

# Don't Touch Us

Slick Rick

Rick: yo, turn up that instrumental  
Shay: like that?  
Rick: hell yeeaaaahhh...  
Shay: White Boy...  
    now it's shay rappinrite now  
    shay rappin rite now  
    yes i am  
Rick: yes he is.  
Shay: im still rappin rite now  
    even though we talkin bout crap  
    talkin bout White Boy has tracks...  
Both: stop that  
Rick: there's no guy slicka  
    than this slick rick nicka  
Shay: man, i wish that  
    i had some more snicksz  
Rick: talkin bout food  
    it's makin me sicka  
Shay: well im sorry  
    im hungry like a nigga  
    ...Everybody wanna have cash in their stash  
Rick: poor little shay  
    he's got a schlong rash  
Shay: anything that's White Boy  
    is crap dap  
Rick: we aint got no profits  
    'cause we jus talk smack  
Shay: i wish i had a girl  
    so i could call her  
Rick: 'just want you one bad chick  
    so u can spoil her  
    shay wanna get some...respect..  
    got as much respect  
    as my nutsac gets  
Shay: ricky walks arounf the house sayin  
    "lick my nuts, slick my nuts"  
    mom says, "Stop talkin bout nuts."  
    Ricky closes the door  
    'cause he's tired of rules  
rick: at home, in the stores, even in the schools  
Chorus:  
Don't touch us  
'cause we're red  
Like the hot  
We're tryin to  
Jine niggas a lot  
Uh ha ha ha ha  
We get the feelin sometimes  
That makes us wonder  
Will we always be hungry?  
(will we always be hungry?)  
We get the feelin sometimes  
That makes us wonder  
Will we always be hungry?  
(will we always be hungry?)  
Shay: broken glass  
    everywhere

Rick: when shay pushed stephanie  
rowdy sure did care  
and they woke me up  
and gave me a scare  
Shay: and we just stayed outside...  
...and stared at the stairs

Don't touch us  
'cause we're red  
Like the hot  
We're tryin to  
Jine niggas (niggas niggas niggas niggas...)  
A lot