

It's Workin'

Naughty By Nature

It's workin'

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Party people if you're ready to rock

Let me hear you scream

I play for keeps, sidewalks and streets

We reign and we pop and daily routine sweeps

It's the fanatic, can't kick the habit, so there you have it

I'm a addict when I'm near the mike I gots to grab it

Rip the system to shreds grab the braids in my head

Everybody get lifted remember the rhyme said

This is your introduction to the new episode

With the double I countin' down to explode

Naughty kicked in the door, here come 235 more

Livin' rotten to the core

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Everybody to the right 'cause all I got left is my flow

I'm floatin' with Boogie Beat fishin' in a record ocean

Uh oh, I guess it's goin' down, not now, right now

So I got down with the git down for Illtown

Figure it's the fine fanny, I miss my mammy

And you could ask my uncle Randy

I'm grateful for my granny nanny, that's my mother's mammy

Two tittle brothers with different fathers but we're still family

Forget how rough I had it, let's see how smooth it gets

'Cuz I might wind up doing that same old cruddy shit

Like clockin', sellin' rocks in my neighborhood

Back cockin', buckshottin', your ass is shot

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Can you chill a can? Can you spill a can? Can you kill a can?

I know I can, I know I can

Can an American a Republican fuckin' with this African

Can from this kian land? I know I can

It's a war wick, wick, wick, wack that's Dionne

Dionne should have predicted her quick trip
And stayed cool like fuckin' freon
Or get frozen for eons and beyond bein' the unbelievable bastard I be
Well, believe that shit's some be on
Settle the score, check Melba needs Moore, since now she poor
Looks to get richer by puttin' rap up in the picture
I'll fix ya backwards blindfold step klickow
Your ass like Calvin so butts get kicked now
Forgive the enemy, be a friend of me you teach
But forgivin' ain't seem my music crushed in the streets
Preach love, practice hate, break tapes and chatterin'
Streaks on your structure, stain your whole establishment
Let's get specific, style that's horrific
Twisted plus terrific with a tongue that's terroristic
We'll lift it, then shift it, brandish the biscuit, finish you nitwit
Cancel Christmas, won't stop this slick shit
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Time to do sit up, I'm a loose nut, watch crews get cut
Bring it to my Illtown grounds and lose your butts
But what is the matter?
Matter of fact I don't wanna hear you talk so close your trap
Suckers get interslit like splinters for the winter see Dolores sucka
Truck I shoulda told you Large Marge sent her
Two chocolates away from being sloppy in bunches
With no lunches step with the punches and try some butt crunches
Get your hands clappin', front and the back and keep a cool head
For all my swingers packin', attackin' back in the motherfuckin' house
Done traveled a million miles and I'm still kickin' styles
Back snack, that ass back now how's about that?
You feel about as shitty as a baby's unwiped ass crack
I'll crack a bat, dead on the back black
And leave you layin' there flat as a flapjack
We ain't friends to the end I blasted Chuckie
After this instead of beef you'll be givin' me chicken at Kentucky
Lackin' lucky so worlds fear these and there'll be no more you
Ooh, ooh like no world's series
Never a fad and madder than mad
And radical rude rottin' razxkal kid man
What's happenin'?
Check the skills on the real it's best to chill
Don't be caught in the down the hill ordeal, it's ill
Man this shit is deep, huh, I'm goin' deep

Undercover like a muhfucker way beneath the sheets
Full blows get thrown to the upper dome
And continue to go on until you're up and gone
When we spot a block knob no tellin' where the rest will go
Hustle with my friends
Straight ballin' like testicles bowlin' for dollars, rollin' for hours
Rappers the pin strike is my friend they be took out in groups of ten
Scoopin' change you'll be like "Who's that group again?"
On the ground with no sound with just boots and chins
Yeah, and ya don't stop, just check out us Illtown niggaz rock

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