

Cold Lampin' with Flavor

Public Enemy

Yo man, what do he mean by suckas, man?
Yo, we only tryna put a black eye in a gang
But yo, we gon' let you put a black eye in a gang plan
You know what I'm sayin'? Yeah, boy, go madina, go madina
Rockin' a beat to the
Yeah boy, I got a solo, boy
That's why Flava goin' solo, what y'all know 'bout that?
Yo, we gon' kick the flava like this, yo, bust this out I'm lampin', I'm lampin', I'm cold cold
lampin'
I got loowies, boy, I'm not trampin'
I just came from the crib ya know
I'm on the go, throw ya tank into metro
Live lyrics from the bank of reality
I kick the flyest dope maneuver technicality
To a dope track, you wanna hike, get your backpack
Get out the wack sack I'm in my Flav-mobile cold lampin'
I took this G upstate cold lampin'
To the poker nose, we call the hide-a-ways
A pack of franks and a big bag of Frito Lays Public Enemy, cold lampin'
Cold lampin'
Public Enemy, cold lampin'
Cold lampin' Flavor Flav on a hype tip
I'm ya hype drink, come take a big sip
I'm in position, you can't play me out the pocket
I'll take the dopest beat you got and I'll rock it
Like chocolate, even vanilla
Chocolate, strawberry, saperella
Flavors are electric, try me, get a shocker
Didn't I tell you to leave Flavor Flav alone, knocker? A clock on my chest prove I don't fess
I'm a clocka rocka, rockin' wit the rest
Flavor in the house by Chuck D's side
Chuck got the Flavor-Flav don't hide PE crazy, crazy PE
Makin' crazy loowies for the shoppin' spree
Ya eatin' death 'cause ya like gettin' dirt
From the graveyard, you put gravy on it Then you pick your teeth with tombstone chips
Casket cover clips, dead women hips
Ya do the bump with
Bones, nutin' but love bones Lifestyles of the live and dead, first ya live then ya dead
Died tryin' to clock what I said
Now I got a murder rap
'Cause I bust ya cap with Flavor, pure Flavor Public Enemy, cold lampin'
Cold lampin'

Public Enemy, cold lampin'
 Cold lampin' We got Magnum Brown, Shootki, Valoothki
 Super calafraga hestik alagoothki
 You could put that in ya don't know what I said book
 Took look yuk duk wuk Shinavative ill factors by the Flavor Flav
 Come and ride the Flavor wave
 In any year or any given day
 What a brotha know what do Flavor say? Why do the record play that way?
 Prime time merrily in the day
 Right now this radio station is busy
 Brainknowledgeably wizzy Honey drippers, you say you got it
 You ain't got no flavor and I can prove it
 Flavor Flav the flav all of flavors
 Onion and garlic French fried potatoes Make ya breath stink, breath fire
 Makes any onion the best crier
 I know it sounds crazy but it fits perfect
 Peter Perfect pimped a perfect Peter Honey dipper, sucker sipper, big dipper, sucker dripper
 Drippin' suckers till it's goin' outta style
 Creatin' somethin' for the Flavor Flav pile
 Flavor Flav the flava for the pile, lampin' booyee madina style Kickin' da flavor gittin' busy
 Ya goin' out, I think ya dizzy
 I think ya hungry 'cause ya starvin' for Flavor
 Flavor most, put it on your toast Eat it and taste it and swallow it down
 Imperial Flavor gives you the crown
 Of the king called Flavor, the king of all flavors
 Rolls and rolls and rolls of life savers Flavor Flav is in everything you eat
 'Cause everything you eat got flavor
 Flavor Flav is the first taste ya get in the mornin'
 Your breakfast is the flavor In between after lunch, in between after dinner
 In between at the midnight flavor
 That's right, boy
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>