

## Strike a Nerve

## Naughty By Nature

(Strike a nerve)

Yo bitch, it was some bitch in a seminar  
Talkin' 'bout you, had to get up early to wax this  
(Strike a nerve)  
Them other motherfuckers said, you couldn't even wax that dirty bitch  
So wassup y'all?  
(Strike a nerve)

I get my daily dose of cha-cha-cha and "Shut the fuck up, ho"  
Shit, shaved and bathed a day, then I must go  
Ugh, this is Everyday All Day, let's all say  
Pluckin' enough and roughin' 'em up and fuckin' 'em up always

Bet, let's talk about a back flash, ya jackass  
That fast you flash witta match, your fast rap  
And even though you didn't know me before the flow solo  
It's no slow way to go, bolos I throw or sold

Let's pick a bitch to pick with peekaboo  
I see you through your crew, now whatchu wanna do?  
After that, caps off to the black frost  
My pants always sag 'cause I rap my ass off

You wanna talk about a badboy 'Sanchoi'  
I'm bad as they come, chum, and nasty like ...  
To Vin Rock and KayGee, I'm the baby  
Droppin' the ladies, cravin' ya maybe, I have the right to be lazy

Got more stretch to my swing and the stretch of a chicken wing  
The flavor is bacon and it's cravin', is ice cream  
I'm too trucked to be fucked and too live, otherwise  
Ya drive by's smuffler, word to the mother, my brother eyed

Runnin' and comin', drama starin' wit a stellar  
I need so many lumps, I'll use your head as a braille book  
Many friends ships ink, quick, fast  
It'll take a dollar worth of gas to outlast your little tired ass

You tried to swing this way, you little swifty  
Ha, ha, ha, slum bitches still miss me  
I do the dumpin', humpin', clappin' like thunder  
And that's comin' from a land down under

Yo, I'm sick of dis shit, man  
Niggas tryin' to cut, they rocks none  
(Strike a nerve)  
Yo, they tryin' to make us drop  
Vin Rock sayin' he don't rock enough  
Yo, kick that shit

Prepare for the worst 'cause I ain't livin' lose  
I wouldn't just give a fuck 'cause givin' is free and my fuck's cost  
... your loss in The Source 'cause I know no way  
I been there before, maybe 5-6 times a day

Sometimes I put my hands on my head when I'm done, from  
And wondered to myself where did dat def shit come from?

And then I think about the Naughty and the Nature in it  
And then the Flavor, then the figures, while I'm flowin' wit it

So I won't give up, stop, stall, quit, ya kitten  
You can't touch this, fuck what them throats written  
I got tracks, better known as snaps, far forbidden  
And the warm do, I know, I know how to make ya feel it

I'll take a head, I'll make ya spread and now lay back  
I tell you once, I tell you twice, Vinnie don't play that  
So don't start, there will be none is the lesson, folks  
I hate cigarettes but my Smith-N-Wesson smokes

From anywhere, from any corner, anytime that's right  
Who you bashin'? I go blast in broad daylight  
You stand hard, you look hard, yeah, your figure's soft  
I got nuff props from buckshots that niggas caught

Ya say you can't go to the takin' me out close  
Huh, in that case, you shoulda named your album 'Almost'  
I wouldn't rely on the try if I was you, yo  
'Cause I'm turnin' tries into 'Oh, oh's' and 'Hell no's'

I wouldn't be caught dead witchu up in tryin' it  
And if I was goin', I get my stiff ass up and rip shit  
I can't go out like a wooden sock with padlocks  
I'll leave tacks tiny and slimy like snot spots  
I write a day, to me it's a common caper  
Say so much shit, huh, I write my rhymes on toilet paper

Yeah, Vin Rock, backbone of Naughty By Nature, y'know I'm sayin'?  
(Strike a nerve)  
That's right, so everybody sleepin' on the up, stay off of my dick  
(Strike a nerve)  
We're gonna stomp this time around, word up  
(Strike a nerve)

Look who's mother's in the studio, thirty sons and daughters  
Mrs. Happy Thing is in the back, catchin' quarters  
Come and try to run wit it, never in a lifetime  
Thirty could act at Caesar's, still I bet I get mine

I heard your girl's havin' a baby, now will what she have?  
A bag of dope, a bottle or crack or a sess bag  
There ain't a part of me with 'Sorry' written on it, slick  
You couldn't rock a crooked cradle, you fuckin' prick

The way I rock could shit, you just often like it  
My style's so fat, I had to throw it on a water diet  
Bullshit, ya not, I ain't the type to be fuckin' with  
Wreckin' with and if I mic attest it, I'll be neckin' it

Onslaught at an encore, you stinkin' rat  
You're so dumb, you tried to buy a fuckin' thinkin' cap  
Now that tells us in a sec, right where your head is at  
In between some bitch's legs, lookin' ass and lap

My name is Treach, remember this and don't you ever 'fess  
That's a shame, I get two minutes just to say, "Next"  
Fuck, who follows you, you and them could help each other  
I treat you both like any other motherfuckin' runner  
This is the Flavor, tasty although sugar-free  
So have a Coke, have a smile and have a booger, G

Why? 'Cause you don't mean shit to me  
I'ma take you where good shit's meant to be  
I rock a rhyme that'll be a straight up def track  
Droppin' more shit than white castles and neck slacks

A studio to me is just a chance to rock, G  
I rock and rock, goddamn, call me VinRocky  
It's just what the fuck I'm talkin' 'bout  
I say one thing and your whole crew's walkin' out

So do the lyric here, this is one lyric less  
If I were you, I'd take and throw 'em on his fuckin' neck  
Something that flow should come straight from the horse's mouth  
Mr. Ed's dead, so his ass is the best way out

Shit, man for hire, this hitman is the law  
I run more tracks than a San Francisco trolley car  
Prepare for the winter, oh, yeah  
I could write your fuckin' album and you'll soon be the last one there

I start to heat up and rip shit in one, see  
You couldn't get it hard, if the eyes were on Broad Street  
So don't you ever never tell me, I'm not good enough  
I got more stuff than a teddy bear, from ass to gut  
This is a solid, you could never outlast  
If bullshit was worth a dime, you'd have a job in a cow's ass