

Craig Mack **"Flava In Ya Ear Remix"**

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Bad boy, come out and play
You know we had to do a remix right?

Niggas is mad I get more butt than ash trays
Fuck a fair one I get mines the fast way
The ski mask way, nigga ransom notes
Far from handsome but damn a nigga tote, what ya'
tote

More guns than roses foes is shakin' in their boots
Invisible bullies like The Gooch
Disappear vamoose you're wack to me
Take them rhymes back to the factory

I see, the gimmicks, the wack lyrics
The shit is depressin', pathetic, please forget it
You're mad cause my style you're admirin'
Don't be mad, UPS is hirin'

You shoulda been a cop, fuck hip-hop
With that freestyle you're bound to get shot
Not from Houston but I rap a lot
Pack the gat a lot, the flav's 'bout to drop' uh

Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear
Time for new flava in ya ear
I'm kickin' new flava in ya ear
Mack's a brand new flava in ya ear
Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear
Time for new flava in ya ear
(Ah, here comes the Mack)

Word up don't rap no crap you bore me
Wanna grab my dick too lazy hold it for me
I'm straight that great plus the heads straighten
dreads
I'm everlastin' like the toe on Pro Keds

A Tech N9ne when I rhyme, plus I climb, word is bind
You're album couldn't fuck with one line
It's been three years since you last hear
But now I reappear your heart pumps fear

To your gut, did your girl's butt
I scraped it shaped it, now she won't strut
I smash teeth, fuck your beef, no relief

I step on stage girls scream like I'm Keith
You won't be around next year
My rap's too severe kickin' mad flava in ya ear

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Twenty one ninety four, mad muthafuckin' hardcore
It's my turn to burn now explore
The flava in ya ear it's the boyscout
I make outs, I make other rappers have doubts

You're fuckin' with the wrong clan and the wrong man
that's it
Now you got to get your dome split
I'm going into my knapsack with my gat
Take off my hat, yes I'm just cool like that

The dangerous, the ruggedness from the Flatbush
abyss
BLSb 97, kiss bounce to this
I wanna live long in this rap game, niggas know my
name
Yo puffy, burn 'em in the flames

You're jinglin' baby
Go 'head Daddy
You're jinglin' baby
Go 'head Daddy

Heshe, uhh, blowticious, skeevey delicious
Gimme coos coos love me good
Uhh, damn hollis to Hollywood but is he good?
I guess like the jeans uhh, flava like praleens
Sick daddy I mean?

Papa love it when he does it, niggas buzz it
But tell me was it really just the flava that be cloggin'
your ears
The most safest behavior is to stay in the clear
It's all for you, it's really all for you, now what?

Punch back, close your eyes try to munch that
Oil up your ankles let your tims tap
Bite the flava it reacts to your gold caps
Word to Mama, I tongue kiss a piranha
Electrocute a barracuda, I'm here to bring the drama

Yo, yo, yo the flavas in your ass crease ha
Busta Rhymes about to bring the noise don't cease ha
Let me loose from the belly of the beast ha
Everybody, hey, hey, hey
You better believe, it's Busta Rhymes and we're 'bout to
rip the Tri-State

Ay, yo, hey, hey, hey
I'll split your face and give you stitches
Throw niggas in ditches, smack the ass on fat bitches
Wait one sec, it's like it down
And rollin' with the heavyweight connec to the stompin'
grond

Now, don't you get suspicious, grant your wishes every
time
Breakin' dishes when I bust a rhyme
I know one thing the whole world least expected
Was how we all connected to break fool on the same
record
Five new flavas on beat, feel the fuckin' heat

I really think you should retreat while we blow up the
street
Instead of coppin', please just freeze
Maintain the focus while we smoke these marijuana
trees
When I get down and disappear, reappear and blow up
everywhere
Fuckin' flava's in your ear

Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear
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94, Eastcoast [Incomprehensible], Badboy
[Incomprehensible]

