

Craig Mack, Flava In Ya Ear (Remix)

(feat. THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G, RAMPAGE, LL COOL J)

[(Puff Daddy's lyrics)]

[[female voice]]

(Baaaaaaaad Boooooooy)
(Come out and plaaaaaaay)
(You know we had to do a remix right?)

[THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G'S Verse]

Uhhhhh,
Uhhhhh,
Niggas is mad I get more butt than ash trays,
Fuck a fair one I get mines the fast way,
The ski mask way,
Uhh,
Ransom notes,
Far from handsome...but damn a nigga tote,
(What ya' tote)
more guns than roses,
Foes is,
shaking in their boots,
Invisible bullies 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 uhh,

[CHORUS]

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,
Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear

[CRAIG MACK'S VERSE]

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH here comes the Mack!

Word up don't rap no crap you bore me,
Wanna grab my dick...too lazy...hold it for me,
I'm straight that great plus the heads straighten dreads,
I'm everlasting like the toe on Pro Keds,
A tech nine,
When I rhyme,
Plus I climb,
Word is bind,
You're 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,

[Chorus]

Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear,
Time for new flava in ya (sound of glass smashing)

[RAMPAGE'S VERSE]

Twenty one...Ninety Four,
Mad muthafuckin' hardcore,
It's my turn to burn now explore,
The flava in ya ear it's the boyscout,
I make outs,
I make other rappers have doubts,
(That's right)
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 wanna live long in this rap game,
Niggas know my name,
Yo Puffy...,
(Burn 'em in the flames)

(You're jingling baby)
{Go 'head daddy}
(You're jingling baby)
{Go 'head daddy}

[LL COOL J'S VERSE]

Heesheeee,
Uhhhhh...blowticious,
Skeevie (mmmmmm) delicious,
Gimme coos coos love me good,
Uhh damn,
Hollis to Hollywood but is he good?,
I guess like the jeans...Uhh,
Flava like praleens,
Sick daddy iaaamean?,
Papa love it when he does it,
Niggas buzz it,
But tell me was it really just the flava that be clogging your ears,
The most safest behavior is to stay in the clear,
It's all for you...It's really all for you,
{Now what?}
Punch back,
Close your eyes try to munch that,
Oil up your ankles let your Tims tap,
Bite the flava it reacts to your gold caps,
Word to mama,
I tongue kiss a pirhana,
Electrocute a barracuda...I'm here to bring the drama,

[BUSTER RHYMES' VERSE]

YO!...YO! The flavas 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...HEEEEEEEYYYYYYY..Hey! you better believe it's Busta Rhymes and yo
we're
bout to rip the Tri-State,
Ay yo! Hey...HEEEEEEEYYYYYYY..Hey!,
I'll split your face and give you stitches,
Throw niggas in ditches,
Smack the ass on fat bitches,
Wait one sec,
I'm coming down and rolling with the heavyweight connec to the stomping
grond,
Now...don't you get suspicious,
Grant your wishes everytime,
Breaking dishes when I bust a rhyme,
I know one thing the whole world least expected,
Was how we all connected to break fool on the same record,
Five new flavas on beat...feel the fuckin' 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,
Break it down and disappear...reappear and blow up everywhere,
Fuckin' flava's in your ear,

[CHORUS]

crbt2('Craig Mack', 'Flava in ya ear')

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