

Guard Your Grill

Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, duck 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 don't lay, I lie, who knows like Pinnocchio
 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 card So 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 bobsled Now 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 Robo Oh, 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 by I 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 one I 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 hill 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 This 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 up A 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 Dezzy 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 here What'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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