

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...