

# Jamboree

## Naughty By Nature

I wanna see y'all, who wanna plan with me  
Wave your hands across the land if we family  
Say hot-damn, hot-damn, we wanna jamboree  
This for my peeps here, I stand for you 'cause you stand for me

C'mon I know I jam, I know I jam jam, while oh damn  
I know I jam, I know I jam jam boree  
I know I jam, I know I jam jam  
Well oh damn, why don't you jamboree for me?  
Yes, indeed

Kaboom kaboom, the platoon came on in eight limbs and timbs  
Broke rims, smoked sims, whoop dogs with bent rims  
For the real and the raw, from who'd up with the law  
I never kill for the thrill, but I cut for the cars  
Smokin' buddha with a hoota', get better prices from looters  
Shake my shell with the shooters, leed a luga with duga  
Some say modelin' and acting mean treach is selling

While I'm yelling, first a felon with my gat at ya melon  
Hella heated, too ill for them to beat it  
Most cheated, most weeded, most needed, you best believe it  
Let's take the tapes jam for me, stand for me  
You're damned to be without the Jamboree

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We've put it down since the days of high school  
And everywhere we mark we rule  
Naughty's about to raise our stock  
And we didn't come to brag about what we got nigga  
We came to rock  
We blew the spot taking the streets to pac  
You'd be thug-style for a while  
Then cold rolled our jock

Using them last few years as our evidence  
Niggas been tryin' to duplicate the mixture ever since  
You live in value reprimanded, if you challenge me I guarantee  
When we finish, I'll be the last man standing  
Fuck what you heard, Naughty is forever in demand  
When Kay drop tracks, all the party people jammin'

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I ask the thugs who have mercy in these days is dirty  
I'm still sturdy and flirty till my derby for jersey  
The funk is pass booted, lights, camera, shoot it  
I just did it to do it, that's why I suit it and boot it  
Here's the graphic, niggas is just a tattered and added  
Orgy's are automatic from back-traffic to addicts  
Crush the cabbage straight from the savage to lavish  
We rip those who rat it, thats why your click had it  
Dog, cats to coochies, for me it's lootchies, then hootchies

'Cause we'll drop a cuzzie that leaves your whole label woozy  
And shitty and dizzy because your whole city miss me  
They whip out their titties and from they kiddies throw me  
50's in bundles of 100's, and make every hater want it  
Drunk and blunt it knock onto the hottest nigga comin'  
Kay scratch and cut ya, no matta what you make 'em  
Wanna come and touch her, the punani rusher like Usher

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