

Sum Shit I Wrote

Common

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 masseuse
I get loose like a screw turned from left right to tight
When it's time for some action, I get Red's, "Tonight's Da Night"
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, "Never", they be like, "Never's going to get it"
Never's too much, I'm much too, I do justice to poetics
That's why cats be like, "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!"
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, "You gotta get out of the crib, get into the world"
How you going to come off with the style that's through?
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 slap box
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, tou 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

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