

## **Mobb Deep**

# **"Flavor For The Non Believes"**

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*[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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