

Flavor for the Non-Believes

Mobb Deep

Yo.. this is flavor for the non believes
Sit back, take a seat, and don't forget to pass the weed
And by the way, this is all the way live
And the way that I survive is pumpin nickels and dimes
Pumpin rocks on the corner, pumpin rocks cause I wanna
The little Don Ho drug dealer ? performer
At my height, I'm described as a midget
But it ain't about height - it's about, "Can I Kick It?"
Some say I'm too little, but yo I'm too ill
I hit skins, light up, and then I smoke a Phil'
You don't want a beef with this juvenile delinquent
I'm not good, I'm livin like a hood
And when I kick MC's abandon ship
Cause my brain is the sun of a solar eclipse
Yo, Havoc is the man that you have to bring
Cause I'm flippin like pages in a Word Up magazine
Sweet like candy, the poetic vigilante
So explicit even porno flicks ban me
And girls gel me like jheri curl activate
The forty dog drinkin money grip you're dead and stinkin
Brain cells overload when I'm thinkin
This is a rap rape, and I leave a fat taste
Get off the microphone kid, stay in a child's place
I cook you up, like Uptown raw base
And leave you open like if you just saw Scarface
Like I said it before, shorty scores, I get raw
for the cause, battle me, take a loss
I steal shows like BelBivDevoe's
and put on my latex when I hit up the hoes
You know the flavor kid, give me my props
Cause it's 1992, and all the bullshit stops..

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Mr. Soul, trunk jewels sippin Old Gold
Roll up my nickel pack of weed, lick it up and stroll
Prodigy, verbally tragic and I'm toxic
Check out the way check out the way the way that I drop it
You know my style, step back, cause I'm buckwild
All it takes is a mic, 40 dog, and a smile
Baby Grand Puba, Little Rick the Ruler
And in my pocket is crazy fat bag of buddha
MC's can't get with Mister Mister
Money don't fake moves cause I probably hit your sister
I'm on a mission word is bond
Word to God, I goes on.. the little Don
Smooth and fantastic as I get drastic
Shake your brain mentally and psychopathic
I murder with the brain of Hitler black
And me bein weak, even Kodak couldn't picture that

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Niggaz don't understand first of all
I rip when I rip check it, never stall
Freestyle meanwhile for you and yours
I'm goin all out, check it
You thought I couldn't wish I wanna do what I did
I did it so I done, kill another fuckin kid
Cause I don't give a motherFUCK, and you do
That's why your stupid ass got bucked
Outta luck, never took the time to wish
Took a bitch down then I'm out like quick
Nestle chocolate, munch like it's ?
That was then, this is now, I'm goin for the gold
Thirty yard touchdown, Mr. Short
Fuckin niggaz bitches just for the sport
But not without the jimmy, cause bitches nowadays
knows mad jig tricks, and that I ain't with
Oh shit, time to move, time to move, here we go
with another fly groove, cause I'm so smooth
Never like to brag, but I, do it still
Sip on a 40, smoke on the Phil'
So next time kid you wanna beef just chill
before I break your ass up to bits
How many licks would it take
Check it out one two three bitch-ass nigga licks

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