

Flavor Of The Month

Black Sheep

Van Damme

Let's see what kind of flavor I want
Do I want, vanilla?
Or do I want a taste of chocolate?

Hmm, I want something different
I want somethin' slammin
What's the slamminest flavor out this month, let's see
Yo black, hmm, what flavor are you?

Listen, for a second, I'm wreckin', I got ya double checkin'
Then again, when to you knees did you beckon
Hold me only if you wanna get naked
Play before a crowd only if you wanna wreck it

The name is Dres, like silk I get slick
Drop rhymes like a base head Bic flicks
Constantly, yes it's me, D R E S
So yes, I guess, unless, confess
You can get down, yo serious business, with this

I never boned a honey that I didn't like
I never saw a mile that I couldn't hike
I never had a spliff to make me choke
I never had a pocket that was broke

Hate no one but love only a few
Franklin, Grant and yeah, mom too
I run Buckwild for self or with the crew
But then again, huh I thought you knew

Now I hear the voice
Is it what you want?
I hope it is kid
You're the flavor of the month

I heard you got the fever for the flavor
I heard you got the fever for the flavor
I heard you got the fever for the flavor
Somebody said you had it goin' on

I heard you got the fever for the flavor
I heard you got the fever for the flavor
I heard you got the fever for the flavor
Hurry up and get a scoop before it's gone

So you got the fever for the flavor of the other
Chocolate, sasspirilla, or is it you like another
Flavor in my socks, to the curly locks
Black Sheep rollin' hard and knockin' peons out the box

Never have I ever never, ever felt much better
Did the whole nine, on the tenth I was no wetter
Ready and I'm eager, eager as a beaver
On the radio and good to go, says your receiver

Not to be the baddest or the oldest nor the wackest

Neither am I needest or the newest or the blackest
Just a brown fellow, who's not afraid of Jello
To the people of the world, I would like to say G'day

Had to wait a while, but the while has been waited
Never gave up hope, in myself, nor debated
Didn't shed a tear when I wasn't picked
'Cause I got a cone now, want a lick?

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Now I catch a number, when before I caught a glare
Now I give a pound, when before I got a stare
Now I guess I kinda got it goin' on
I get a wake-up call on the lawn

I used to try and push a demo, now I have a Coupe
That's a bit more than a little, but then not quite a few
Funny how they find you, when they told you get lost
Tell me why you're grittin', when you have no dental floss

Wasn't my loss, thought you were the boss?
You never knew how much the Sherbert cost
Forget it, I never sweat it, your girl will give me play I'll wet it
It only happens just because you let it

Now everybody wants to play my phone
I see 'em with a spoon, I see 'em with a cone
You never knew I knew it, but I knew you would pursue it
Hurry up and get a scoop before it's gone

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