

Everyday All Day

Naughty By Nature

This is somethin' that I call the flow
Not many if any 'cept for Vinnie can say they know
In fact detracting that is something that I rarely show
Because my tongue is actually fast but then again it's slow
See yo, you say cheeka boo

(Throw it bro)

A name pertained for niggas who, who
Who hear that name and place a trigger to the figure who
It blew through and if ya try ta rip, I throw a bigger blue shoe to you
And if you take the shoe, a nigga actor will do, ooh

Dressed to the best to impress but after they try to diss it
Well guess a nigga, I'll take a pistol
See who wants to be naughty or nicest
Like ice is I'm priceless, plug the mic to it
Come with the D with the I with the S to the S's, see whose hype is
Test the test the Treach to Treach address, the address
How I'll bless and blow any conflicts
Why to try to chrome, my style is just nonsense
M-my ni-ni-nigga m-m-mackin' so you get out of it

Any and all should fall, many are small should call
Naughty by Nature the creator of all y'all
Show hope, show no hope and can't cope, so no way
This is how we play everyday all day

Yo yo hey yo

Havin' a round of cadavva, gather matters is drastically
Never say never whenever whether we come on after thee
Hand to Gee the producer, me is loose off the claps ya see
That keeps you boogie 'n happily
Voice ya opinion, it's the rhythm I'm lendin'
The message I'm sendin' from London to Linley
Girls are given a chance to get ya all pampered
Leave them ol' cramps in your pants then I belly dance her

God is good and if you would, you should just
Play to the way I see 'em, play all day is what He'll bless
I'm leavin' 'em evil and seein' 'em bein' a torture with dull props
I won't give up 'til you had 'nough of these call shots
Now let the hard floor break your fall darlin'
'Cos on the shrift and Naughty Nature ain't waltzin'
When we dance we come full-thrust, the bum rush
Knockin' and poppin' and poppin' and sockin'
And rockin' dawn 'til dusk

I ain't the type to get suit-to-sike
I feel I'm better than ever before but as a rapper I'm just alright
Showin' time is for clocks, knockin' poppas
Pop pop you try to shine I make your heart work proper
And that's comin' from the drifter and if ya
R U N ya L I P, you will B E G O N E
So let the guests gettin' pass-ons, be bygones
Nevertheless is definitely hit and hits are what we strive on
We feel this way every single day all day
So make way

Wuz up to all you MC cub scouts, grub scouts gettin' rubbed out
I'll bet'cha kept ya album froze 'til this came out
Hittin' ideas to use, a half of us snit or two
Snatchin' and maxin' a rap that I'm castin', how dare you?
How the hell can you yell what someone else said?
I must get on what I loan, what I own on my forehead, huh
But I doubt that, and now you wanna back out
Your career had more ins and outs than a crack house

I'm mackin' 'n' rackin' 'n' cappin' the acts and I wax em wit-wit a smack
This scam he owes must judge me rough with a whiffle bat
And that's simply elementary Watson
So pack ya track and do 5 flat in your Datsun
Now let my canine backtrack the copy-cat
Your night life is up, so what you had, you gotta sound track
What's all with seven thousand other rappers, groupie
The cut ya made for that movie ain't soothed me

Who said that Treach can't work when he don't curse?
Some nasty ass me, Naughty, and nappy but happy
I'm all that and never go out the small way
You need a lift, we go this way everyday all day

Your little tape got more blank spots than a tank-top, think, stop
You oughta store it all, fast forward 'fore I ring props
You sorry sight, you're a immature rhyme ho
Come rock a lil' somethin', now we're all outta time so
From Chill town JC to Brooklyn with A D
I'm rippin' things daily, no if, ands or maybes
At the F L and the A V, the O U R B A B E
Kris, the Jungle Brothers, Tribe Called Quest, yeah they be

Down with Sha-k-a-m, pimp or, man, they swiftin'
Then the ruler Lord Ramsey, he comes handy on the roll again
Marked the 45, kids kneels feels the reals
With the real chill, not the run of the mill deals
Get poopoo dooie, producer Louie Louie
Throwin' best tracks to me to me
So that sometimes they do me
I can't forget the day live, the solo need a tongue patrol
A strong what up to the brothers from the Natcheo

We got the gatch to ya batch to rock and lock him
But now it's I don't even try to outrun them
The stable now cocky, Lord Ali Raski and trueology
The sharper day with double jade is the props see
We also got the speaker Latifah, the Queen of the flavor
And nuthin' weaker behind is watchin', kick her
The Digital Under-the-Underground, rocks with Shock and 2PAC
With Money B, Humpty and Jimmy, the master of the charts

And on the tippie several brothers, we muskets
It's Tahid, Akeem, Cracker C and Cee Justice
Plus is the voice behind the Flavor Unit, all time, all early
It's that girlie, head of the headquarters Shirley
And what poop last but not least, Camille
I feel you learned the way we come this deep everyday all day

Y'knowwhatI'msayin? We got the newest member of the Flavor Unit
Def Jef in effect, we got the producer of this track KayGee
We got my girl Nikki-D in the house
My man engineer all-star Dave
My man on the sax Andy

We got another engineer Andy and assistant Todd
We got Anj-Du, G-Quick

We got the whole entire 18th Street Posse, Rachim, Mook Daddy
Skee Steve, Hammer, Howie Cru-Ru, M-Dee, Tak Diesel, Na-Na
We got my girl Aphrodite and her posse in the house
Cherokee, and Lisa
And we outta here like last year
'Cos we come this deep everyday all day
Peace