

Common, Can-I-Bust?

(feat. Ynot)

"If you put a bunch of rappers with their notebooks against Ynot and Common Sense, they will be lynched"

The Late Show! (And you don't stop!)
Common Sense! (And you don't stop!)
U-Ack! (And you don't stop!)
Them there! (And you don't stop!)

[Common]

I'm not tall, but can I bust?
Like the double dutch, going down the street
I rap to myself when there ain't no one to rap to
And to me, yo, my shit be sounding sweet
It's like doo wop, doo wop, oop
I chew with my group, eating chicken and we're couped in a hoop
Deee! Somebody's breath is smelling boo-
Teee! Tone, is that you? (I don't think so)
I'm one time, two times, three times a lady
Bay-beh, bay-beh, bay-bee
Ha! I be making happy, ladi de, ladi da
When I was a boy I said "Oh" but now I'm a man saying "Ah"
Cha cha cha, who knows where the mouth goes
Yeah nigga, I'm fly, so keep your fucking mouth closed
Ralph goes "Rasheed" and I be saying "Boo!"
Bitches welcome back Common with the "Ooh ooh ooh"
And this is how I wreck it, doo doo doo doo doo doo
This is how I wreck it, do doo doo do doo
Now one two check it, I'm as Def as a Leppard
It could be, it should be, it is? Holy cow!
I'm grand slamming slamming like the ?common Billy section?
Not the Godfather, but I lounge like a stepper
Breatha, breaks it, 8, we wait
(Ch ch chaa) I got scratch like a DJ
I used to want to be like, I used to want to be like
Mike, but the man in the mirror don't know if he's black or white
And that makes me mad
(Backwards scratching) Who's bad?

[Ynot]

Now can I bust in this era, I'm a plus like addition
And listen, I'm dishing out ish like a chef
The love is the Late Show, showing you the ladies
You late on the show? Oh we the greatest show? You right
To might right, raise, to my left, boom bap
In the back, Blazay Blah, so get the fuck out my face
Oh what a disgrace, you can't disgrace
Boys I'll erase you boys to mincemeat
Human means T, O's, N's, why's this is just a tease before my album
No bum acts out, I'm out to parlay you Fritos
Corn chips off the block, so bust it down, just bust the sound
Exciting as a big zap
I frighten those biting when Lord jabber tighten when tighten taken to loose
Ynot's no loser but I lost your real mind
I find you, finder's keeper's so you mind too
Your mind can't match mine when I do mine
Call mine, my mouth is a fucking gold mine
Bought y'all like monster malls, I get ate like the balls
I got to rhyme, too, I climb you like a stepson
No weapon, but I got a rep, son, for taking fakes to the towel
Snakes in my file
Foul ish, I'll sit down all stand-up comic rappers
Who diss now but don't understand fashion

Fasten your seatbelts til heat melts to ice
T.O.N.Y.'s backwards, nevertheless
I attack nerds, fuck what you heard, hambone
Hey, gone when I finish, women and niggas say "Damn, Tone"
That's busted

Bust it out, chant chant
Common Sense you know is running things
Late Show you know is running things
You ain't seeing us though we running things
Yeah, you know they running things

[Ynot]
Usually I'm the second voice, this time I'm the first choice
In the rhyme, I'm no prancer, so what?
Momma mock me, here's your time to jock, G, no jacking
Don't pack no axe like a savage
I ran the track stars back to their crate, create craters
In they ass, I'm holding one for fun
One tht plays golf, can't raise play tennis
Women plays croquet, and Blazay plays the cut
Still make the women say "Hey"
Yodle lay hey hee hoo, in my way dead
Yo I lay she hoo, in my bed
Ask Common, I did your momma, nah I took it easy
Gave it hard hell, on a scale from 1 to 10
I'm rich, I own a Jet, Ebony, and Essence
And Essence say I'm strong cause with the pen I've been a Bad Boy
A sad boy, I call your girl 13 cause she's good
Should I say more? I see more, I see more
>From sea shore to sea shore, I sell my yacht and play Yatzee
Ynot's the posse, dressing tight, yo I'm friendly
Who's the master, the weak-minded say I rock too strong
The short-winded say I rhyme to long
So niggas told me, "Please let me go to the peasants"
No, let me stop, chow, baby

[Common]
Baby, baby, baby, POP!
Kids call me coffee because I *jugga jugga jugga* drop!
And you don't stop, don't put on the red light
While I rock player, I coach more (niggas) than John Thompson
I'm in your town, George, I got it made like Florance
I'm getting bigger than the lips on Martin Lawrence
Kiss *Mmuah, mmuah* It's like, it's like this
A Sermon like Erick, did a B.A.P. just like Tists
Well, I'm not Jehovah, but can I get a witness?
I shoot the gift rapping, then wish you a Merry Christmas
With he quickness is how I rip this, can you dig it?
Well if not, then dig this, this is the way the way that I flow
The pimp of hip-hop, I make you say "Ho!"
I know you hear me knocking, like I said, like I said
And this is the story about a man named Jed
Got some lead for those heifiers, and those heifers yo I rip it out
My weapon, double decker, come from 1, I'm from 87
And I do work undercover like a cop
Stop in the name of Com before I break your arm
Plus I'm down with the U-Ack ??? and Bushman
Peace to the Beatnuts, peace to the Pharcyde
Yeah, you know what time it is
Yeah, that's how it is

[The silliness continues til the end]