Flava In Ya Ear Remix

Craig Mack

[Puff Daddy]
Bad Boys, come out and play
You know we had to do a remix, right?

[Notorious B.I.G.]
Uh, uh
Niggas is mad I get more butt than ash trays
Fuck a fair one I get mine the fast way
Ski mask way nigga, ransom notes
Far from handsome, but damn a nigga tote
(What you tote?)
More guns than roses, foes is shaking in their boots
Invisible bully like The Gooch
Disappear, vamoose, you're wack to me
Take them rhymes back to the factory
I see the gimmicks, the wack lyrics, the shit is
Depressing, pathetic, please forget it
You're mad cause my style you're admiring
Don't be mad, UPS is hiring
You shoulda been a cop, fuck Hip Hop
With that freestyle you're bound to get shot
Not from Houston but I rap a lot
Pack the gat a lot, the flav's bout to drop uh

[Hook]
Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear
Time for new flava in ya ear
I'm kicking new flava in ya ear
Mack's a brand new flava in ya ear

[Craig Mack]
Word up, no rap no crap you bore me
Wanna grab my dick, too lazy, hold it for me
I'm straight rap great, busting heads, straighten dreads
I'm everlasting, like the toe on Pro Keds
A Tec-9 when I rhyme
Plus I climb, word is bind
Your album couldn't fuck with one line
It's been three years since you last hear

But now I reappear your heart pumps fear
To your gut, did your girl's butt
I scraped it, shaped it, now she won't strut
I smash teeth, fuck your beef, no relief
I step on stage girls scream like I'm Keith
You won't be around next year
My rap's too severe, kicking mad flava in ya ear

[Hook]

[Rampage]
Twenty-one ninety-four
Mad motherfucking hardcore
It's my time to burn now explore
The flava in ya ear it's the boy scout
I make outs, I make other rappers have doubts
You're fucking with the wrong clan and the wrong man that's it
Now you got to get your dome split
I'm going into my knapsack with my gat
Take off my hat, yes I'm just cool like that
The dangerous, the ruggedness, from the Flatbush abyss
BLS 97 KISS bounce to this
I'm gonna live long in this rap game, niggas know my name
Yo Puffy...

[Puff Daddy]
Burn 'em in the flames

[Interlude]
You're jingling baby (go 'head daddy)
You're jingling baby (go 'head daddy)

[LL Cool J]
Hee-shee, uh blowticious
Skeevee, delicious
Gimme couscous love me good
Um damn, Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?
I guess like the jeans - uh!
Flavor like Praline, sick daddy nah'mean?
Papa love it, when he does it
Niggas buzz it
But tell me was it really just the flavor that be clogging your ears
The most healthy behavior is to stay in the clear
It's all for you, it's really all for you
(Now what?)

Hunchback, close your eyes try to munch that
Coil up your ankles let your Timbs tap
Bite the flavor it reacts to your gold caps
Word to mama, I tongue kiss a piranha
Electrocute a barracuda, I'm here to bring the drama

[Busta Rhymes]
Yo! Yo! Yo! Flavors in your ass crease ha!
Busta Rhymes about to bring the noise don't cease ha!
Let me loose from the belly of the beast ha!
Everybody, hey hey hey!
You better believe it's Busta Rhymes the great
We 'bout to rip the Tri-State
Yo yo, hey hey hey!
I'll split your face and give you stitches
Throw niggas in ditches, slap the ass of fat bitches
Wait one sec, as I get down
I'm rolling with the heavyweight connect to the stomping ground
Now, don't you get suspicious
I grant your wishes every time
Bring it vicious when I bust a rhyme
I know one thing the whole world least expected is how we all connected
To break fool on the same record
Five new flavors on a beat, feel the fucking heat
I really think you should retreat while we blow up the street
Instead of copping pleas just freeze
Maintain the focus while we smoke these marijuana trees
When I get down I disappear, reappear and blow up
Everywhere, fucking with these flavas in ya ear

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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