

Orange Pineapple Juice (Instrumental)

Common Sense

Hand me a little bit of umm, orange pineapple juice
I'mma sip on it, check it out I got a rhyme, you got a rhyme
 But my rhyme is better than yours
 I got a rhyme, you got a rhyme
But my rhyme is better than yours U-A-C, they get they P's and
 No I.D., be gettin his P's and
 The Late Show, they get they P's and
ProfessaNots, they get they P's and Peep the maneuver, how bout the Heim-lich
 I rhyme sick and you can get the duck, coon
 I'm the shit, you're shit out of luck, tough
 I'm the act to follow, housing kids like Ronald
 Mac like Donald Goines, flows I change like coins
 Choyoyoyyoyoyyng, choyoyoyyyyng, choyoyoyoyyyyyng
 I draw a crowd like blood with the 'pint of' technique
 And everybody there be like, "YEAH!"
 Cause cain't near a nig dat'll say 'Whoomp, There It Is'
 I'm like a mom on section 8, over-bearing kids
 Shit they be like, "Com-mon!" That's my muhfucka (true)
 Youse a hamburger, I'mma Fuddrucker
 Askin me to let us catch up, knowin you can't cut the mustard
 So where's the beef, jerky?
 I'm as Worthy as James, not that good with names
 But I do remember your face from someplace this is one taste
 Of Chicago, we got mo' many mo' many mo' many mo' flavors
 Don't just come to me, go ask thy neighbor-I'm-a-hood takin niggas under
 On the tundra, cause "they're plain, they're plain"
 I'm on a plateau that is fat so
 It's just a fan-tasy, for the fans to see
 How I land, I'm grand like a finale
 I'm goin back to Cali (why?) cause Cali got bitches check it
 Aiyyo Dart this is a sickness Dee-da-da-da-doo-doo, dee-da-da, ah-eh-da-da
 Dee-da-da-da-DOO-doo, dee-da-da, dee-da-da
 South Side, rock on and
 The West Side, we gotta rock on and
 Hey yo Chicago, we gotta rock on and
 The East coast, you gotta rock on and
 The West coast, you gotta rock on and
 Ah down South, you gotta rock on and
 Check it "Now you can go!" Mister Pussy Emcee, just get on gone

Get on gone, you pussy MC!
Steppin to me, with them dirty feets you'll get defeated
 Like Kunta Kinte, I'm kin to the Lynn crew
 My great, great, grandpap done been through
 So much it's in my hemoglobin to be a ill nigga
So I figure like a father... that I'mma Turn This Mutha Out
 But Common you ain't hittin in New York
I don't know what you thought hops, but chief I got tall props
 Some cats think I'm six feet I'm so deep
Some stunts be thinkin I'm six-fo', my shit be hittin like switches
 Bitches, ask, why my, britches, sag
 I ask the bitches, "Why your titties saggin?"
Put your nipple to the bottle I bust rhymes like breastses
 I can get down, d-d-d-down like pessimist
 "Ring the Alarm", I got Charm like a neck-a-lace
Tell the truth, tell the truth, y'all had to move your neck to this
 Didn't you, didn't you and it, and it, and it
 And it don't stop, bust it

Songwriters

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