

Common, Real Nigga Quotes

[Common:]

One two, one two, one two
Yo, I be the Big Illinois, here to build and destroy
I come on your deck, on your set
On your strip, through your burrough
Rippin any muthafucka that steps towards me
Yeah, I got power like floors be
Yo, check it out y'all

Real nigga quotes I tote, got some shit on the free but
This some shit that I wrote, legendary like the goat
Who got game?
Giving a quarter rest while I make these quarter notes
My album, niggaz was expectin, now my water broke
Before it, I was sorta broke
Get the paper for the funnies, sports and the horoscope
On a curry goat, like flu stokes order coke
You sharp with your rings and chain but you short a rope
At the end of the road trip still, I'ma hold shit down like syndrome
Rappers are like Fox Brown tryin to get home
Rarely get your touchdown, I'm in the end zone
You can't honor what I'm on, then bitch nigga, get gone
>From the wind storm, I've been told the street folklore
Body language spoke raw, don't talk to broads that are spoke for
That provokes war, stand out like cold sores
You claim that you hard but you wholecore
George Bush and CIA, you movin old or
Write like mention for publishin but you sold yours

[chorus: Dug Infinite]

Com got rhymes, Dug make beats
Style complete, plus unique, the shit be sweet
(on the real) You know the shit be real [x5]
(down on the real to real)

[Common:]

Chicka-chicka-M-chicka-C-chicka-M and my
People call me Com and collective with prospective
I draw crowds, go off like car alarm sounds
Bomb like 'Nam sounds, tell yo bitch to calm down
Unless you want to get me skull askin me to take my hat off
On ill raps, I spit as if I had a bad cough
This Craig nigga stole a style and ain't take the tag off
Playin yourself, you can't come with it, so you jack off
More heart than an artery, jones in my bones
To see thugs in harmony, it's gonna be some drama
If you try to sit Com down, this ain't comedy
Shit is real like a station property, crew is formin colonies
Commonly, I hear these rats thinkin they mahogany
On every rap hook, soundin like a dog to me
In a reservoir, I flow and go
On and on, like Erykah or etcetera
Designated not to make hits but hit home
Out of proportion, hit makers get blown
[scratching] (on the real)

[chorus: Dug Infinite]

[Common:]

R and B studs kill me with they hardcore ballads
Love songs is violent, them niggaz whole style is silent
I hate to Staple the singers together, but in my head
It's been ringin forever...and a day if you grew up on Marvin Gaye
Where all you singers booty this and freak me baby, it gets me

MCs be insecure, like them little hoe niggaz Immature
Wearin bobs, if I got a show in your town, I'm there with mob
Bukein niggaz and pullin broads is the apparent job
(scratching)(on the real)

[chorus x2]
(don't front) [echoed]