

M**"Flavor For The Non Believes"**

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fa2

[Havoc]

Yo.. this is flavor for the non believes

Sit back take a seat and don't forget to pass the weed

And by the way this is all the way live

And the way that I survive is pumpin nickels and dimes

Pumpin rocks on the corner pumpin rocks cause I

wanna

The little Don Ho drug dealer ? performer

At my height I'm described as a midget

But it ain't about height it's about "Can I Kick It?"

Some say I'm too little, but yo I'm too ill

I hit skins, light up, and then I smoke a Phil'

You don't want a beef with this juvenile delinquent

I'm not good, I'm livin like a hood

And when I kick MC's abandon ship

Cause my brain is the sun of a solar eclipse

Yo, Havoc is the man that you have to bring

Cause I'm flippin like pages in a Word Up magazine

Sweet like candy, the poetic vigilante

So explicit even porno flicks ban me

And girls gel me like jheri curl activate

The forty dog drinkin money grip you're dead and

stinkin

Brain cells overload when I'm thinkin

This is a rap rape, and I leave a fat taste

Get off the microphone kid, stay in a child's place

I cook you up, like Uptown raw base

And leave you open like if you just saw Scarface

Like I said it before, shorty scores, I get raw

for the cause, battle me, take a loss

I steal shows like BelBivDevoe's

and put on my latex when I hit up the hoes

You know the flavor kid, give me my props

Cause it's 1992, and all the bullshit stops..

Check it, this is flavor for the non believes

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[Prodigy]

Mr. Soul, trunk jewels sippin Old Gold
Roll up my nickel pack of weed, lick it up and stroll
Prodigy, verbally tragic and I'm toxic
Check out the way check out the way the way that I drop
it
You know my style, step back, cause I'm buckwild
All it takes is a mic, 40 dog, and a smile
Baby Grand Puba, Little Rick the Ruler
And in my pocket is crazy fat bag of buddha
MC's can't get with Mister Mister
Money don't fake moves cause I probably hit your sister
I'm on a mission word is bond
Word to God, I goes on.. the little Don
Smooth and fantastic as I get drastic
Shake your brain mentally and psychopathic
I murder with the brain of Hitler black
And me bein weak, even Kodak couldn't picture that

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[Havoc]

Niggaz don't understand first of all
I rip when I rip check it, never stall
Freestyle meanwhile for you and yours
I'm goin all out, check it
You thought I couldn't wish I wanna do what I did
I did it so I done, kill another fuckin kid
Cause I don't give a motherFUCK, and you do
That's why your stupid ass got bucked
Outta luck, never took the time to wish
Took a bitch down then I'm out like quick
Nestle chocolate, munch like it's ?
That was then, this is now, I'm goin for the gold
Thirty yard touchdown, Mr. Short
Fuckin niggaz bitches just for the sport
But not without the jimmy, cause bitches nowadays
knows mad jig tricks, and that I ain't with
Oh shit, time to move, time to move, here we go
with another fly groove, cause I'm so smooth
Never like to brag, but I, do it still
Sip on a 40, smoke on the Phil'
So next time kid you wanna beef just chill
before I break your ass up to bits
How many licks would it take
Check it out one two three bitch-ass nigga licks

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