Orange Pineapple Juice (Instrumental)

Common Sense

Hand me a little bit of umm, orange pineapple juice
I'mma sip on it, check it outI 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 yoursU-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 andPeep 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 sicknessDee-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
ERNEST WILSON, LONNIE RASHID LYNNPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/