

# Blows to the Temple

## Common

Check it  
We can go, toe to toe with the blows to the temple  
(Not)  
Not the Temple of Doom, so make room  
For the Unamerican Caravan  
(Who you down with?)  
The B-Boys, Immenslope, Twilit Tone, Derrick and then some  
I don't get rid of some faces While marks be lookin' hard and they be beggin' bases  
They have too many cases and now they got courage  
Sorta like Goldilocks tryin' to take Pop's porridge  
But I got the story straight  
Plus the name, I got rep, don't dare sleep  
Slept and got, crept  
An AC, DC spider went up the wall we mount  
Now came down the Common, the Common Sense And now the spider out  
(Boom)  
A blackout, power failure  
I ain't the Burger King, but I got a whale of blows  
Uppercuts jabs hits and hey niggaz  
'Cuz I'm weird, they call me Lemonhead, but I'm a Jawbreaker  
And I break a Bean, but I'm not from Boston  
I'm stronger, and faster, than Steve Austin Common'll keep the camera movin', I'm kinda fast  
I'm from a town called, "Fresh off a niggaz ass"  
And I'm about to go on like Stephanie Mills  
You must be poppin' pills, tryin' to step to me  
'Cuz to the left of me, we got the U A C  
(Whattup) And comin' up to the right of me, we got the U A C  
(Come on)  
And in back of me, yo we got the U A C  
And in front of me is a dead man G  
(Baw)  
We hit 'em hard Kick it, a duck tried to buck, but the vic got vicked  
So I picked him, he's another victim of a circumstance  
He did a dance like Ali  
(Say what?)  
But he floated like a water fly and stung like a C  
Ya see, I ain't out here, tryin' to be a bully  
Nor am I pretendin' to be a two-shoes goodie  
(Word is bond) That I got big balls homes

And if a player try to press me, I gotta break the zone  
Here to stage a, ooh shit, up in the sky  
You better watch out, I'm tellin' you why  
Common Sense is breaking, marks down, ah, follow me now  
Yo, Common Sense is breaking, marks down  
Uhh, check it, check it, check it  
I huff and I puff and I blow  
(What?)The motherfuckin' house down, I guess you didn't know  
Home skillet, where ya been?  
Are you the boy in the plastic bubble?  
Ooh, you in trouble  
A tisket, a tasket, you're gonna get your ass kicked  
You better know what's in my jacket, fuck the basket  
Oh, goddamn child, I mean it's drastic  
You end up on a stretched 'cuz I stretch you like PlastikmanFuck with me  
(You end up the in the casket)  
You flow ass pussy nigga, sucker duck bastard  
(Yo Common, calm down, you got's to calm down)  
This Grape tried to step to me with his arms down  
Lesson number one, when you're ready to throw  
Never step up talkin', that's like tryin' to pitch, but you're balkin'  
And I'ma steal first, hide the base, but you baseYou can call me Pencil Petey 'cuz the marks I erase  
In case of emergency, it's urgent see, that you see a doctor  
You tried to Gamble, but I'm the Proctor  
I knock that ass bringin' it down and then slash  
Tried to play me with a skit, but now you got a gash  
You character, for ya inherit a, neck brace  
Makin' ya thousand deaths times worsen than a Screwface  
But they call me Screwneck and I do wreck shit  
So next time he push up in the jam, boy, you better exitLate Show in the house  
U A C in the house  
7-D in the house  
R T A in the house  
True B-Boys in the house  
Dem Dere Dyslexics in the house  
And we gonna fuckin' blow the house down  
Check it, hit 'em with aBlood clot boy, you get bucked tryin' to fuck with the  
Mario, Super Super Brothers like Mario  
Here the Common, sucker clucks  
(What we do?)  
Mission upon the loves, gettin' kisses and hugs  
But then we runnin' to a scrub that tried to bug  
He's out to get some what they call em stunts because we bunt  
(What?)But I don't bug, I just slide her and hit her  
Some be rumpy chump with the chat, chat chitter

Yo, we did her but I betcha know I'm better on it  
Now you got a 100 percent beef, it's just a beatdown  
(Uh, uh, ahh)  
Too late to try to be down  
Brother your best bet, is to cover your eyes, like Dee Brown  
(Cuz it's a bum, bum, bum, bum-rush) And if I ask who popped shit, the Caravan gotta bus, sing it  
(On that defense)  
But our bumrush is well done, not medium rare  
It's rare to see an enemy within play  
True indeed a lot of shit, is over he say, she say  
Me say, warriors come out and play  
And I'ma tear shit up and leave it like the day after  
And after we go around and you hit the ground  
Then you know I'm down with the "Blows to the temple"

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