

# Radio

## Naughty By Nature

You know it's Naughty on the RADIO (Turn it up!)  
(ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da)  
(ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da)  
Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)  
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!  
(ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da)  
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

I'm the King of Hip-Hop, there is none NIGHER  
Sucker motherfuckers better call me SIRE  
To burn my Kingdom, there ain't enough FIRE  
I won't stop rockin cause I won't re-TIRE  
Under the sheet, boricua heat, a street fleet, with missile seekers  
Cause G.I. Joe's a John Doe, ass beat with some street sweepers  
Hold the heaters, want a war? Bless the butcher  
Glad to meet you MOTHERFUCK THAT, nice to mush ya  
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles  
of beer of beer on the wall on the wall  
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles of, beer!  
Now if the one of the one bottles of bottles of  
happened to happened to fall  
we'll bring the rock with hip-hop, and YES YES Y'ALL  
So I asked some-motherfuckin-body who breed's the bangest?  
Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street flamers!  
Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought  
Wanna hear this bump from New City, New Guinea to New York!  
(Niggy what?!)

R: (ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da)  
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My radio believe me, I like it loud  
I don't care if you don't like it cause it draws a crowd  
And if you wanna find me one-eighteen is the block  
My first name Vinnie, the last name ROCK (ROCK)  
But don't you come around unless you got a boombox  
to add on to the sounds that we already got  
We don't be trippin or flippin we concentratin on rhymes  
Never snitchin or bitchin or perpetratin no crime  
Kay-Gee and Treachery's both down with me  
The illest on the mic since Run-D.M.C.  
Whether urban or top 40, Naughty, thought we'd resurrect the  
where-we-from amensia, blackin out so much I suffer  
epileptic seizures (AHH!) Takin our time just to  
guarantee we'll please ya -- the wait is over  
so call up with your request it's been a good long while  
Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dial

R:

Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)  
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Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

When undercovers don't know who to cop, spots gotta move the rock  
Now Poppa the Cop's got out with two blocks sport a newer glock  
Niggaz be in tuned to watch, some like to move in mob  
Dressin wildin up my niggaz ? slice my tuner top  
The streets are boilin brewin hot since 1-2 to Watts  
But later we go and party with more mami's than when Menudo dropped  
Take a ride through the buddha block, 360 through the block  
Lock it up, then stop, cause there's two of the cop  
Find a crew to knock I'm in the mood to rock, fuelin hot  
Actin like you knew the block when you the cops, two to drop  
My motto here you see is no way slick  
Givin you news to get you off my nigga O.J.'s dick  
Haters don't walk shit, they talk shit, new tactics  
like the six million dollar man they see six, after them taxes  
(no shit) My niggaz rap shit like they classic, but ask this  
I'll BLOW any show, and if you diss you'll get yo' ASS KICKED

R: (3x)

Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

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