

Beck, Flavor

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--!