

Hip Hop Hooray

Naughty By Nature

You drew a picture of my morning
But you couldn't make my day, Hey!
I'm rockin' and you're yawning
But you never look my way, Hey!
I'm lickin down you darlin'
In every single way, Hey!
Your funny flow is foreign
And a green card's on the way!

This ain't got shit to do wit shampoo, but watch your head n shoulders
Brother older bold enough to fold ya, yo I told ya
A raid afraid of what I made
Plus played a funky fit so save ya flips
Plus tricks for that music plus the monkey bit.

Triggas from the Grilltown Illtown
Some ask how it feels now
How the deal is that we're real so we're still around
Don't lamp wit a freestyle phantom ain't tryin' to be handsome
Shrinkin' what ya thinkin' cause I'm vampin'

I live and die for Hip Hop
This is Hip Hop for today
I give props to Hip Hop so Hip Hop hooray...
Ho...Hey...Ho

You heard a lot about a brother gaining mo' ground
Being low down I do the showdown wit' any little ho round, no!
I wanna know who you're believing through you're funny reasons
Even when I'm sleeping you think I'm cheatin'
You said I know you're Mr. O.P.P. man
Yo PP man won't only see me man
You should've known that when hit in the stack, I was wit it a bit
And step not to consider the rep, heck!
I did your partner cause she's hot as a baker
cause I'm Naughty by Nature, not cause I hate cha!
You put your heart in a part of a part that spreads apart
Even though I forgave ya when you had a spark

You try to act like something really big is missin
Even though my name's graffiti written on your kitten
I love Black women always and disrespect ain't the way
Let's start a family today Hip Hop hooray...ho...hey!

Hip Hop Hip Hip Hop Hip Hip Hop Hooray!
There's many hungry Hip Hoppers one reason Hip Hop's
Hip top today swerve what cha heard
Cause I ain't bailing no hey ain't choppin no crops
But still grownin ever day!

Here's a thunder sound from the wonders found
From the underground town down the hill
Feel how Illtown drown smiles to frowns
Snatchin' crowns from clowns beat downs are found
Don't know me don't come around.

Tippy tippy [pause]

Tippy tippy [pause]
Sometimes creepin' up I eat em up
Your style is older than Lou Rawls!
Peace to this one and that one and them
That way I shout out and I didn't miss one friend
Fools get foolish neither them or Parker Lewis knew us
You could have crews wit shoes and can't step to us
Some kitty purr I call em sir too
Any trick that diss gets a curfew
I put my projects for boots step through troops and leave proof
My problem solvers name is Mook!
I hittin' woodys in a hoody
Peace to Jesette, Jobete, Jo-Jo, Genae, and every hood gee!
That's right my fight is ill
Peace goes to L.O.N.S. and Quest, Nice & Smooth & Cypress Hill
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Smooth it out now!