

How Ya Want It We Got It

Jungle Brothers

How ya want it we got it
(Oh yeah)
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Hey Mr. Africa, this joint is headed
Man, I'm glad that beef is debated
I jolt the bullet quick out of the fifty-one six
To hear my Sammy on the mix

We flipped the belt, I felt the rubber burnin'
See I was yearnin' for the moment
Man opponents couldn't stop me
When I first heard AC/DC I had to get a copy

Now I'm swole, who try to patrol my family
Your fantasy back in the day was to be native
But now your shit's sedated
I bring the doctor, I'm a for the remedy

But some pretend to be, a bit seditty
Your attitude is sh-tty
I'm getting downright grimy and gritty
Introduc'in' to the scene is Mike Giggy

Yo, we sling the raw through the airwaves
We make you wanna misbehave
We gotcha hooked
Like the rhythm and the slaves

So catch a phase of the craze
Noddin' heads for days
He's acting stingy with the level
And he spreads in many ways

So if you want to test the effervesce
Come along and be my guest
Yo, 'cause Jungle Brothers in the House
And De La's in the house

And Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest
Ya, ya, ya, ya, you wanna all it
Y'know 'cause I could give it all night Nigga
And make ya last Mike Gigger

Africa, Sammy B, the JBeez
Straight out the jungle with the natural remedy
I'm reppin', we lettin' off joints at this section
The steppin' rhymes
Turntables and beats are lethal weapons

And the essence, you know we got a lot like constock

The Native Tongues are here with that brew for your heart
We're makin' ample usage of the times that we see
Tell us how you want it, and we bring the strategy

So, how ya want it we got it
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Now imported from the planet of dope shit
Be the native tongue
Rocka one plug infinite dot com
Getcha tail hooked in the thoughts

Don Perry on free back where
Ladies love to hear the emcee
We be the necessary realism
While you be

Chicken lo mein stream, baby
What? Place it in your gut
Guaranteed, we in the lead to run rap
Just hand over the deed

Now Ya heard about, read about
Be apart of it don't front
Now I'ma play ya like the government
And give ya what I think ya want

That native river to make ya rock with one another
'Cause in my eyes, I consider us all sisters and brothers
So to the table I bring Fat jams to make ya sing
Cause I'm starvin', I haven't had nothing like this

Since doin' our own dang
So be ya P, Is it ready?
To flip ya pattern of speech, 'cause I thinks
There's heads out there we still need to reach

True, yo this joint is crazy
Get's the lazy out of
Hey yo, Mikey how ya figure?
I wouldn't wanna catch cold
This joint is wisdom, kid

And be emcee, I'm out to get old
I seek the blessed the drum pattern
From brand new to tattered and torn
This place is Jimmy crack corn

My shit's Mazola
Your style's kiddy like Crayola
JBeez be the top dola, I mean dollar
Study the E-M-C-E-E's to remain the rhyme scholars

Now how ya want it we got it
(Oh yeah)
How ya want it we got it

(Oh yeah)

Record shop nine to five with the Raw Deluxe
Jungle Brother Africa, I got the Native Tongue touch
Verbal grammar, comin' atcha like a Black Panther
Check the sampler, the microphone man handler!
Crowd controller

Yes, we gotcha open, gotcha ampler
Shootin' the gift like Saint Nick, the black Santa
(He's checkin' his list)
Say what?
(He's checkin' it twice)
Ya

You ain't gettin' shit
If they naughty if ya nice
So come down the chimney
Brothers the vicinity
Lock down ya block nonstop with the remedy

Similar to water out the clouds
I'm here to reign supreme
Self-esteem lower than them rides in Cali
Is the reason why these niggas

Rally around the bull shit, rubber duck, you can't bull shit
Occupy world-wide with frontings all the misses
These womans don't love us so we forced to talk to bitches
Tryin' to ease up in the rises, sayin' "I like the way you stylin'"

Let me in the passenger while you play the pilot"
Listen baby doll, recites is a peeper
Hair fully wooly but you mental's six ether
And I don't live that so step up top
And watch the Native Tongues lick the crop for the cream