

Don't Touch Us

Slick Rick

Rick: yo, turn up that instrumental
Shay: like that?
Rick: hell yeeeeaaahhh...
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