

# B3, Got the Flava

Chorus:

Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)  
Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)  
Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)  
Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)

[D. Flow]

Hey yo no question I'm the best in this rap business  
No doubt I'm strapped, get back or get clapped ridiculous son  
I'm flippin this one (don't be dumb)  
You better run or end up like my last victim  
Shit that's real I already been through  
Scared from the threats I sent you (it's all in the mental)  
Jackin niggas like I'm in the Central  
Cuttin through that ass like a Ginsu as I commense to  
Get big with my nigs, A.G. & Showbiz  
Now your idol was doin vital damage to your ribs  
Word straight up and down, crab MCs get crushed  
I'll leave your style cramped, my crew can't be touched  
So when you hear the bomb you know it's D. Flow son  
No one can fuck around, yeah that's right (no one)

[Wali World]

Hey yo the honies on the dilz cause I play ball good (it's all good)  
I'm still representin the hood  
Big shouts to Uncle Pete, you're my number one neighbor  
No doubt I'm puffin later with my nigga Gary Aida  
Peace to Roc Raider and all the goodfellas  
People gettin jealous, well it's the brothers (the brothers)  
On some other shit can't forget Shabazz  
Representin not to mention that I'm gettin cash  
Get with that or get with this because I'm kickin this  
With the styles I'm runnin through niggas like Emmit Smith

[Party Arty]

Touchdown, I buck down MCs that step up  
10 G's if you wanna MC wrecked up  
The ghetto dwella's in your hood, hoodie down  
Stomps from the Bronx, the boogie man from the Boogie Down  
Momma never told me there would be days like this  
That I'd be rippin tracks, gettin paid with my nigs  
On tour, roar with that hardcore stuff  
Niggas call bluffs (I give em no chance) I make it more rough  
(And even slow dance) on niggas faces, rugged, fuck it  
Them niggas got to love it cause we made this  
I'm gettin papers with my peeps

As Party Arty keeps Bacardi so MCs meet the shotty

[A.G.]

Check the method but don't sweat the technique  
Even made the baddest dime bitches get weak when the vets speak  
(Hopin) That your head meets my bed sheets  
(Now you're open) Like the Red Sea cause I'm potent  
Don't fit? Don't force it, Flow got that 4-fifth  
Who do with that voodoo, my doll it's that cordless  
All this and that and then some  
Get paid to put raps on tracks, I guess that's my income  
The beat chills so they be comin back for refills  
(My man shows his street skills) From here to the Peekskills  
Kill the rumors, givin MCs brain tumors  
Time to step off the set, gotta jet like Puma

Chorus (2x)

[Method Man]

What the blood clot, son lick a shot, show your love in the area  
Forget me not, mass hysteria  
My style revolves around blunts, the Methical  
The one and only piece original, never phony  
One love to my muthafucker A.G.

A true giant in the industry, hold your shoes up  
(Word to God, youknowl'msayin)  
Yeah, that's how it's goin down, you know who got the flava  
We got the flava, the flava  
So bring it on, so bring it on, all you muthafuckin corns, yeah