

Whosgotdaflava

Kool Moe Dee

(I'm a bad, bad man)
(Lemme tell you something)

(Bounce, bounce)
(Bounce, bounce)
(Bounce, bounce)
(Bounce, bounce)

Now who want to jet, want to jit', want to jump (jump!)
Now who want to step, want to rip, want to pump (pump!)
Your fists in the air, without fear, cause we in there
(Yeah!) Like a rocketeer, (boom!) yo we out of here
Now who's blowing up on the cut getting up (what!)
Well who's getting off, coming off with the for- (ce!)
Well let's get busy, let's get the party started y'all
Flow like water (flow!) burn like a fireball
With one-hundred proof, bulletproof, raise the roof
I'm breaking through, coming through, pulling through, move through
I'm making suckers who never want to give props give it up
(Prop-prop-prop-props!) 'nuff props, rippin' up
The mic is second nature, I always made your route
You say you got the flavor, I can't taste ya
I could blam when you stand, only dancing could save ya
Let's make this party bounce (bounce, bounce) who got the flava

(You got it!) Who got the flava?
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(You got it!)

Well here comes a clean rap fiend on the scene (ho!)
Don't want to be mean, pipe dream routine (no!)
Just straight-up massive, no one surpasses
Dark skin and glasses, do when you're asked if
Nothing exists except music to live (what!)
The musical gift that I use when I rip (up!)
The mic, the party, the park, the house, the show
It makes no difference, I rip them wherever I go
Cause I get hype when I see a mic that I like
Grab it, a magnet, I have it, I got a hype
Rhyme for all occasions, if not I rise to
Any occasion, I raise up and rise you
So get up on your feet, put your hands in the air (yeah!)
And get up off the wall cause the flavor's in here (here!)
Front and center stage with the juice, I can taste ya
But I can't taste the juice, so who's got the flava

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(You got it!)

Make it bounce brother, bounce, bounce
(Let me tell you something)
(I'm a bad bad man)
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I got to and you got to get ice
I don't flow like slow, like soul
Like what the fit up, is it up?
So get up, get it up, give it up (pop pop pop!)
Goes the rhyme as I drop the nine
When I want to hit you this is how I do a line (shoot!)
I shoot the gift (fat!) fat like a spliff (smoke!)
Smoke it and sniff (rip!) Rip every riff
I sit up, appeared in the mid aisles I sit in
I and I'm out like a fed
Make-making them bust on a move, as I Krush like a Groove
And I must improve, check-one-two
Never played like plaids or fade like fads
I just update rhyme styles that I had
And this is just a sample of styles that I gave ya
Like sweet to the beat when I speak, taste it, who's got the flava

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