

# Communism

## Common

You Troy, I'mma come on the rhythm  
With a little communismChick-a chick-a I'm  
Chick-a chick-a on  
Chick-a chick-a my  
My, own shit  
Like an entrepreneur, that stepped in manure  
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-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 the grease  
I got a sense of direction and a compass  
Com passed MC's with no compassion, though I heard the screams of  
But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort?  
Com should have been at the fort with Jeff I'm so ill  
But I chilled in my compartment with no company and no meals  
Now Com could get the penny, 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  
With other elements, compelling sense into Communism