

Wickedest Man Alive

Naughty By Nature

Intro: Queen Latifah Mercifully, mercifully, mercifully massacre, Naughty By Nature
Thru it ever time, comin at a dance

My man Treacherous MC, go on, let the saxophone man play a little
Make it lovely Verse 1: Treach You got beef, well what we do, talk to the bunny, sunny

He's the man, Bugs the thug wit the money
Funny that you should mention as my family, they covered
Wassup to my cousins and my sisters and my Warner Brothers
Birds of a feather, flap and fold and be together
No matter what your whatever, endeavour, find us better
You mean he, she, them, him, those and others
Let's kill two ducks in one, pluck, initiate the trouble
For those who disagree, I maybe feel the need to front it
Show me your whole entire crew, two shoes and I'ma run it
Do you want it? Maybe so, but just know, we're rollin spreads
You claim you want it but you need it just about as much as a hole in ya
head

This is a flow-er show, a product float a while ago
Witta new swing, I think so, bring it, sing it, act like you know
And if ya don't, you won't by the time this track is done
Queen Latifah the sire, give em some, come

Chorus: Queen Latifah Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know
It's time for rum, man, yeah man
Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know
It's for jammin, g'yeah know?

Everytime they come, you know they come without the flow
Soon we have a single, they're the quickest out the door
The wickedest mna, the wickedest man in dancehall, well y'know
I'm out for rum, COME!

Verse 2: Treach
118th Street keeps production, conjunction junction nothin
Huh, what's your function?

I don't mean to be blunt or front, true or rude
How can he diss? Your honeydip looks like a honey dude
So keep it to yourself, greedy when you're in good health
So before you come and try the Treach, try yourself
Cos I ain't havin it, remember act like you know
And if ya can't act jack, you best find the door
I hate to think a trade, I slot another, see ya gator
A stam yada, PEACE!, sasalama, lick em later
Yeah, you don't have a chance, but I see ya next
This track is KayGee's baby and he named it "Def"
I'm smokin in em, it's like chimneys, I ain't friendly
Fuck your fendy, I'm swingin for your diet kidney

Pimples are simple to pop, I want temple's op
 Then slop your rock wit more floppin than a waffle spot
 The wickedest man alive, I am what I am and I'm
 damn good to be a no good, hooded by
 the wiggle in the middle, simple to party thumps
 They call me the wickedest man alive, make em jump
 Chorus Verse 3: Treach
 Gettin it and hittin
 wit it a old fashion weapon when you're slippin, I got
 time
 Try to stand and get rammed like a Stop sign
 The bad just got worse within one verse
 Put the shitty verse and reverse and this fella's first
 Wreckin is second, so back wit'cha wacked disc
 For candle after candle and still couldn't wax this
 I be the wickedest while you're still the wackest
 I need wallpaper to list what your track miss
 This is a double decker from the head wrecker, neck and head checker
 Check the check and who's def? Who's left ya?
 Standin back cannin ya, plan ta stay back
 I'm down wit Kay's tracks, black, this is the payback, lay back, jack
 I have you every which way but loose, blowin your sound proof
 That's happenin to me, your thanks for givin a neck noose
 This comes naturally, all day and night
 I make a party of all lefty's leave screamin out "Alright!"
 Talkin bout needin a lot more work than you had
 Twelve years, twelve hundred, twelve inches and sold one
 Who's gettin done? Who's swifter? Who's badder?
 You be able to get down wit some help in a step ladder
 This is another song, we check out the style that I've
 picked and rip, I be the wickedest man alive
 Outro: Queen Latifah
 No rude bwoy, come test the
 sound of Treacherous MC
 Massacre Naughty By Nature, crew come flec, man, eaze up
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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