

Common Sense, Charms Alarm

A hem

What we have here is a very serious delicate situation
Lots of people out here always ridin the dick hmmm
But check this out
I like your style I like your stride
and I like your motivation
But the Late Show we ain't standin for that shit
So my man right here he wrote a little song about it
Why don't you sing it

(Common)

Ring the alarm here comes the Com
Call me Mr. Hollywood -- check it out!
Ring the, alarm, here comes, the Com
Call me Mr. Hollywood
On the Goodship, Lollipop
POP goes the lolli lolli, for I'm, the Jolly
Good Fellow, he-LLO? Is anybody there?
I'm not a step, so don't stare
Because I Rock-well I always feel like
I always feel like, Somebody's Watchin Me
ooh, Somebody's Watchin Me
It's gotta be that, that that that nigga that sweat my shit
I say say say, "Black get off the 'zack,
you block my urinal tract"
I gotta go pee-pee, yo you don't know me
You're just a New Kid on My Block, tip-see-kin and you're phony
It's my little pony and you cannot get a ride
So when you see me homey, just please just step aside
Step aside, not talkin wldside, I'm comin from the Southside
where the ruffnecks reign; if you can't stand it, don't go outside
Cause it's hot I got the stuff to call your bluff and pull your card
and nowadays it's all these dick kids, that wanna be hard
You're FRAUDULENT, I can tell a pussy by his scent
So sorry, but the van got tipped
And out is how I'm lookin, I'm lookin out for my people
I'm fly like I'm fly like but me don't have no eagle
Beat the beater with the juice, how far would you go to
You're never gonna get it, woo-wooh-wooh-WOOH! * sings like En Vogue*
You wasn't down from the +Jump+, so why you wanna Kris Kross?
You no business buyin, insecure junkyard motherf**ker
Get lost, cause youse a sucker

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(Common)

We really lucky we got em, you can spot em
from a distance, now let's just say FOR INSTANCE
you got a crank gettin ganked for his bank by some snake
little wench -- is you is, or is you ain't
the suck-errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
You gotta gotta be, gotta be, to let the shit occur

Gettin pimped, by a hoe, that ain't too proud to beg, for your dough
She get your money mo money mo money money mo!
I couldn't go out like that if it was my first day off of punishment
Just call me Kaopectate; in relationships, I'm runnin shit
So don't be comin to me with that, "We can go out, you pay"
Cancel that bitch, it's the, Unamerican way
This is the circumcision, and skins is gettin cut off
Ridin on my shit, just to get they nut off
NOT, no cops, just low-downs want a lick
If you ain't down with the 'Van, Dyke, get off the Dick

Cause I remember the time, the time, the time you tried
to play me like I was booty but now you're just a groupie
Sweatin me uhh, sweatin me uhh
Tellin me when I get big don't be forgettin me uhh
But forget you, forgot you, after, I rock you
It's Blo Pop time bitch, you better set your clock
to the Charms Alarm

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(Common)

Why'd the sucker MC sucker MC cross the road?
To get to the other side?!

Why'd the sucker MC sucker MC cross the road?
To get to the other side, now check it out
I got the pep in my step, the slide in my glide
So I won't trip, when I let my backbone slip
Some shake it to the East, I'm shakin West, well I'ma shake your mid
And I'ma get you suckaz, just give me one side, and one rib
I barbeque the mouths HEY, I barbeque the mouths
Cause mom always said - don't play wack in the house!
So take that garbage to the backyard
And I was like, "Everybody wanna wanna rap hard"
Before you wasn't hardcore, so Sonic why ya flipped?
How you gonna hop when you ain't hip?
You found rap, on a two-way street - and lost it
on a parkway, I ain't sayin no names, yo Rico Suave
F**kin goons fakin stab wounds, I need to shank the crank
Elvis Presley Jr., tryin to be somethin that you ain't
No daps, y'all are hoes, y'all go on stage
and take off all your clothes; then you -- strike a pose
You knows and I knows, that's how you sell your record
Because your shit is BUTT, you gotta get NAKED
But you're wack, you're wack, showin your body to me
I said you're wack, you're wack, showin your body to me
You got no Soul man, and you need to get a Pound
Cause you, ain't, ah-really down..
.. with true hip-hop you SUCKERS