

Intro: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup, yeah Guess who's back?
Hup, hup, Naughty By Nature's in the house Guess who's back?
settin off the 19Naughty4/ Naughty5 flavour Guess who's back?
Word up, this is how we do things Guess who's back?
Uhh

Hook: (x2)

Cos it's a slang bang thang
Slang bang, it's a slang bang thang, a slang bang thang

Verse 1: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup
Get up, get up but don't push me
cos I ain't mooshy mooshy, you can't mash me
You chocolate bastard with your smile, your face looks ashy

Sendin detrip witta free trip to blast out outer
See this, cos I'm that nigga that'll leave you ass out like G-strings

Meanin I'm fienin, your heart trips when it stay at work
So fuck fear you fear-fuck, one jerk I'll make your head hurt

The punani, they're making pairs perk, who'll dare flirt
I get kitty's from your city, just near where your mans work

I be on that ass like ol' mole, turnin your whole show slow-mo
Cos you're too good to corroso

I'm on and off so you know my shit ain't partial
Pardon me, packin arsenals, takin knees and nostrils

Our style is savagery, you try to be the badder G
You ain't even the man, you just the filling, where's the cavity?
Father be grabbin it, gravity, have the gravity grabbin
Actually after we nigga naturally have to meet

Hook (x4)

Verse 2: Treach

One check to the chin and you'll be bust quicker than liquor
Aw shit, pop her chain and lock her rock, a city slicker
Slick a rhyme, kick or vick her, knock her without a popper
I take the cake, took the chain but left the lock up
Love me or leave me, hate me or like me
Might be gettin feisty, fuck yeah I'm sheisty
Shit yeah, I fit there, *?sqwin?* your shit wear
You're a trick until you niggered me a bitch without liquid
Some thank me for puttin the hanky in panky
Slappin stanky like lightning, stickin Yankees like Benjamin Franky
Fuck buyin kitty cases and city lights
Just give my loot, get your licks and get all the high titties right
But then I'm into what you bitches is sayin
So I wasn't really feelin on her ass, I was just massagin her brain
The objects that I learned from the projects
Try Treach I bet, and get your throat choked like my necks

Hook (x2)

Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock

My mind thinks right, ????, pick snipes, don't pluck, I'll fuck your finger
At any *?prejudice Presley?*, now I got more snipes than Wesley

Test me, touch me and lay next to the rest of the best
The rusty monks or ???? who tried to fuck me
But see this is where I BOOM and ZOOM
Just drive a line like a cartoonist on some SOON shit

Adidas couldn't read us so they freed us
Then we tried Reebok from a cheater, succeeded then got weeded
Oh Anna, rip of some grandma's, no my Grandma from Santa Ana
To Atlanta where cops ain't a-feared and niggas wear 'dannas
Now tell ya lady that I'm crazy when I'm summin
There's a party and I'm out and guess who's comin

Hook (x4)

Outro: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup, hup, yeah niggas

It's all about a slang bang
Doin this shit lyrically on wax
and gettin paid for it
Word up, we don't care where you're from
Everybody can get down with the slang bang
We doin "rhyme-bys" on record
Hahahaha, wooweeeeeee.....