

Communism

Common

Yo Troy, I'ma come on the rhythm
With a little bit of communism
Yeah, hah
So check it out, yeah Chick-a chick-a I'm, chick-a chick-a on
Chick-a chick-a my, my, own shit
Like an entrepreneur that stepped in maneur
Man, I'm newer than a Jack, I went up the hill with Jill
And Jack Jill's big bootay
We did the booty up, I told the bitch
She betta have my money or step to the AMG
You know Com Sense, oh yeah, him be That nigga that be making all the bid-by-by-bye sounds
But since then, Common calm down
I'm on some calm shit, watch Com get complicated
Simple motherfuckers say the way that Com communicated
Was too complex, I got a complex not to complain
On my brain no complain and so will my community
And I prefer compliments
So I complement at an angle of ninety degrees
It's the nineties and music got known for grease I got a sense of direction and a compass
Come passed MC's with no compassion
Though I heard the screams of
But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort
Commiserate at the fort with Jeff, I'm so ill
But I chilled in my compartment with no company and no meals
Now Com can get the panty, but I want my own company
And Com is on a mission not to work for commission It's a common market and it's so much competition
But to me, competition is none
To my comp I'm a ton, I get amped like Watts in a riot
My compact disc is a commodity, so buy it
Instead of competing with Pete
Com compromised, Com made a promise
Not to commercialize, but compound the soul
Without the elements, compelling sense into Communism

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