

# Public Enemy, I Ain't Mad At All

Let me hear you say...

I ain't mad at all  
Bought a fat jam to make you flip the script  
Don't want to sleep and misbehave  
Understand what I'm saying

I'm all about makin some fat louies  
So I can buy my kids  
Motorcycles, candybars, Peter Paul  
Flavor Flave, he ain't mad at all  
Boyee

Poppa's got a brand new flav so once  
Again here we go [x4]  
I ain't mad at all [x3]

What you know  
What you know bout that boy?

Noodles, neon noodles  
On a fifth chillin with a toy  
He's chillin  
Thought he had a pit bull  
Eating brussel sprouts but he had a big bite  
He tried to bite me  
He tried to get me  
I turned around and I  
Hit him with my bike

They picked me up  
Put me in a wagon  
The bottom fell out and my ass start draggin

Who put the cuffs on Flava  
Why you gonna go and do that  
He's the Flavor mack [x2]

I ain't mad at all [x2]

Yo check out my honey hoe's  
Sing that shit gee

There's a Flavor Flav  
So what your girlie  
Before she wanna sneak out early  
Cause on the di  
Flavor snatched her up

First there was superfly  
But Flavor's got more style  
And you can't tell because your crackin up

Let me hear you say...

Kick it

Kick it

I ain't mad at all [x6]

I got the feeling I got to tell ya  
You be a star  
And the man try to jail ya

I don't pollute  
So why should I give a hoot  
You ask  
Why you livin foul

Na na na na na na

Why they wanna keep me down?

Cause you got Flavor workin day and nite

Why you wanna play me  
Like fried ice cream  
Give me nightmares  
Can't never have a nice dream

I feel like bustin loose

Bustin loose  
Give me a break y'all

You can try to cop my style  
But Flavor Flav got too much on file  
Boyee

I don't wanna go but I can't stay here no more

I ain't mad at all

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You flatlinin, you flatlinin you know what I'm sayin  
Who put the cuffs...