

Communism

Common Sense

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-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

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