

Common, Soul By The Pound

[Tim Dog] "Gimme a pound, thank you man"
[repeat x2, then x4 faster]

I'm as bad bad, as Leroy Brown Brown
Yo I'm a pro pro, but not a noun noun
If you got beef beef, then you'll get ground ground
Cut up in soul soul, by the pound pound
I'm going downtown like Julie Brown, I'm the round mound
Not a rebound, but like a hound, I get down down
Never wore a leash but I get loose
Producin somethin fresher than fruits, got more soul than combat boots
Diggin two scoops of raisins for the troops out of some blazers
so amazin like Luther everyday Joe but not Bazooka
I used to be a hooper but now I troop to shoot a free flow
Me go with mi amigo, to see the Man named Chico
The legal alienaeno, I roll the instrumentals
Like Jack I be like Nimble never gentle to a bimbo
Not your sex symbol so save that soft stuff for the Care Bears
The way I freak funk OHHHH the Monkees sayin, "Hell yeah"
Correction, "Hell yes";; old folks wanna cuss
on how I walk talk and dress, they say my life's a mess
But I'm straight, are you straight, if you straight, then I'm straight
Rock me tonight, just for old time's sake

Back to our regularly scheduled program, program
I am so damn flam, I slam a slam, BAM, I slam
like Conan the Barbarian, if you talk loud, I'll play librarian
Cause see I want it quiet in here...
I Mark a Markyiana a bunch of funky Uncle Thomases
Play like Christopher Williams cause I gotta keep my promises
to stick to my roots and not dilute cause G this ain't two colors
I'm tired of seein these non rappin dancin motherfuckers

[Tim Dog] "Gimme a pound, thank you man"
[x4]

For a record sale a nigga'll sell his soul to go gold
and reach a large scale, sellin for the pale male
and I can't tell, why for a hoe you grow a tail
and stop drinkin ale, the booty probably smell
Ain't no pussy worth a sale at least not for the kid to do a bid
Shit you musta flipped you lid, you was wit you slipped you slid
Got doodoo skids on my paper cause I got rhymes up the ass
If I pass gas, ducks fast or gets trimmed like a mustache
I must ask what's goin on with rap, white kids actin black
It's like McDonald's sellin fatback
Get back to your Mac, that stuff is wack with all these dancetracks
I'm hearin rap from Anthrax, my time the Caravan cracks
You're wack, that's the only thing that's black Scooter
When we was on the streets, you was at home on your computer
I'ma shoot a diss well like a fist to all these wack groups
Rhymes are wack as hell! And they sample wack loops
I'm wonderin how the hell they get a deal I still can't see that far
I feel like Cypress Hill, I could just kill an A&R
or whoever's in Charge, it surely ain't Charles
but you ain't G-in hip-hop, cause it's ours

[Tim Dog] "Gimme a pound, thank you man"
[x4]

It's sick you sick I'm sicker, I flick a flea flicker
Think of thatl boa constrictor but the venom I inflict
is stricter, I stick I stick the stinkin to a stunk
If soda was a forty dog, then I would be like drunk

If it was a fifth I would lift the fifth and a spliff
it's not a myth about our dick width, I'm swift and I shoot the presents
In essence count your blessings I got a Wessun if you riff
I'm a nigga with SOULLLLLLLLLL, my last name should be Smith-sonian
I'm gassin girls heads, just like petroleum
Get em ready to bone me and, then I play custodian
and turn off the lights this is the likes of a
ticketing wallowing high jumping radio rumping brother
Got Seoul like Korea gimme an inch I'll take a liter
A chick is a chick that's how I treat her
never go pop I'm not a two liter
A true leader, don't choose to follow, choose what I swallow
whether water or a beer bottle, of course I play the lotto
Wear em? No, share em? A hoe
I like the girls the girls I share a life with a bro
cause U-A-C is family, much tighter than foundations
that holds up the walls, so you better proceed with caution

"Gimme a pound, thank you man"
"Gimme a pound" [x4]