

# Common Sense, Can I Bust?

(Common)

I'm not tall but can I bust?

Like the double dutch going down the street

I rap to myself when there ain't no one to rap to

And to me yo my shit be sounding sweet

It's like doo rock doo rock oop

I chew with my group chicken and we couped in a hoop

Deee! Somebody's breath is smelling poo

Geee! Tone is that you? (I don't think so)

I'm one time two times three times a lady

Bay-beh, bay-beh, bay-bee

Ha! I make it happen, ladi de, ladi da

When I was a boy I said "Oh" but now I'm a man saying "Ah";

Cha cha cha, who knows where the mouth goes

Yeah nigga, I'm fly, so keep your f\*\*king mouth closed

Ralph goes "Rasheed" and I be saying "Boo!";

Bitches welcome back Common with the "Oooh oooh ooh";

And this is how I wreck it, doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

This is how I wreck it, do doo doo do doo

Now one two check ir, I'm as Def as a Leopard

It could be, it should be, it is? Holy cow!

I'm grass hopping like the ?common Billy section?

Not the Godfather, but I lounge like a stepper

Grandma, breaks it, 8, we wait

(Ch ch chaa) I got scratch like a DJ

I used to want to be like, I used to want to be like

Mike, but the man in the mirror don't know if he's black or white

And that makes me mad

(Backwards scratching) Who's bad?

(Ynot)

Now can I bust in this era, I'm a plus like addition

And listen, I'm dishing out shit like a chef

The love is the Late Show, showing you the ladies

You late on the show? Oh we the greatest show? You right

To might right, raise, to my left, boom bap

In the back, Blazay Blah, so get the f\*\*k out my face

Oh what a disgrace, you can't disgrace

Boys I'll erase you boys to mincemeat

Human means T, O's, N's, why's this is just a tease before my album

No bum is out, I'm out to parlay you Fritos

One chip off the block, so bust it down, bust the sound

Exciting as a big zap

I frighten those biting when Lord jabber tighten when tighten taken to loose

Ynot's no loser but I lost your real mind

I find you, finder's keeper's so you mind too

Your mind can't match mine when I do mine

Call mine, my mouth is a f\*\*king gold mine

More chaws like monster jaws, I get ate like the balls

I got to rhyme, too, I climb you like a stepson

No weapon, but I got a rep, son, for taking fakes to the towel

Snakes in my file

Shit, I'll sit down all stand-up comic rappers

Who diss that who go on about fashion

Fasten your seatbelts til he melts to ice

T.O.N.Y.'s backwards, nevertheless

I attack nerds, f\*\*k what you heard

Hey, gone when I finish, women and niggas say "Damn, Tone";

That's busted

Bust it out, chant chant

Common Sense you know is running things

Let's show you we know you run it down  
You ain't seeing us though we running things  
Yeah, you know they running things

(Ynot)

Usually I'm the second voice, this time I'm the first choice  
In the rhyme, I'm no prancer, so what?  
Momma mock me, here's your time to jock, G, don't jack me  
Don't pack no axe like a savege  
I ran track stars back to their crib, create craters  
In there, I'm holding one for fun  
One tht plays golf, can't raise play tennis  
One plays croquet, and Blazay plays the cut  
Still make the women say "Hey"  
Yodle lay hey hee hoo, in my way dead  
Yo I lay she hoo, in my bed  
Ask Common, I did your momma, nah I took it easy  
Of hard hail, on a scale from 1 to 10  
I'm rich, I own Ebony and Essence  
And Essence say I'm strong cause with the pen I've been a Bad Boy  
A sad boy, I call your girl 13 cause she's good  
Should I say more? I see more, I see more  
Sea shore to sea shore, I sell my yaght and play Yatzee  
Ynot's the posse, dressing tight, yo I'm friendly  
Who's the master, the weak-minded say I rock too strong  
The short-winded say I rhyme to long  
So niggas told me, "Please let me go to the peasant"  
No, let me stop, chow, baby

(Common)

Baby, baby, baby!  
Kids call me coffee because I \*jugga jugga jugga\* drop!  
And you don't stop, don't put on the red light  
While I rock player, niggas I coach more than John Thompson  
I'm in your town, George, I got it made like Florance  
I'm getting bigger than the lips on Martain Lawrence  
\*Mmuah, mmuah\* It's like, it's like this  
A Sermon like Erick, did a B.A.P. just like Tists  
Wham! I knocked you over, but can I get a witness?  
I shoot the gift rapping, and wish you a Merry Christmas  
With he quickness is how I rip this, can you dig it?  
Well if not, then dig this, this is the way that I flow  
The pimp of hip-hop, I make you say "Ho!"  
Don't hear me knocking, like I said, like I said  
And this is the story about a man named Jed  
Got some lead for those hefiers, yo I rip it out  
My weapon, double decker, I come from 187  
And I do work undercover like a cop  
Stop in the name of Com before I break your arm  
Plus I'm down with the U-Ack and Bushman  
Peace to the Beatnuts, peace to the Pharcyde  
Yeah, you know what time it is  
Yeah, that's how it is

(The silliness continues til the end)