## The Flavor Unit MCs "Roll Wit The Flava"

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Verse One: Treach

Once again, it's on

Where I'm from there aint no picket fences pick it Straight and ruff so you pick it my sticky finger was a glock

Many dash for the fast cash, but I like the cash to last So I rap till my ass collapse

I'm never trouble but if troops will come and jam me You Remind Me like Mary then I'm scaring your little projects

On the prarie I'm hairy and hot like Dougie with a smokie

So I boo-boo, just like Fu-Schnicks I'll say F-U-2

Verse Two: Chip-Fu

A-bibbedy-bibbedy-bibbedy-bong-gang ultraking

But BBD boxing up yang, giddy-up
Didduh-duh, didduh-duh, didduh-dum dum
I'm coming again and again a Ku-Fu vomit
Gosh, darn it! Like we're lyin' to bits
The John-John Jacob lyrical shaker
Yes and Jengle-ma-heimershmitz
I sings my lyrical style from Flatbush

Quick to Greenwich Village I'm strong to the finish When I eats, me spinach

I'm one of the lyrical flava

My nigga Foxx is stompin faggots

Check my dum-dum-dum-dum and step

Verse Three: Freddie Foxx

Now I been breakin rappers down for a while now Now it's time to break, child Rappers get chopped like the head on a fat cow I'm mister micraphone, rappers can't fuck around I'm Freddie the Foxx I'll brake it back and buck em buck em down

You know my rep I got a record like the turnpikes

When I was young they use to call me Freddie-burnmics

But now they call me big Foxx, daddy boot-knocks With burn marks on my hips from my twin glocks

## Chorus

(Queen Latifah) I got flava for days (KRS-One) Flava unit has a title Repeats four times Roll With the Flava

Verse Four: Queen Latifah

Now it's about the time to put you out of sight and out of mind

I got the skills to blast you off the mic and out of rhymes

Now who the hell-am-I-a?

The L-A-T-I-F-A-H the motherfuckin sire I come in on time

You wear a silly grin we like we do when niggaz in We gotta practice so scalp the hairs off your chinnychin-chin

The Flava Unit's got my back, so I'm quick to start shit Get the short end of a bat, cause we beat him broken sticks

Verse Five: Heavy D

I-guy-guy-guy-guy bet you never knew
That I could flow I flew I grow I grew
I blew up the spot, I'm sippin my props
And now I am just passin through
Ruff rugged rigid nigga, the one who's quick to figure
Some think they're big, but the heavster is bigger
The funky flip-flop flava unit, my hip-hop neigbor doin it
Came to the studio, check my flow, and ran right
through it
I bet you thought I wouldn't come, I came
I'm never done till I'm done rippin drums like a

## Chorus

Verse Six: D-Nice

shotgun, ohh!

Now ladies, what's my name? (aaah)
That means it's time to go
I'm the same muuuhfucker from it's time to flow, so
Some might have dissed the way I flow it out
Niggaz need to throw it out

Simply cause it's somethin you don't know about
So watch the Nice man shake the ground
And now I'm Rollin with the Flava cause
The Flava's what I'm rollin in my sound
To make you get down, rippin the sound from J.C. to
Uptown
Now

Verse Seven: Dres

Now if you got a nine, and you got a nine And you got a nine, and you got a nine And he got a nine, and she got a nine Well it's a motherflockin party yo cause I got mine So bust it the Black Sheep are (where?) here (where) Here (where) there, everywhere there's a Jeep There's a Sheep beat beatin up the air Graphic as illustratin frustratin like waitin The Sheep are a joke? Nigga you playin Yo I drink twenty forties, smoke forty blunts Say a hundred rhymes and not sound like you once Twice, three times, nigga never figured You'd be triggered by Dres, that R and B smokin nigga Doin it, screwin it, chewin it, well Done on the weak bun hon can't you tell Unification cells on the flava flingin If a Queen has the balls my lady is a King So long live the King, and love to my Unit Spoon it and you'll croon it, diss it, and yo balloon it

## Chorus

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