

# Flavor Flav "Wonder Why"

Visit "[Wonder Why](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yessir, mo' Flav  
"Show 'em that we can do this!"

[Chorus: Flavor Flav]  
(I wonder why, we don't ever hear from Flav no more)  
Cause they all want Flavor, they all want Flavor  
They got no Flavor  
Cause they all want Flavor, they all need Flavor  
They got no Flavor  
Cause they all want Flavor, they all need Flavor  
They got no Flavor

[Flavor Flav]  
You wonder why you never hear from Flav  
Mannnn, it's like city cops they don't behave  
Now they'd rather see me locked as if the world I'm  
tryin to save  
But I ain't Captain Save-A-Ho (what they call me Flavor  
fo')  
I was just like chicken, hot damn who's lickin?  
Like I'm some type of meal here, thought that you was  
real here  
Eat at my expenses, would you please comprehend this  
Get nathan, nad now, be like Total Recall  
'Bout six altogether if I can recall  
But you still wanna eat off FLAAAAAV  
Like this {?} vacation way  
But that's not what the sign here SAYYYYYYY  
In the try pick 6 it take 5 today  
If you got it {nigga} sell some hay  
But stay the {fuck} out my way  
Cause these {niggaz} in the Boogie don't play  
They chop raw and the neck losses fakers from the  
machete  
I got the wire stay the {fuck} out my way  
Cause nobody wants casual-tays, from this pistol spray  
And I ain't tryin to lose another today  
So I say... so I say... yeah

[Chorus] with ad libs

[Flavor Flav]

Man this world is a cold one, the game she's an old one  
Far too advanced, black widow run dance  
By chance, have you seen her, strung-out Maria  
On one-six-third and Sherman, go see her  
Used to be quite the hustler, big timer muscler  
Up in the park on one-six-one  
Now the work she moves still, down down downhill  
But she wreck of the sickness and her man won't fix  
this  
Ammonia in the needle, left her slumpin fetal  
It was all for the come-up, she was found next sun up  
by me, {fucked} your boy up, for her we'll keep the  
noise up  
Forever life the joys of - FLAAAAAV  
Don't know why {motherfuckers} wanna flirt with Death  
Cause when he catch up {fuck} your sould found for  
dead on the steps  
We'll be new shoe shoppin, pine box droppin  
Convoy through the red lights, with the headlights  
Man I hope your head right, hope you made your bed  
right  
{Niggaz} never get the point until they see the light  
From the four pound ratchet, bearface, yellow jacket  
It's goin all out to Bronx House and Cak-a-saki  
Double stuck ex two blues and H 2  
Oh no dough Jakes know your facial  
Six bodies pendin and they all biracial  
You'll probably catch 6 more before they detonate you  
The same judge hate me hate you  
Yeah when I pee pee, shake out my teepee  
America's Most, no toastin, I'm on TV  
So fall back easy, cause y'all so sleazy

[Chorus] with ad libs

Visit [Flavor Flav](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.