

# Guard Your Grill

Naughty By Nature

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 ...  
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 Pinnochio  
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!