

Can't Do Nuttin' For Ya Man (Full Rub Mix)

Public Enemy

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nothin' for you man I can't do nothin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nothin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nothin' for you man Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nothin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nothin' for ya man I can't do nothin' for ya man
They couldn't do nothin' for ya man Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nothin' for ya man I can't do nothin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nothin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nothin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me
I can't do nothin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee Bass for your face, kick that shit

Songwriters

FLAVOR FLAV (WILLIAM DRAYTON)/SADLER, ERIC T/KEITH SHOCKLEE Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>