

Beck, Flavor (Remix)

Flavor

Got the Flavor

Got the Flavor

Feel so good about a piece of trash, the birds are drunk, they're drinking from a glass

White lightning and an ol' fruit cup

(?)(?)box rock where you are

Dig my grave with a silver spade

juiced up, from africa to spain

ghetto blastin to the drivin' lane

insane in the mundane

pass the bucket, drink your wheels,

spinnin it back

black shit

cause i got the flavor

yeah i got the flavor

cause i got the flavor

yeah i got the flavor

Gah what the f**k? got the flavor.. OH!

damn!

Out in the moonlight takin' requests,

rippin' the blues out of your vests

stripmine the built to flood

stricnine with head down with a thud

cause i got the blues and i can't be satisfied..

yeah i got the blues, we're gonna catch that train and ride

Flavor..

Flavor..

Flavor..

Got the taste..

Got the taste...

Yeah got the taste..

got the taste

got a bucket?

Oh got the flavor in my gut

oh yeah shake your guts

UH

Cause i got the taste

Cause i got the taste

Cause i got the taste

Cause i got the taste

GOT THE TASTE, FLAVOR!

cause i got--!