

Pin the Tail on the Donkey

Naughty By Nature

Oh finally, finally (here we are)
And for good are the three, follow me (it ain't far)
Even though if it was, you could make it to the start
The enemies, do you know who they are? (there they are) A devil with the dorags be walkin', now I had it up to
there
Oh yeah, that's the last straw (the nature's back for)
Better than Disco (R-r-r-r-r-r-round) Uh-Uh-Uh Pin the tail on the junkie, find a false flavor
It's a new day to play with a neighbour
Freeze the MC's that wanna see thee
By now naugh-ty by nature by me They want me to come and come up faster, that could be arranged
Dump the last of the matinee, 'cos they couldn't stand the damn rain
The pain's the same, the game remains mine
I got more hooks than a fish line
Bite the head off a snake
Chew up from the first to last break and shoot 'em in the face
Make way, (move), boy, you detest me! (Huh, huh, huh)
I seen your last porno flick, it ain't impress me Wassup? Cuddle sport, here's a thought
(The only records that they got, are the records their crew bought)
Damn real B rock, get fienin, spunky
Pin the tail on the donkey (Bring that beat back)
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
I do more poppin than a blockhead
Wreck the waxheads, I'm fed
(Go ahead, you retired tackhead)
Back to the fact of the track with a new thought You couldn't smoke blunts with a match and a Newport
Here we go, we go, we go again, with a flow we know, we know it's in
(Def play like Poppa Simpson)
KayGee's on the slice, can he co-clean?
Doin' more scratchin than a funk and a dope fiend
Go knock the blocks off, get your props off
But don't cop off, cop out, and I'll cut off Another renegade of rap will stop that
I'm more feared than a Sugar Hill contract
I'm known for lettin' the ho's go, my demo's all flow
When cursin' was a no-no, you dodo Give it up 'cos I'm hot with a warm hate
I won't stop, pop, 'til that head is screwed on straight
I take shorts, and no sorts so take that clone
The only thing I take is the 8 to the path home And I take you all the way to the north stop
Your style's more foul than a pork chop
I rock the hip-hop, non-stop tick-tock

around the big clock, with a spot, tick-tock
Pin the tail on the jackass, it don't mean jack (chill...)
to a brother from down the hill
Back track with a rap that remains funky
(Hmmm, and it's ugh) Back in the day, y'all, I played with playdough
The dough is real now, but you don't feel how
Starvin' hungry MC gets when
MC filet mignon is the fixin' I'm starvin' up, it's time ta, call them up, yup
Get 'em and cut 'em up, stuff 'em and cook the duck
Tough luck, tell 'em to shut up and jet
And feel the threat of a real life roughneck
Pin the tail on the donkey
Check (check), where you (where you), at
(at)
That another best will need a hard vest for this head check)
(What? There's another, Treach?) That's what I heard, yep
Three steps from a pit, boom, in his chest
I never knew a nigga' really wanted to die
Instead he bit, instead of lookin' me eye-to-eye, then I
Knew he was truly thru', dumb plus the one
To meet the mighty one, call a bad one
I rhyme about what I want to, microphone 1-2
You're doin' like Lasuran then a bomb do
T.H.E. M.C. O.F. R.A.P. T.O. L.(double O).K.
A.T. I.N. T.H.E. N.I.N.E. T.I.E., or watch me S.C.
And I might stop to step to a
Sexy, fancy, prancy and dancy
No cosmo stomp, here's the true form
Style's so fat, it gets fitted with a shoe horn
Here's a clearer mirror, dear ya
Lookin' in nearer, cos' I don't fear ya
Some get too souped to the point
Where it's still too thick but still lick thru and thru
Always wanted a guy to come and try
To get sly and try ta, get by my
Hideous, treacherous style that's wreckin' it (wreckin' it, wreckin' it...)
Pin the tail on the donkey (donkey, donkey...) What?
Yo, yo, yo, yo, wassup yo?
What happened? It's like that?
We gonna rush you again
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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