

# Common Sense, Coldblooded

(Common)

Cold-blooded, cold-blooded, hard-core  
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
For you and your-your, for you and your  
You got the C to the, huh - cold-blooded  
Ain't it - huh, c'mon - hard-core  
We take it hiiiiiiiiiiiiigh-er

Yo, yo

My little daughter, started, nursery school  
Brother Com, gotta make our move through  
the stylist(?) and violence with vibrance  
The sign of times with rhyme shit is timeless  
The mind is a terrible thing to spill  
Rap life's like a dream that seems for real  
A nigga wake up, superstar, with no acres  
after, travellin the world to see paper's just paper  
Streets take ya, back and forth like a shaker  
I'm a slave to the rhythm's breakin off  
I get the job done - but some days I wanna take off  
D be like, "We ain't got no time for that!"  
?uestlove said, "We ain't got no time for that!"  
My old bird like, "We ain't got no time for that!"  
So I rhyme when my back hurts  
Play the numbers from my grandmother like Kraftwerk  
I rock the patchwork fast I'm in to win but then begin to sin  
we're in to win with Hen's and Heineken's  
Beast for each and greet the meek with speech  
to seek and peak cause Pete, shit gets deep  
I fuh-fuh-freak, styles that come out  
at night, when most cats pull the gun out  
Go on and on and, to the break of when the  
sound run out, run out, r-run out  
C uhh, yeah

Cold-blooded (c'mon) cold-blooded, hard-core  
(hit em with the) Rough and rugged (c'mon) rugged and raw  
(hey) for you and yours, for you and yours  
You got the C, uhh - cold-blooded (yeah)  
cold-blooded (c'mon) hard-core  
(ain't it funky) Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
for you and yours, for you and yours  
(Yo, yo I-I think I wanna taste these horns  
I want you to taste these horns, c'mon now)  
C, the cold-blooded (uh) cold-blooded (yeah) hard-core  
(ain't it) Rough and rugged (uh) rugged and raw  
(yeah baby that's what I'm talkin about  
c'mon, give em, give us a little more)

for you and yours, for you and yours  
C to the, cold-blooded (na, na-nasty) cold-blooded, hard-core  
(c'mon) Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
(Yo, aight let let me get a little taste of this here)  
for you and yours, for you and yours..

(Common)

The simps, please uhh uhh uhh uhh  
These studs mention me, uhh uhh uhh uhh  
As a, intense MC, sent to be the reign  
on the industry I came  
With penitentiary talk, Coke and a Hennesey walk  
My imagery talks, metaphors and similes stalk  
Time for war, my artillery caulks the hardest nigga

I'm killin 'em soft  
Dealin with golf, gettin blowed on the course  
I be dissin magazines, but then buy The Source  
Can't explain why the force, is with me  
Known to bring a rapper down - like Bobby did Whitney  
Sophisticated sissies strut like this is Beat Street in backpacks  
Braggin how they don't eat meat and abstract  
I backsmack em with they skateboard, flee the crime scene  
with a rhyme scheme to escape frauds  
Make broads become queens, run things like a rasta sprinter  
The way you want the game I rub off like Henner  
I remain like a tattoo with natural raps  
Copy like a fax that's y'all actual facts  
Battle raps is where it began, I'ma end it wherever I land  
I done thought of, a master plan, it goes

C to the, cold-blooded (yeah, c'mon)  
cold-blooded, (ya know) hard-core  
(ain't it) Rough and rugged, (c'mon) rugged and raw  
for you and yours, for you and yours  
You got the C to the, cold-blooded  
cold-blooded, hard-core  
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
for you and yours, for you and yours  
You got the C to the, cold-blooded (yeah, hey)  
cold-blooded (na-nasty, yo yo) hard-core  
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
(ain't it, ain't it) for you and yours, for you and yours  
You got the C to the, cold-blooded  
cold-blooded, (c'mon) hard-core  
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
for you and yours, for you and yours..

(Common ad-libs, then some vocal samples til end)