

Common, Chapter 13 (Rich Man Vs. Poor Man)

Let's talk about money

- Ynot get the money
- Common Sense want the money
- Let's talk about money

(Common Sense)

I... be... the one they call Petey
I'm Poe, as Edgar Allen
But I'm a poet when I'm freestylin

(Ynot)

Egad it is I, master Ynot Never The Less
Fresh like air, well dressed, yes the LS's here
I appear on piers with my peers
The Imperial like margerin, I'm butter
Yes, fly like my Lear, I jet

(Common Sense)

Lookin' at my fake Gucci, it's about that time
It's time for some perculator
I circulate around the block black
So give me a six-pack and a half of Harold's Chicken
A good combination
When I get bubbly, I do it in moderation
One brew, one brew, I said one brew at a time

(Ynot)

Well I'm a two timer of women that are three times a lady
May Sadie say Sade and may Ms. Goldberg say
"Yo Whoopie, there it is."
Call me E cause I equal MC squared
In the Biz, Marks know I got the Kie, to get the girl's noses
open like "The Vapors", more pub than the papers
More papers than the press, oh yes I gets paid

(Common Sense)

Yes, check it
I didn't grow grow up up po' po'
but once you get grown, and out on your own
Bills upon bills upon bills is what you have
Before you get your check then you already spend half
See I make money, money doesn't make me
I'm a reflection of my section and my section 8

(Ynot)

Enough
I own 8 sections of the world, where I'm sexin' 8 girls
to have them comin' in (ohhh yes) 8 seconds
I told Victoria her Secret you suck, like Sucrets
I Ultrawhite my secretery, I went to Tibet
to bet on my horse you bet your life
Mine was better and now your deader
than a (door knob) eeea wrong

(Ynot) So what's your name?

(Comm) I'm the Com, the bro Com Sense

- And when I don't got scratch, I do feel tense
- And if you givin your papers to a broad youse a dummy

(Ynot) Cause without no money

"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched 3X)

(Ynot)

Rhymes I exchange like stock, I'm live like stock
I rock like Prudential, making ha ha from O

That's mucho dinero, like Robert Deniro,
I rob-berts Deniro, a hero like the sandwich
A Man-wich has mills like Stephanie Mills, dills like pickles,
I'm fancy man I tickles LIKE the French
Not Johnny but like a Bench I Press-On like Lee
I Stan like Lee, while you Stagger like Lee
Most likely I'll gagger that bullish I pull ish like a magnet
or dragnet, I don't drag I gets net income
Yo bums I rush like adrenaline
I'm royal when I flush, your highest hush'll get mushed
like a sleigh dog; I slay dogs who are under me
I'm over man, call me Doberman, cause I'm a Pinscher of pennies
that's pretty, leave your city green from all the money I spent
(What you do?) I stay fresh like a mint from mint
I meant my mint, know what I mean? I'm nice
Real friendly like an Officer, Friendly and a gentleman
Friendly like Neighbors, not Jim
but like Gomer I got Pyle's of loot
Attention salute - I kill loot but won't dilute
Even if I threw garbage on the ground I couldn't pollute
Man, I'm too rich for that, biiitch!

□Ynot got the money

(Comm)□So what's your name?

(Ynot)□'m Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh-huh)

□ got essentials and credentials and honies at my feet

□(come on)

□And when I walk the street, I'm never lookin bummy

(Comm)□Cause without the money

□"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched 5X)

(Common)

Ynot.. let me tell ya a story

Okay it was a black man a white man and a Chinese man

The black man of course he was po' (yeah)

The white man... he was rich (uh-huh)

And the Chinese man, he owned a sto' (aight c'mon)

Okay the black man lived on Beat Street

The white man lived on Wall Street

and at the Chinese man's store is where they all meet

Not really on the good foot

cause the white man kept steppin on the black man's toes (damn!)

And in his shoes there were holes

But the white man didn't care;

shit, he didn't have to wear it (uh uh)

The scratch that he had, he got from his parents;

with his tight ass, he woulda been poor white trash, but anyway

everyday the black man would ask him to spare change

but at him, the white man would stare strange

So the black man got fed up

cause wasn't nobody feedin him and feedin him

And took red by his neck and started beatin him and beatin him

The Chinese man got 'noid and broke out like a peon

And now the black man own the store

and the name of it is Leon's (what's that?)

Barbeque that is..

Rib tips, hotsauce, mild sauce, fries, and chicken

(Comm)□So what's your name?

(Ynot)□'m Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh-huh)

□ got essentials and credentials and honies at my feet

□(come on)

□And when I walk the street, I'm never lookin bummy

(Comm)□Cause without the money

□"Ain't a damn thing funny"
(Ynot)□Now what's your name?
(Comm)□Well I'm the Com, the bro Com Sense
□And when I don't got scratch, I do feel tense
□And if you givin your papers to a broad youse a dummy
(Ynot)□Cause without no money
□"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched to end)

(Ynot)
Two thousand and thirteen shot
Common Sense and YNot
UAK and Darian combined
We rock while you rot.. no stress..