

# Common, Sum Shit I Wrote

Marks I erase like racism, I'm as large as a bigot  
Groove is my escapism, when I'm bubbly I just kick it  
What I need from you is understanding that I'm standing  
On my own two, down with my own crew  
Toe cancer, I'm bad to the bone too, I'm prone to snap off  
When I'm off that Cognac I can't hold back like a massouse  
I get loose like a screw turned from left right to tight  
When it's time for some action I get Red's &quot;Tonight's Da Night&quot;;  
An eye for an eye, a life for his wife  
Dissected I'm on some hi-tech shit computers want to bite  
Your style is Pascal, mine is Basic and just instinct  
I'm with the fam and ran scams, me and Murray got up on big links  
And if knowledge is the key, goddammit I'm the locksmith  
Started a missionary way on my life, the mic I rust like bostage  
I switch styles like a channel with controls that are remote  
Engage in a page, and with words I elope  
Walking down the aisles with styles I freak the viles  
Anti-Nazi when I rocks like a Z-28  
At any rate, brothers gain interest because I loaned them microphones  
They couldn't house the shit so they had to rent to own  
It's like that, coming from the go rapper  
I wanna bone Jada Pinkett and that hoe Patra  
So keep on, and you don't, now come on  
Ah keep on, and you don't

Sometime when I'm alone in my room I stare at the wall  
And in the back of my mind I hear a wack-ass rhyme  
And I catch Alz-rhymers, then forget it, I get charged  
Like a nigga in position with the stolen card the credit  
Fuck flipping the script, the rap scene I'm trying to edit  
My mellows call me &quot;Never&quot;;, they be like &quot;Never's going to get it&quot;;  
Never's too much, I'm much too, I do justice to poetics  
That's why cats be like &quot;Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!&quot;;  
Other studs come through to see what I am up to  
They be on the dick of crew that be giving us sweet and buying us fruit  
Like Kareem I got the hook up, brothers look out because they look  
Rest in peace to ?Heavena?, washing tons of rappers like Booker  
Tee told me &quot;You gotta get out of the crib, get into the world&quot;;  
How you going to come off with the style that's thourough?  
It's like that, keep on, ha ha  
It's like that, keep on

My foundation is in black block of niggas that rock they hat cock  
I'm real like a fight with my rap, rappers I slapbox  
Back I got my rap, now get your glock out the black face  
Got tall flavor with fat taste, the rat race is a rat race  
Just cause you got Adidas with the fat laces and the fro don't make you hip-hop  
You sorry excuse for funk rap  
Why is there so many cranks trying to rhyme, yo funk that  
The real shit's starting to come back  
The Go is where I'm from and where I'm at, jack  
I started eating cat when I was 10  
Before dinner I was getting big dog like Glen Robinson  
I don't see nothing wrong with a little bump and grind  
But comes a time when you gotta get off of that booty  
The facts of life I didn't learn from watching Tootie  
But living in the big city but I still like Tootie cause she got big titties  
My style is steep, I write rhymes on the incline  
Splat guts plus fat nuts and lay up like a crib line  
I'm slamming, jamming on the one  
I'm a bad man, you're just a good son, come on