

Common Sense, Tricks Up My Sleeve

[Common]

I'm a Jake I don't bake a cake

I'm not a cake daddy you know the type be pullin up in a Caddy
with a drop top see when I hoe hop I kick it to the bus stop (what?)
and it's goodie goodie gumdrops

I don't be droppin squat but to the heads they think it's topnotch

I'm skippin over every other dip as if it's

hop hop hop hop hop hop hop hopscotch watch

Aiy ayyo man, ay man, look at ol' girl

She got a BIG ass! (Yo man, sic her.)

Aiy man, ay... hey sweetheart, how you doin?

I'm doin fine.

Oh word? What's your name?

Rayshel.

Why don't you come over to the house so I can put you in the
BUCK BANG!

Aight check it, you see I only bag ya for a second

You never see me beggin, you see the slimmie naked

in my headroom, mo' better yet my bedroom

Tippedy token, and stutterin as if she's Max Headroom

Redroom (Redrum?) No I ain't a murderer

I'm Jake the Rake, yo sorry if I'm hurtin the

vaginal area, fallopian tubes and your cervix

I strongly recommend that for your gen' you get some Jergens

I find it beneficial; not to force the issue

I just blow my shit and wipe you see a head it's like tissue

Use em and throw em away, see a hoe a day is essential

If you want a piece of the rock, trick, go to Prudential

cause I rock a buyer babe on the treetop

And when the wind blows, my dick'll get hard, the cradle will rock

I'm like the peacock on NBC, Nuttin But Cock

I pump, prrrrrrrrrump pump it up yo, like a Reebok

Hey, I don't sell junk, but I'm a Junkyard Dog

And when I Duke it's a Hazzard, so call me Boss Hog

Or Roscoe Pecol, ohhhhh! pain

That's the sound of the Caravan... running the train

yeahhhh yeahh, bitch

That's the sound of the Caravan, running the train

Owowhwahahaha! Check it out, check it out yeah, in yo' eye!

Yeahh! Hahhh! Yeahh!

Twilite Tone got tricks up my sleeve

Immenslope got tricks up my sleeve

Yo DRK got tricks up my sleeve

De La Soul got tricks up my sleeve

JuJu got tricks up my sleeve

The Nubian Nut got tricks up my sleeve

Com Sense got tricks up my sleeve

("Wait... I got another trick up my sleeve")

[Rayshel]

I'm not a Jake or a Rake or a hoe, but I got the mo' better
for head of the class

And if you ask me I'm not tryin ta be drastic

I'm not a bitch like Robin Givens I'm concerned about your
plastic, ask it, I'll tell you what you wanna know

And if I tell you no, don't be all up on it dope

Frontin so your friends won't know that you got the 86

so you call me a bitch

You get your kicks, but Kix and Trix are for kids

I don't turn no tricks, I don't suck no Dix-ie cups

I hops in the hubba Hubba Bubba I'm like

Al B. stud, cause if I'm not your lover or your friend

don't try to spend, waste your time

tryin to get a taste of mine but you ain't tastin mine
So find a new type puss, cause if I don't like you
you ain't gettin service G, this ain't the drivethru
Drive by, way far, and everything'll be groovy
Then you pester me? Yo I'ma tell ya like the Nubians
Move on black brotha move on
You gotta move on black brotha move on