

Common, Communism

[Intro:]

Yo Troy I'ma come on the rhythm
with a little bit of Communism

Yeah, hah

So check it out, yeah

Chick-a chick-a I'm

Chick-a chick-a on

Chick-a chick-a my

my, own shit

Like an entrepreneur, that stepped in maneur

man I'm newer than a Jack I went up the hill with Jill

And Jack chills big bootay

But then the booty up, I told the bitch she better have my money

Or step to the AMG

You know Com Sense, oh yeah him be

That nigga that be making all the bid-by-by-bye sounds

But since then, Common calm down!

I'm on some calm shit watch Com get complicated

Simple motherfuckers say the way that Com communicated

was too complex, I got a complex not to complain

on my brain no complain and so will my community

And I prefer compliments

So I complement at an angle, of ninety degrees

It's the ninties, and music got known for grease

I got a sense of direction and a compass

Come past MC's with compassion, though I heard the screams of

But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort

Commiserate at the fort with Jeff I'm so ill

But I chilled in my compartment with no company and no meals

Now Com can get the panty, but I want my own company

And Com is on a mission not to work for commission

It's a common market and it's so much competition

but to me, competition is none

To my comp I'm a ton I get amped like Watts in a riot

my compact disc is a commodity, so buy it

Instead of competing with Pete

Com compromised, Com made a promise

Not to commercialize, but compound the soul

without the elements, compelling sense into Communism