

# Orange Pineapple Juice (Instrumental)

## Common

Hand me a little bit of umm, orange pineapple juice  
I'mma sip on it, check it out I got a rhyme, you got a rhyme  
But my rhyme is better than yours  
I got a rhyme, you got a rhyme  
But my rhyme is better than yours 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  
Professa Nots, 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, choyoyoyyyyyng  
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 muhfucka (true)  
Youse a hamburger, I'mma Fuddrucker  
Askin me to let us catch up, 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 niggas under  
On the tundra, cause "they're plain, they're plain"  
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 feets you'll get defeated  
Like Kunta Kinte, I'm kin to the Lynn 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'mma 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 breasts  
I can get down, d-d-d-down like pessimist  
"Ring the Alarm", I got Charm like a neck-a-lace  
Tell the truth, tell the truth, y'all had to move your neck to this  
Didn't you, didn't you and it, and it, and it  
And it don't stop, bust it

Songwriters

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