Watermelon

Common Sense

I express like an interstate
Hyper when I ventilate
My rap pieces penetrate and infiltrate your mental state
Just to reiterate
That I innovate
Bonin' broads when they men-estruate
I spend a great time with the rhyme
More than I did any female
I derailed your train of thought
Because your brain was caught
On some other man's thinking
Now your third eye is blinking
My rhymes be kicking like a brother's breath be stinking
I get funky for sure while you're *sniff* unsure
If you got beef, chief, then let that shit unthaw
This track was a broad
I'd be bonin the shit out of it
Bang, bang, bang then see what I can get out of her
Probably some scratch clothes and some J's
I got six million ways to rhyme
Choose one
I stand out like a nigga on a hockey team
I got goals, and I can like a pop machine
I come clean
Like a fiend in Chi I'm down with rehab
Stir my style crazy
Cause that's right, we bad, we bad
Pryor to Richard I was that crazy nigga
Cause I kick ass
And when I wreck it other rappers be like "whiplash!"It's like I come to the party in a b-boy stance
I rock on the mic and make the girls want to dance
I come to the party in a b-boy stance
I rock on the mic and make the girls want to dance
Me without a lyric, is like a nigga without a beeper
I'm a blow this shit out, cuz I'm the joint like reefer
If Barry White was in the mob
I still would be deeper
Cause I had lyrics back when I used to run with Keyvin
MC's step to me, butt-ass naked like "What's up?"

I said, "You know you done fucked up
Now I'm sayin, "You know you done fucked up"
Everybody that hear me say I'm jams like the NBA
Cause I'm on fire
If I was a Michelin I wouldn't tire
It's funny how time flies
Well I'm as fly as time
I don't believe in role models
But if I do, then I'm mine
I make brothers say "True"
They see you and be like "Fiction"
I want 'spect and dead presidents
Like Richard Nixon
I'm a coach not a player
Not a gay mc, I'm straighter
My style is similiar to AIDS
You can f with it now
But catch you later
You can't touch this, cuz this is what I'm feelin bro
I'm the man, you need me I'll be on the fifth flo'
Just chillin'
Even if it's played out it's not the word to play so peace
I'm out to Dirty Burgers I'mma give my change to Reese

Songwriters
ERNEST DION WILSON, LONNIE RASHID LYNNPublished by
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