

# Cruddy Clique

## Naughty By Nature

Ya real worried of the flurries, scared as shit of gettin' hit!  
You'd think a wall fell out ya ass the way you keep shittin' bricks!  
I revolve around a blow and be in slow to a quick right  
From what ya girl's squeezed, could match ya age out ya dick size! From now, some how,  
comes now, street sound  
You'll see me toll-free dial 1-800 with a beat down!  
A loss ya can't afford to take, stand alone now!  
I'm the man that come to spank ya ass in your own home town!  
Watch me heat ya up and eat ya quick, ya popped Pop-Tart!  
Flows to rise ya mind to make ya rhyme's pour and stop-start! To Hell with all who hates me!  
Straight up trouble, you wait, see!  
I'ma stick you on a cancel list with WHT!  
Ain't lovey-dovey, style is stubby, nobody's hubby  
Plus, too fuckin' cruddy to be buddies!  
And what about the kid they was bustin' him and rushin' him  
"Hey, mane. Chu shoulda listened to? I never fuckin' trusted him."  
Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
(-So there it is, so there it is..) Yoo, hoo!  
To all ya rhymin' mother fuckers thinkin' no one can get with ya  
Put a DICK in ya mouth and when it's out tell me the temperature!  
I used to be on some next shit, but now some new shit  
Some def shit when I do shit, some shit you wish that you did! Now I'ma pimp you like a punk,  
bitch-slap you like I want!  
Stick you like a shank, now sit up like a lump.  
You little lily-liver ass nigger, I'm about to lily-lift ya ass  
Into the river of 19 Give-a-FUCK! How I struck  
When I buck and knuckle up.  
I tell you to deal quick!  
You don't wanna fuck with the real shit!  
I got a hundred and 18 reasons of nigga's that'll track the treason and trap the trigga, so now ya  
figured that I-  
FUCKED ya flow, STUCK up ya hoe  
Put nuts to the nose! Guts will show.  
-What up? Nothin', I KNOW!  
'Cause I ain't havin' all the chitter-chatter, hit you with the pitter-patter  
'Cause on these tracks, my style gets bigger fatter  
All for the action, plus a fan of Michael Jackson

Give him dibs, mother FUCK who face he bought and put on his.  
Nigga's too nosy, talkin' that ol' dumb shit! -Bum shit!  
I'm the Cruddy nigga you don't wanna run with. Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
Oh, you don't know?  
Boom! Bap! Smack! (And there it is!)  
(-So there it is, so there it is..) I hang with some killer, crazy, cruddy, smack-ya-mother type of  
nigga's.  
Quick to split a liver if a tongue flipper's against the Rhyme Ripper! Pick a plate, a time, a  
rhyme, a flow, a feel, a vibe  
Pick a fuckin' style of your own, stop pickin' mine!  
I don't talk jack-shit that I can't pull, slick.  
So feed the cows if you want some M'BULL-SHIT! Fuck all, I'm tryin' to rank spots  
'Cause there's a fright light in the ass  
They're wearin' jock straps for tank tops  
Smells like ya ATE A MIDGET!  
Steppin' from in front of my face  
Fuck your whole demo and your gimmicks!  
And don't come up with that "ol' buddy" shit.. And FUCK any BITCH that can't hang with a  
Cruddy Clique!

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