

# Common Sense, The Bitch In Yoo

(Yeah for your nation...  
for your nation...)

Verse One:

A bitch nigga wit an attitude named Cube  
Step to Com wit a feud  
Now what the f\*\*k I look like dissing a whole coast  
You ain't made shit dope since AmeriKKKa's Most  
Wanted to cease from the Midwest to the East  
On the dick of the East for your 1st release  
Your lease is up at the crib house niggaz get evicted  
And videos wit white boys talking you get Wicked  
Natural Born Killa, nigga you natural born God  
Look, read listen, got the nerve to say you rob  
Hyprocrite, I'm filling out your Death Certificate  
Slanging bean pies and St Ide's in the same sentence  
Shoulda repented, on the 16th of October  
Get some beats besides George Clinton to rock over  
Rap career is over, better off acting  
What trouble I see, you're managing WC and Wack 10  
You backed in to a four corner hustla  
Lying on your dick, said you was f\*\*kin her  
Use Higher Learning, don't take my words out of text  
Went from gangsta to Islam to the dick of Das EFX  
It'll take the Nation of Millions to Hold Me Back  
From giving you mouth shots or hit wit the pipe Ralph got  
When sucker ain't around, it's your Friday, it was good  
I wasn't salty, she was wit the Boyz N the Hood

Chorus:

I see the bitch in you when you don't speak your mind  
The bitch in you, looking me in my eyes lyin  
I see the bitch in you, simply hard, you find

The bitch in you but yo it's coming out

Verse Two:

Up on this rap shit, Cube, I'm calling out  
I break in and smack niggaz that's in the Slaughterhouse  
This ain't no East coast, West coast, none of the above  
I'm from Chi, I went to Cali, niggaz gave me love  
There's a thin line between the fake and the real  
Grafted ass nigga, I see through your Glass Shield  
Had skills once upon a time on this project, yo  
I'm a have ta wreck a Ho'shea  
I heard a ho say you her favorite rapper  
(So what) so I had to slap her, ugn  
And violate you, a Muslim drinking brew  
Your nigga ain't no Mack 10, he's a 22  
I seen you, you ain't say shit to ATL  
Cube, I like that diamond charm, I might cuff it, then sell  
It out, like you sold Kam and Threat  
A year ago, you wasn't talking shit about the West  
Guess you knew you're shit was done plus the one got you cable  
Hoo Bangin, you ain't banging shit but the table  
And the Circle Madd, ain't got no choice but to fight  
Ain't none of y'all muthafukas got a chance on the mic  
Anytime you come out, yo, I'm a talk about you  
Until you let that bitch in you, walk up out you  
Any last words before I hit the switch  
From the immortal words of one, a bitch is a bitch  
Chorus