah guard your grill
 And that's comin' from Illtown, down the hillGuard your grill, knuckle up
 I ain't the type to give up
 Guard your grill, knuckle up
 I smoke first, so what's up?
 Guard your grill, knuckle up
 Put em up, you ain't tough
 Guard your grill, knuckle upThis goes out to the 118th Street Posse
 My man scratch in the house, y'know what I'm sayin'?
 And oh yae, pss pss pss pss
 Don't forget, guard your grill, knuckle upA strong what up to my man Kid Capri
 This goes out to my man Jack Don
 I gotta say what's up to my man Pop Dezza Dezza
 What's up to Clark Kent and my man face?This goes out to my man Fitz and the whole Down The Hill
 'Cos they know how to definitely guard they grill
 I gotta say what's up to my man Dre and Easy in the house
 This goes out to my man Tamere he's definitely in hereWhat's up to my homey Kool G Rap and my Brand
 Nubian brothers
 Special shoutout to my man Grand Puba, one of the fiercest MC's out there
 Peace goes out
 Peace to my man Frank Ben, we outta here, peace!

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