

Common, Car Horn (feat. Mark The 45 King)

I'm the C-O to the double M O to the N

☐ You heard, motherfucker? Well boy I hit ya again

☐ Official bald nigga from the City of Winds

☐ Stay doing it, doing it, I am doing it (Repeat 2x)

What the fuck is going down? Nigga you sound

Like a real bitch right now, the pound

I gave you I knew I shouldn't have gave you

Before you was a hoe now you think the money made you

A slave to the rhythm, indentured servant to wisdom

Clinton is the pres but I voted for Shelly Chisom

In a poetical prison, I'm visiting self

For hours, coward niggas get shanked for kicking

Pussy raps, radio is like CO's they try to push me back

I rip cats out of they suits, give them they hoodies back

I from the hood we stack back fist

"Ooh ohh ahh" is the sound of blackness

These new school cats is classless, influenced by rap shit

Front money, but hustle backwards

I break bread with broads that got they masters

And hypes the blaster, lawyers that work faster than young ghetto bastards

Became childlike with the way I style right

And act, because children naturally react

Respond, to the Com as a poet I'm a last like a Don

Cause I'm like that yo, a phenom without shit on my arm

You can't coherse a verse

I'm a rhyme when I want to get up and rhyme

Some say I space like John Glenn because of the places I've been

I breaks about spin, been through cases of Heinekin

Return to orbit off some shit that's anti-Corbin in the Wild Style

On to gain rappers is getting tortured for tossing salads

You imbalanced, you rap about violence too much

I go on blind dates with my estates and gold dust

And at my shows a lot shows up, they think it's a hold up

So many hands go up, but with the band I cold up

Money folder, you want a fresh style let me show you

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