

**Icke****"Flavor Unit Assassination Squad"**

Visit "[Flavor Unit Assassination Squad](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo

Everybody in the Flavor Unit is real def  
But we're gonna make one record altogether  
Who's gonna go first?

[ VERSE 1: Apache ]

Here's another rapper that thought he caught me  
'sleep  
MC's, you feel frogous - leap  
Rhymin dictionaries - on the contrary  
Your style's plain, it stays the same, mines vary  
>From a to z, just like the alphabet  
Find another brother to [fuck] with, cause I'ma get  
Angry, then run through the chain of command  
The last to stand fled, cause he's a dead man  
Egos are bruised, MC's get confused  
I filter out the wack, then cruise  
Past at a swift pace, let's lace  
The rhyme with dope - take a toke, just in case  
The song's too strong, take two pulls and pass  
Smoke fumes from the mic might make you gasp  
For another breath, it's a slow death  
Fight, you tried, but you died, now who's left?  
Dead on arrival, if you survive you'll  
Remember the name, Flavor Unit'll guide you  
Apache, that's me, so flee  
Stop talkin, I'm a walkin one-man posse  
You're steppin on thin ice, flexin smooth and nice  
Each cut's precise, here's some advice  
A lotta power, it's time to peep the God  
Of the Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[ VERSE 2: Lakim Shabazz ]

There's no need to wonder why you was kept in the  
dark  
Your rhymes are not flowin, they're showin  
stretchmarks  
Who told you we were dead broke?  
Thinkin you're choice and your voice sound like you got  
a stretched throat  
You're just another duck, a certified buttercup

You better duck, I'm throwin lyrical uppercuts  
Verses are versatile, I'm worth your while  
Put a punk against me, I murder the child  
Thinkin of a mystery that gets to me  
Playin around sayin you're gonna dis the G  
You wish to be, just like me  
You wanna battle me? I insist that we  
Toss up a coin - head's up, now let's kick off  
The Hip-Hop Superbowl, see who'll get picked off  
Not me, I'ma win by a mile or two  
And make you feel like a molecule  
I stand in the square of pure righteousness  
Your song was dope, but yo, it's not hype as this  
They say you live a life of the rich and famous  
To me it's the life of the weak and nameless  
Rappers get roasted, toasted, barbecued  
Lyrics explode and blown into particles  
Thought you were sly and slick, a clever cat  
You take me out? Yo - never that  
I'm God a, descendant of Master Farrahd  
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[ VERSE 3: Queen Latifah ]

Make a wish like Aladdin  
I'ma step to the mic, you wish you hadn't  
Cause I get mad when  
You attempt to invade my queendom  
Stop dreamin, don't hand me that  
I murder main men handicapped  
A female prevails, start bitin your nails  
You're nervous, join the service, I'm hyped as hell  
The feminine teacher in the form of Queen Latifah  
I hype the mic and pump the speakers  
I don't wanna dig too deep, who are you to sleep?  
On me, the Queen of the Flavor Unit posse  
You wanna step? Then step hard  
This is the Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[ VERSE 4: Double J ]

I listen to some riff while the others stand stiff  
I'll uplift the gift and have nothin to deal with  
You're bull, some get pull from, it hurts my nerve  
But I'ma serve, give em what they deserve  
They wanna try to act hot like they just won a jackpot  
Think they can flow (but no, not by a long shot)  
The J without delay here to display  
While other rappers decay the Flavor Unit will stay  
On the top of the situation  
Untouchable concentration leads to elevation  
We'll stay untouched with the style that's too much  
As the mic gets clutched, such

A dope voice puts fear in your heart through your ear  
Listen close, and you'll hear  
The Unit coincide as one, outsiders run  
You want respect? Forget it, you're gettin none  
I'll advise, improvise, teach you learnin  
Get respect the old fashion way - we'll earn it  
But you execute before I'm through, yo  
This is what I'm prepared to do  
Rock that ass real fast, the nation's hard  
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

[ VERSE 5: Lord Alibaski ]

Get swift possession, a lyrical session  
A family affair, Alibaski's lettin  
Off another dose of words to shank a man  
Tenacious, the hip-hop anchorman  
Little bit of rep growin and it's dominant  
Roll MC's over on my own ???  
Since the beat 68 causes a swirl  
Creating the 8th wonder of the world  
It's my turn, so I think I'll flow till  
I can make a mountain out of a molehill  
The King will let off his beat that's so chill  
Release me, so I can go kill  
Competators who work through hours of rain  
I'm a notorious lenchman, I got powers of pain  
Pure punishment, so run and get  
Reserves, so I can serve abundant with  
Ship em out to me, cause the dollars are greener  
The verse quenched your thirst with dope  
misdemeanor  
Are you capable? Spit it out, tell me are you able  
Or would you prefer the view from the ??? table  
Razorsharp, hits are bein landed  
Played my part, diss, I'm countin heads, and  
The dynamic duo of the Flavor, you know  
Ready for any- and everybody or who, so  
Be it, when my lyrics fill the air  
I get hungry, and the mic's my silverware  
I played it cool, you face your doom, I'm large  
The Flavor Unit Assassination Squad

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