

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"Flashin'"

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Oooh oooh

Flashin' (*belches*)

Oooh

I'm gone off that boy and dog food, Purina Chow-Chow
Pow Pow, hot lead on a nigga head G-style
Never understood, grew up in the hood
Never knew right from wrong
Get to dumpin on a nigga for nothin for no reason
Mannish little knucklehead, hardhead heathen
Meanin, give a fuck about life, I seen my momma
stab my daddy in the stomach with a knife
when I was three years old, finally figured it out
That's why a nigga sold coke, clientele and clout
Without a motherfuckin doubt, take a nigga out
for tryin to goaltend a motherfucker paper route
Wet his ass up, fat lady single
Fully automatic converted by my whiteboy arsonist
fire extinguisher, if you ain't spendin with me then
motherfucker
you betta damn sure be workin for me and that's real
as fuck
Either that, I get your jaw wired up, pathological liar
Dope game got me like this, murder for hire
Smokin more bomb than Cheech and Chong, I'm SAYIN
Hit up Denny's resteraunt and order a gang of food
Run up out of that prejudiced fuck-ass motherfucker
without even havin any n kind of intention on even
payin
Damn near flashin, that's what the fuck I'm doin
and I'm blastin up in this motherfucker
I got my motherfuckin weiner out and I'm sayin fuck the
world
I'm pissin on everything, fuck it, nigga I'm flashin
I'm actin bad
I got all kind of marbles on the motherfuckin table
and I'm tellin a motherfucker you touch my shit and I'm
flashin
Understand my shit, the situation is way damn real
Motherfucker I'm drunk off the shit

and I'm breakin bottles on the pavement, I'm flashin
Nigga I'm out there bad I'm poppin in the air for nothin
Nigga for no apparent reason I'm DUH DUH DUH DUH
check it out

At this, got it fired up, choppers in the back of the truck
about to light the nigga crib up
Bang bang shoot em up claim fame
Got a little to my name, slick as sugar cane
Three in the mornin it's hard labor chasin paper
Nigga twerkin, go to several Russian car
Cluckers comin through with VCR's
Microwave ovens and credit cards
Pullin all kind of heavy metal straps
Beatin bitches down with bumper jacks
L-R-P's bitches overseas shoot craps
Tryna to have more paper than a fax
Motherfuckers gettin to showin out when they off
ecstasy
Liable, to fuck a hoe on her menstrual cycle
Vital, lookin out for the rival tribal dead on arrival
Psycho, it's all about survival
Quarter ounce zippers is on
Run up in his home while he slappin bones
with the chrome pist-al, pistol-whip a nigga
with a zap board, Zenith hammer, Arm and Hammer
bakin soda, listenin to the scanner
Scared man can't win, especially when I'm paper packin
Fetti stackin, mashin, flashin

I'm flashin, the Elroy's pulled me over
and put the flashlight to my window and told me I was
speedin
and I got to, fa-lashin on they ass
I got to actin like a demon the motherfuckers told me
the other day I go to turn off my P-G-and-E
Nigga and I got to actin bad and I got to flashin
on a motherfucker, motherfucker come out there
talkin crazy to me lookin at me crazy up in the
motherfuckin sto'
and I said, "Bitch I'm F-ah-lashin!"
Don't let me get to flashin on yo' ass nigga
Motherfucker up in the club, and a motherfucker step
on my shoe
and I got to fa-lashin!

It's all bad, motherfucker used to be my comrade
Used to fuck the same hoes, wear each others clothes
Closer than a booger to a nose, choosin vogues
Slammin Cadillac do's together, cookin crack
and make these zippers back, overkill

Put the whammy on the whoop, be on the lookout
for the state troop, might shoot
Durin the drug deal, flippy at the mouth
Voluntarily ratted your motherfuckin folkers out
Tight about since Little League, Boy Scouts
Paper route dropped a dime to get some days dropped
I'm uh, I'm ooh cranky, moody like a old hag
Shit gone get hella stanky if you square snitch-ass
sucka butt-ass niggaz don't bring me back my
motherfuckin duffle bag
Consequences off the hinges
Lean ballin, alcohol and weed
A thousand dollars worth of chump change, chicken
feed
A criminal record a full of dirty deeds
Givin niggaz black eyes and bloody lips
Cauliflower ears and extra clips
Gun clappin music slappin party crashin
Blastin, motherfucker flashin

The holiday just came on the first second and third of
the month
Made my check late and I got to, flashin on
motherfuckers
Next door neighbor hollerin that shit about my beat too
loud
I walked up the motherfuckin steps and I got ta
tellin that bitch I'm F-ah-LASHIN
Send a rookie to the store to bring me back some Rossi
Ron
He brought me back Chablais, and I get to FLASH
on that bitch ass motherfucker, silly nigga
Yknahmsayin? A motherfucker up in this motherfucker
FLASHIN
Get to testin my testicles nigga and I'ma FLASH on yo'
ass
Behind my back and it get back to me and I'm flashin
Lost all my money up in the dice game and I FLASH
Didn't let me up in the Club Cafe Echelon and go to
FLASHIN
Dopefiend ran off with a hundred count of my defense
and I FLASHED
B of A wouldn't cash my faulty money order
so I took it to Scottie's to keep myself from flashin
Bought \$250 worth of liquor and they tried to charge
me
for some ice and I FLASHED
Got jumped outside a house party and my fools left me
for dead
when I got home I seen them motherfuckers
and they ass was in the red, I got to FLASHIN

I tell ya, bitch these niggaz I tell ya
Shit I tell ya, SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT BITCH, shit!

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