

Chapter 13 (Rich Man vs. Poor Man)

Common

Let's talk about money
Get money
Common Sense want the money
Let's talk about money.

[Common]
I, be, the one they call Peavey
I'm Poe as Edgar Allen
But I'm a poet when I'm freestyling g

[Ynot]
You got a design master wind Not Never The Less
Fresh like L address yes the LS's here
I appear on piers with my peers
The Imperial like margarine, I'm butter
Yes like Bel-Air

[Common]
Lookin' at my fake Gucci, it's about that time
It's time for some perculator
I circulate around the block
Black to get me a six pack a half of Harrow's chicken
A good combination, when I get bubbly I do it in moderation
1 brew, 1 brew, I said 1 brew at a time

[Ynot]
Well I'm a two timer of women that'll 3 times a lady
Ms. Haiti say Sade and my Ms.Golper say
"Yo whoop there it is" call me E cause I equal MC's squared
In the bed marks know I got the key to get the girls
Noses open like the vapors, more pub than the papers
More papers than the press, oh yes I gets paid

[Common]
Yo, I didn't grow up up po po but once you get grown and out on your own
Bills upon bills upon bills is what you have
Before you get your check than you already spend half
See I make money, money doesn't make me
I'm a reflection of my section and section 8

[Ynot]

Enough, I own 8 sections of the world, where I'm sexin' 8 girls
Where I have them comin' in (ugh) 8 seconds
I told Victoria her Secret you suck life a crest
I Ultrawhite my secretary, I went to Tibet
To bet on a horse you bet your life
Mine was better and now your deader, than a (door knob) eeea wrong

[Chorus: Ynot (Common)]

So what's your name?
(I'm the Com that wrote Com Sense, and when I don't got scratch)
(I do feel tense, and if you give your money to a broad yous a dummy)
Cause without the money
"Ain't a damn thing funny" [Repeat: x3]

[Ynot]

These rhymes I exchange like stock, I'm live like stock
I rock like Prudential, making ha ha from O
That's mucho denero, like Robert Denero, Irob Berts denero
A hero like the sandwich, a man which has mills like Stephanie Mills
Dills like pickels, I'm fancy man like tickles LIKE (the french)
Not Johnny but like a Bench I press on like glue
I stand like Lee while you stagger like Lee
Most likely I'll gagger that bullish I pull ish like a magnet
A dragnet, I don't drag I gets net income, yo bums I rush like
Adrenaline
I'm royal when I flush, your highest hush will get mushed like a
Sleigh dog
I saw dogs who are under me, I over man, call me Doverman
Cause I'm a Pincer of pennies that's pretty, then you see green from
All money
I spend (what you do?) I stay fresh like mint from mint
I meant my mint, know what I mean? I'm nice
Real friendly like an officer, friendly and a gentleman
Friendly like neighbors, not Jim but like Homer I got attention salute
I kill loot but won't dilute, even if I threw garbage on the ground
I couldn't pollute, man, I'm too rich for that, bitch

[Chorus: Common (Ynot)]

So what's your name?
(I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh ha))
(Essentials and credentials and honies at my feet (come on))
(And when I walk the street I'm never looking bummy)
Cause without the money

"Ain't a damn thing funny"

[Common]

OK there was a black man a white man and a Chinese man
The black man of coarse he was po (yeah)
The white man. He was rich (uh ha)
And the Chinese man, he owned a store (alright see'mon)
OK the black man lived on Beech Street
The white man lived on Wall Street
And the Chinese man's store is where they all meet
Not really on the good foot
Because the white man kept steppin' on the black man's toes
And in his shoes there were holes
But the white man didn't care, shit he didn't have to wear it (uh ha)
He scratched that pad he got from his parents, with his tight ass
He would of been poor white trash, but anyway
Everyday the black man would ask for some spare change
But Adam, the white man would stare strange
So the black man got fed up
Cause wasn't nobody feedin' him and feedin' him
And took red by his neck and started beatin' him and beatin' him
The Chinese man got noyd and broke out like a peon
And now the blackman own the store and the name of it is Leons
(what's that?)
Barbecue that is. Rib tips hot sauce, mild sauce, fries

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by LYNN, LONNIE RASHID / CRAIG, TONY
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>