

45 King "Flavor Unit Assassination Squad"

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(feat. Apache, Double J, Lakim Shabazz)

Yo

Everybody in the Flavor Unit is real def
But we're gonna make one record altogether
Who's gonna go first?

[VERSE 1: Apache]

Here's another rapper that thought he caught me
'sleep
MC's, you feel frogous - leap
Rhymin dictionaries - on the contrary
Your style's plain, it stays the same, mines vary
>From a to z, just like the alphabet
Find another brother to [fuck] with, cause I'ma get
Angry, then run through the chain of command
The last to stand fled, cause he's a dead man
Egos are bruised, MC's get confused
I filter out the wack, then cruise
Past at a swift pace, let's lace
The rhyme with dope - take a toke, just in case
The song's too strong, take two pulls and pass
Smoke fumes from the mic might make you gasp
For another breath, it's a slow death
Fight, you tried, but you died, now who's left?
Dead on arrival, if you survive you'll
Remember the name, Flavor Unit'll guide you
Apache, that's me, so flee
Stop talkin, I'm a walkin one-man posse
You're steppin on thin ice, flexin smooth and nice
Each cut's precise, here's some advice
A lotta power, it's time to peep the God
Of the Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[VERSE 2: Lakim Shabazz]

There's no need to wonder why you was kept in the
dark
Your rhymes are not flowin, they're showin
stretchmarks
Who told you we were dead broke?
Thinkin you're choice and your voice sound like you got
a stretched throat

You're just another duck, a certified buttercup
You better duck, I'm throwin lyrical uppercuts
Verses are versatile, I'm worth your while
Put a punk against me, I murder the child
Thinkin of a mystery that gets to me
Playin around sayin you're gonna dis the G
You wish to be, just like me
You wanna battle me? I insist that we
Toss up a coin - head's up, now let's kick off
The Hip-Hop Superbowl, see who'll get picked off
Not me, I'ma win by a mile or two
And make you feel like a molecule
I stand in the square of pure righteousness
Your song was dope, but yo, it's not hype as this
They say you live a life of the rich and famous
To me it's the life of the weak and nameless
Rappers get roasted, toasted, barbecued
Lyrics explode and blown into particles
Thought you were sly and slick, a clever cat
You take me out? Yo - never that
I'm God a, descendant of Master Farrahd
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[VERSE 3: Queen Latifah]

Make a wish like Aladdin
I'ma step to the mic, you wish you hadn't
Cause I get mad when
You attempt to invade my queendom
Stop dreamin, don't hand me that

I murder main men handicapped
A female prevails, start bitin your nails
You're nervous, join the service, I'm hyped as hell
The feminine teacher in the form of Queen Latifah
I hype the mic and pump the speakers
I don't wanna dig too deep, who are you to sleep?
On me, the Queen of the Flavor Unit posse
You wanna step? Then step hard
This is the Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[VERSE 4: Double J]

I listen to some riff while the others stand stiff
I'll uplift the gift and have nothin to deal with
You're bull, some get pull from, it hurts my nerve
But I'ma serve, give em what they deserve
They wanna try to act hot like they just won a jackpot
Think they can flow (but no, not by a long shot)
The J without delay here to display
While other rappers decay the Flavor Unit will stay
On the top of the situation
Untouchable concentration leads to elevation

We'll stay untouched with the style that's too much
As the mic gets clutched, such
A dope voice puts fear in your heart through your ear
Listen close, and you'll hear
The Unit coincide as one, outsiders run
You want respect? Forget it, you're gettin none
I'll advise, improvise, teach you learnin
Get respect the old fashion way - we'll earn it
But you execute before I'm through, yo
This is what I'm prepared to do
Rock that ass real fast, the nation's hard
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[VERSE 5: Lord Alibaski]

Get swift possession, a lyrical session
A family affair, Alibaski's lettin
Off another dose of words to shank a man
Tenacious, the hip-hop anchorman
Little bit of rep growin and it's dominant
Roll MC's over on my own ???
Since the beat 68 causes a swirl
Creating the 8th wonder of the world
It's my turn, so I think I'll flow till
I can make a mountain out of a molehill
The King will let off his beat that's so chill
Release me, so I can go kill
Competators who work through hours of rain
I'm a notorious lenchman, I got powers of pain
Pure punishment, so run and get
Reserves, so I can serve abundant with
Ship em out to me, cause the dollars are greener
The verse quenched your thirst with dope
misdemeanor
Are you capable? Spit it out, tell me are you able
Or would you prefer the view from the ??? table
Razorsharp, hits are bein landed
Played my part, diss, I'm countin heads, and
The dynamic duo of the Flavor, you know
Ready for any- and everybody or who, so
Be it, when my lyrics fill the air
I get hungry, and the mic's my silverware
I played it cool, you face your doom, I'm large
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

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