

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