

# 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/>