

The Bizness (w/Common)

De La Soul

And and bass up the track a little bit
'Cause I I'm here I want to hear that boom bish boom knowwhatI'msayin?
Yeah yeah you know the bizness
Common Sense soul with the De La
Get all them play ahs
We the rhyme sayers
Huh and that's the bizness hah
Gonna do it like this
Gettin it that
Like the Chicago streetsI speak divine of God theories, no need to be high
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the horses (huh)
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos
And never, flaunt the coin 'cause dime-getters be gazin
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so Amazin
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last laughter
'Cause even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after
I haveta, send respects to real money makers
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money fakers
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move'Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies
Well I'm the P-L-you, the G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
And I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drinkDo you want to be a MC? Or do you want to serve
Do you want to be dope? Or do you want to deal it
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a
Refa-ree in soul control of my
Desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers

Take a dive like Greg Louganis with his bitch-ass
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an owner
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)

At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings
Upon rhymes old man who called him traitor
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict 'Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies
Well I'm the P-L-you, the G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
And I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies
Well I'm the P-L-you, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun I'm the most from the coast of the East, then flee
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York peeve
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be
Certified, as superior, MC
While others explore to make it hardcore
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the door
'Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see
The lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling
My rhymes escalates like black death rates
Over music plates, being played as the rule
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools
Who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of earth
You reside, you're not even a man
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it right
That's understanding microphone mathematics
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status
And when one shows he posed threat to this one
This one will make that one into none
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from 'Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E

And can't another brother cook these delicacies
 Well I'm the P-L-you, the G-to-the-One
 Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
 And I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
 I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
 I'm the see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
 I sit and think with a drink Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
 Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
 Yeah, and I'm the-see-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
 I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
 And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
 And can't another brother cook these delicacies
 See can't another brother cook these delicacies
 See can't another brother cook these delicacies Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing huh
 Like triple it, alright
 That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago
 The type of freestyler flow
 Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more
 Hah To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop
 To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop
 And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop
 Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop
 And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop
 And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop
 And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop
 My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop
 And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop
 And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop
 And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop
 That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop
 And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop
 And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop
 And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop
 And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop
 And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop
 And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop
 And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop
 And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop
 And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
 I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
 Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
 So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
 I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
 Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
 More money than a pagan holiday

Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

Songwriters

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