

# Common, Car Horn

(feat. Mark the 45 King)

I'm the C-O to the double M O to the N  
You heard, motherfucker? Well boy I hit ya again  
Official bald nigga from the City of Winds  
Stay doing it, doing it, I am doing it [x2]

What the fuck is going down? Nigga you sound  
Like a real bitch right now, the pound  
I gave you I knew I shouldn't have gave you  
Before you was a hoe now you think the money made you  
A slave to the rhythm, indentured servant to wisdom  
Clinton is the pres but I voted for Shelly Chisom  
In a poetical prison, I'm visiting self  
For hours, coward niggas get shanked for kicking  
Pussy raps, radio is like CO's they try to push me back  
I rip cats out of they suits, give them they hoodies back  
I from the hood we stack back fist  
"Ooh ohh ahh" is the sound of blackness  
These new school cats is classless, influenced by rap shit  
Front money, but hustle backwards  
I break bread with broads that got they masters  
And hypes the blaster, lawyers that work faster than young ghetto bastards  
Became childlike with the way I style right  
And act, because children naturally react  
Respond, to the Com as a poet I'm a last like a Don  
Cause I'm like that yo, a phenom without shit on my arm  
You can't coherse a verse  
I'm a rhyme when I want to get up and rhyme  
Some say I space like John Glenn because of the places I've been  
I breaks about spin, been through cases of Heinekin  
Return to orbit off some shit that's anti-Corbin in the Wild Style  
On to gain rappers is getting tortured for tossing salads  
You imbalanced, you rap about violence too much  
I go on blind dates with my estates and gold dust  
And at my shows a lot shows up, they think it's a hold up  
So many hands go up, but with the band I cold up  
Money folder, you want a fresh style let me show you

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