

Flavor Of The Month

Black Sheep

Second Verse 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 kncokin 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? Chorus

Third Verse 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

Chorus

Songwriters

Wayne, Mabel / Young, Joe / Lewis, Sam M. / Mc Lean, William / Titus, Andres
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>