

Common Sense, Orange Pineapple Juice

Hand me a little bit of umm orange pineapple juice

I'ma sip on it check it out

I got a rhyme you got a rhyme

But my rhyme is better than yours

(repeat 2X)

U A C they get they P's and

No I.D. be gettin his P's and

The Late Show they get they P's and

ProfessaNots they get they P's and

Peep the maneuver how bout the Heim lich

I rhyme sick and you can get the duck coon

I'm the shit you're shit out of luck, tough

I'm the act to follow, housing kids like Ronald

Mac like Donald Goines, flows I change like coins

Choyoyoyoyoyng, choyoyoyyyng, choyoyoyoyyyyng

I draw a crowd like blood with the 'pint of' technique

and everybody there be like, "YEAH!"

Cause cain't near a nig dat'll say 'Whoomp, There It Is'

I'm like a mom on section 8, over-bearing kids

shit they be like, "Com-mon!" That's my muhf**ka true

Youse a hamburger, I'ma Fudrucker

askin me to lettuce ketchup, knowin you can't cut the mustard

So where's the beef, jerky?

I'm as Worthy as James, not that good with names

but I do remember your face from someplace this is one taste

of Chicago, we got mo' many mo' many mo' many mo' flavors

Don't just come to me, go ask thy neighbor-I'm-a-hood takin niggaz

under

on the tundra, cause "they're plain, they're plain" (Fantasy Island)

I'm on a plateau that is fat so

It's just a fan-tasy, for the fans to see

how I land, I'm grand like a finale

I'm goin back to Cali (why?) cause Cali got bitches check it

Aiyyo Dart this is a sickness

Dee-da-da-da-doo-doo, dee-da-da, ah-eh-da-da

Dee-da-da-da-DOO-doo, dee-da-da, dee-da-da

South Side, rock on and

The West Side, we gotta rock on and

Hey yo Chicago, we gotta rock on and

The East coast, you gotta rock on and

The West coast, you gotta rock on and

ah down South, you gotta rock on and

Check it... "Now you can go!"

Mister Pussy Emcee, just get on gone

Get on gone, you pussy MC!

Steppin to me, with them dirty feet you'll get defeated

like Kunta Kinte, I'm kin to, align crew

My great, great, grandpap done been through

so much it's in my hemoglobin to be a ill nigga

So I figure like a father... that I'ma Turn This Mutha Out

But Common you ain't hittin in New York

I don't know what you thought hops, but chief I got tall props

Some cats think I'm six feet I'm so deep

Some stunts be thinkin I'm six-fo', my shit be hittin like switches

Bitches, ask, why my, britches, sag

I ask the bitches, "Why your titties saggin?"

Put your nipple to the bottle I bust rhymes like breastses

I can get down, d-d-d-down like pessimist

Ring the Alarm, I got Charm like a neck-a-lace

Tell me true statues had to move they neck to this

Didn't you, didn't you... and it, and it, and it

and it don't stop, bust it

"Gotta crew ya better tell em"