

Jack Jawrence

"Roll Wit Tha Flava"

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Verse One: Treach

Once again, it's on
where I'm from there aint no picket fences pick it
Straight and ruff so you pick it my sticky finger was a
glock
Many dash for the fast cash, but I like the cash to last
So I rap till my ass collapse
I'm never trouble but if troops will come and jam me
You Remind Me like Mary then I'm scaring your little
projects
On the prarie I'm hairy and hot like Dougie with a
smokie
So I boo-boo, just like Fu-Schnicks I'll say F-U-2

Verse Two: Chip-Fu

A-bibbedy-bibbedy-bibbedy-bibbedy-bong-gang ultra-
king
But BBD boxing up yang, giddy-up
Didduh-duh, didduh-duh, didduh-dum dum dum
I'm coming again and again a Ku-Fu vomit
Gosh, darn it! Like we're lyin' to bits
The John-John Jacob lyrical shaker
Yes and Jengle-ma-heimershmitz
I sings my lyrical style from Flatbush
Quick to Greenwich Village
I'm strong to the finish
When I eats, me spinach
I'm one of the lyrical flava
My nigga Foxx is stompin faggots
Check my dum-dum-dum-dum-dum and step

Verse Three: Freddie Foxx

Now I been breakin rappers down for a while now
Now it's time to break, child
Rappers get chopped like the head on a fat cow
I'm mister micraphone, rappers can't fuck around
I'm Freddie the Foxx I'll brake it back and buck em buck
em down

You know my rep I got a record like the turnpikes
When I was young they use to call me Freddie-burn-
mics
But now they call me big Foxx, daddy boot-knocks
With burn marks on my hips from my twin glocks

Chorus

(Queen Latifah) I got flava for days \
(KRS-One) Flava unit has a title Repeats four times
Roll With the Flava /

Verse Four: Queen Latifah

Now it's about the time to put you out of sight and out
of mind
I got the skills to blast you off the mic and out of
rhymes
Now who the hell-am-I-a?
The L-A-T-I-F-A-H the motherfuckin sire
I come in on time
You wear a silly grin we like we do when niggaz in
We gotta practice so scalp the hairs off your chinny-
chin-chin
The Flava Unit's got my back, so I'm quick to start shit
Get the short end of a bat, cause we beat him broken
sticks

Verse Five: Heavy D

I-guy-guy-guy-guy-guy bet you never knew
That I could flow I flew I grow I grew
I blew up the spot, I'm sippin my props
And now I am just passin through
Ruff rugged rigid nigga, the one who's quick to figure
Some think they're big, but the heavster is bigger
The funky flip-flop flava unit, my hip-hop neighbor doin it
Came to the studio, check my flow, and ran right
through it
I bet you thought I wouldn't come, I came
I'm never done till I'm done rippin drums like a
shotgun, ohh!

Chorus

Verse Six: D-Nice

Now ladies, what's my name? (aaah)
That means it's time to go
I'm the same muuuhfucker from it's time to flow, so
Some might have dissed the way I flow it out

Niggaz need to throw it out
Simply cause it's somethin you don't know about
So watch the Nice man shake the ground
And now I'm Rollin with the Flava cause
The Flava's what I'm rollin in my sound
To make you get down, rippin the sound from J.C. to
Uptown
Now

Verse Seven: Dres

Now if you got a nine, and you got a nine
And you got a nine, and you got a nine
And he got a nine, and she got a nine
Well it's a motherflockin party yo cause I got mine
So bust it the Black Sheep are (where?) here (where)
Here (where) there, everywhere there's a Jeep
There's a Sheep beat beatin up the air
Graphic as illustratin frustratin like waitin
The Sheep are a joke? Nigga you playin
Yo I drink twenty forties, smoke forty blunts
Say a hundred rhymes and not sound like you once
Twice, three times, nigga never figured
You'd be triggered by Dres, that R and B smokin nigga
Doin it, screwin it, chewin it, well
Done on the weak bun hon can't you tell
Unification cells on the flava flingin
If a Queen has the balls my lady is a King
So long live the King, and love to my Unit
Spoon it and you'll croon it, diss it, and yo balloon it

Chorus

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