

## Flavor Flav

### "Soul Power"

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Two thousand and two  
Lookin' like a tennis player  
Representin' the Wu  
You gangsta nigga?  
Two thousand and two  
You? You isn't  
Representin' the motherfuckin' Wu  
Stand for it right now  
Two thousand and two, you know how we do  
For you and your crew, representin' the motherfuckin'  
Wu

Aiyyo catch me coolin' in Aruba, one sneaker on  
Lookin' raw beautiful, a blue ruger, who you lookin' at?  
Six hundred whale, steel color, Brazil love us  
Y'all niggaz is fake, all y'all do is steal from us  
Remember this line, I'm that nigga word to my mother  
Slap one of y'all fake ass niggaz  
Reefer from Egypt daddy we rock Magnums  
All big niggaz heavy on the wrist play diss niggaz  
Ghost story blow 'em, RZA throw the fork through 'em  
Me, wonder woman cousin, jewelried out, talk to him  
Hammers that bust endlessness, cover terrorism what?  
Slide in the seven, measure the whips

It's soul power  
Two thousand and two  
Soul power  
You know how we do  
Soul power  
For you and your crew  
Soul power  
Representin' Wu  
Soul power  
You know how we do  
Soul soul power  
Two thousand and two  
Soul power  
For you and your crew  
Soul power  
Representin' Wu

I'm a dollar and a dream from seein' a brick  
In grimy hallways, slingin' nicks and treys  
When it's on then it's on and poppin, shots lickin'  
I'm spittin' this shit for the hood, glock clickin'  
Tension in the street, we stressed, still wanna eat  
I walk through the valley of death, the hotstepper  
Holdin' red pepper, everybody on reach  
I need a beat to expand, the mind guide the hand  
Pen stroke, excellent quotes of literature  
'Nights over Egypt', 'Black as Arabia'  
'Gundeliro', self I savior, I need the

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Aiyyo, aiyyo  
Aiyyo I got the whip smellin' like lemon  
Roger Clemence Jerseys, the man blew  
Seven cold coolies in the worthy and  
I crush those rappers, keep the toast near the radiator  
We like our guns warm, it's easier to make the papers  
Stayed off, the cape came off, ghost g'd off  
The track's like doin' six months and I'm a beat off  
At the airport attention always flow in my direction like  
You let the best then sparkle his perfection and  
Bitches be askin' them, ghost you got so much shit  
You need to cash in, bracelets matchin' 'em

Yo, yo  
Line Cadillacs to blocks, Richard Pryor, Redd Foxx  
Jukebox records, flatfooted cops  
Get automatic systematic jumpin' in your socks  
Mama's apple pie in the park hopscotch  
Reunited on the radio, Wu-Tang superb  
In the sprinklers girls double dutchin on the curb  
Sinatra, the pop the Jackson Five recordings  
Uptown saturday, cotton came to harlem  
Ringmaster circus was, bailey and barnum

Crack a Coca Cola, summer heat was my boredom  
Dr. J before Jordan, Al Green on the organ  
When rerun did the dance, the whole world saw him  
The blackout fears, Foxy Brown, Pam Grier  
Ford motor gear, your life and times queer  
"Smokey the bear", Burt Reynolds gray hair  
Throw 'em some gems, throw up your fists and say  
yeah, it's

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{I'm the nigga that got you talkin' bout "Fight the  
power".  
Aye yo Flav!  
Whassup Meth?  
What you know about niggaz from Long Island right?  
Huh?  
True Long Island right?  
All my life  
All your life right?  
All my life  
Westbury  
Word up, Freeport, Long Island, Roosevelt, Long Island  
And and an an and went through Westbury too  
You from Westbury?  
Nah I got family in Westbury, New Castle Park and them  
Oh stop jokin, I ain't know that  
You from Hempstead? Yo man, my family from  
Hempstead, the Heights Man  
Yeah  
Word up, come on man  
Oh, what?  
Hundred Terrace Avenue  
Stop jokin, the El Dorados, nigga what?  
I got family up in El Dorados right now nigga word  
That's where I'm from, that's my block

That's my block right there! Aye yo!  
That's right y'all, that's right, it's all good  
Me and method man from the motherfuckin' hood  
So get it from the bricks to the fuckin' wood  
Yeah niggaz  
Know what I mean? Word up to the bird up  
They caught the bird, made him soup, now I sip from  
out my cup  
Nigga  
Oh yo man you just hit me in the head with a brick for  
real  
You got me bleedin' from the side of the head Meth  
You're a beautiful fuckin' person  
Yo Meth, yo Meth.  
Yo check one two  
Without me havin' my finger in the plug  
I'm gettin shocked anyway, hahaha}

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