

## Phife Dawg "Flawless"

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One time, yo

Yo, you know what?

I might not always say the right thing

But I say what the fuck I feel

On the real

What the deal

Knowmean?

World's greatest five-footer back up in yo shit

Check it

Let me ask you

[ VERSE 1 ]

Who these cats lookin punanny-ish?

For those who don't understand: that's some vagina  
shit

I think I'm lost, yo, tell me what you're dealin with?

Niggas' rhymes be watered down like porn star clitoris

It's so ridiculous, you're soundin hideous

Talkin tough, but be dressin on some wussy shit

Tight see-through shirt, on some hard nipple shit

Fake Versace shades while all up in the club and shit

Fake Rolex, it'll change the color of your arm and shit

Sports bras, halter tops, what the fuck is this?

Dudes be brought up just to sell some records? SHIT

Then wanna be voice of the streets, you see this  
bullshit?

Wait - if you gon' half-step in hip-hop, you need to stop

This here remains in the street, play puss, you're gettin  
fucked

Go 'head, play yourself with them ho-like hooks

Sing ballads if it's all about the Maxwell look

Mack make-up with a pair of [brand name] thinkin  
you're cute

Fubu suit with Steve Madden boots make me wanna  
puke

Phat Farm shorts with a garder belt, lookin like a whore

Or a purple bandana cause it matches your shaw?

Now tell me, what you rhymin for?

This shit is all about flows, fuck a fashion show

Hip-Hop 101, Professor Diggy, yo

And if you want it laid back, call Kenny Lattimore

No disrespect to these men, cause I like R&B

But right here in my class we gonnna emcee

It's all about the zhigge-zhigge, yeah, the scratch 'n cut

Graffiti art, jammin in the park, holdin your nuts

Muthafuckas, I am hip-hop, I walk hip-hop, I talk hip-hop

I need hip-hop, I lust hip-hop, I love hip-hop

B-Boy round the clock, doin it non-stop

Flawless

Diggy gon' hit you with the rawness

Pass me the mic and I'ma scorch it

And when mi done with it, mi just toss it

But never force it

My shit is flawless

Muttu Ranks hit you with the rawness

Pass me the mic and I'ma scorch it

And when mi done with it, mi just toss it

But never force it

[ VERSE 2 ]

Peep the Groove Attack ensemble, we about to fly high

Fuck majors, we independent like the 4th of July (Why?)

I guess we didn't really share the same vision

But it was their decision

Them fuckers just wouldn't listen

But now look who's bitchin

While Phife cuts with precision

It's my ass they're kissin

Don't worry 'bout what I'm shippin

As for Jive, I know they hate on how I blow up the spot

How quickly they forget what got they ass to the top

What they figure, I bust my ass to feed they dirty-ass kids?

Get the fuck out of here, fuck am I, Britney Spears?

These cats'll turn you against your brethren if you let em, and how

It's the reason me and my former partner don't talk now

Communication is the key, capital word be unity

These folks will guide you to your grave, then come  
and read the eulogy

Independent like Philly, majors can't do shit for me but  
suck mi toe

Go find a MC with some half-assed flow

But I understand these styles, they just quickly end in  
now

Forever wantin to play games, but guess what, I'm not  
a child

For the new breed of MC's: learn to own your shit, gee

Stay black, keep it real, purchase at [Name]

Fuck a waiting to exhale, Malik is at once released

While all you so-called CEO's and A&R's get impeached

Say Fudge - you shoulda never let me off the damn  
leash

Ha-ha

Arrrf!

Now break it down now

I am hip-hop, I sleep hip-hop, I want hip-hop

I love hip-hop, I lust hip-hop, I need hip-hop

B-Boy round the clock, doin it non-stop

And I'm

Flawless

Diggy gon' hit you with the rawness

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