

## Flavor Flav

### "The Jookz"

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[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right, we gon' do it like this and like that  
Y'knahmsayin, straight from the top  
Ha ha ha, that's right it's your man Flavor Flav boy  
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH snap, yeah like that, like that  
Yeah, like that, what nigga what  
We want all the money!  
That's right we gon' do it like this once again  
2005, comin live with no jive  
That's right, KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCK, word  
Yo check one two

Check out the jookz, neighborhood crooks that plot  
Schemin on a comfortable spot that's got new locks  
The L train, Friday night 11 PM  
2 trucks pulls up, a Caddy, and a BM  
First nigga, has the Caddy, he was a lookout  
Second on the passenger side, he pulls a oowop  
The kid in the backseat, was smokin on a stog'  
Beemer was parked at the rock, ready to roll  
11 o'clock, on point, waitin and schemin now  
Waitin for Flavor to come out, so we can stick him  
Move up the stairs slow, don't look suspicious  
Only thing you wanna do is just {?} bitches  
Did that weak clown, waitin for {?} time  
Once set that ain't shit, {?} slash the tires  
Cover your face just in case somebody see us  
If somebody move, send they ass straight to...  
Nigga what, saw the joker jump the turnstile  
Snucked up behind him, yo {?} you're alone now  
Grabbed the bag real quick, picked up the cheese  
 {?} was blowin the horn, here come the D's  
Flashbacks, it's all about last doin a bid  
Violators paroled from some asshole's crib  
That was then, this is now, this is a different story  
That's right black, cold slapped the employer  
Gagged his mouth, tied his hands, he's helpless  
Lucky cause we seemed pretty selfish  
Cocked the hammer, but they caught the whole jookz  
on camera  
DAMN!!~!!

That 2005 fire right here  
They can't front on this  
It's that real shit son you know it

Aiyyo, aiyyo the gates of hell, call it a jail cell blizzard  
Waitin and hesitatin and waitin for a visit now  
The felons is crazy, look at the Timberlands  
Your name is John, they'll be callin you Quinton  
Seven six, lights out, fights break out  
Do you understand what I'm talkin about  
Ass be caught in the system, you're hoardin the  
cigarettes  
Givin out nigga threats, givin out bitch threats  
You can't escape, you can't face the nightmare  
Tell the Joe hell no cause they don't fight fair  
Handcuffs, don't make a man tough  
They call it justice, but there's just one us - damn!

I didn't even want to say it  
They don't want no labels on us  
Stay in class, don't get kicked out of class  
That's right Flavor boy, back in your face  
That's right DeVante they can't front on this  
They can't front on this DeVante, they can't front on this  
right?  
Yo they can't front on this, aiyyo  
Yo Fido, whassup Fido, they can't front on this?  
They can't front on this, that's right  
Holla at your boy, holla at your boy, holla at your boy

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