

Thisisme

Common, Common Sense

"i love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me" --> krs-one
(repeat 2x, then 2x with 'common' at the end of each line)

Check it out

Good morning... be at calm, I'm back

Huh! it's me again

Is it me you're looking for? (yup)

For the perfect beat, sweetly oblique

I'm fresh, I come clean, but I can't whistle

attempt at whistling psss, I'm only buggin

While no dug in the crates, I dug in my nose

And picked a rhyme any rhyme I don't have any time

To waste, I'm hip... don't even trip

To an easy travel agent now we fly for free

I can be fly for free, you want some flyer to read

Then buy from me

I got the flame like u-i-c but I be, u-a-c

Some of the realest illest chillest cats you may see

In your life if you get one

Rappers are like jobs to me (why?) because they get done

Here it comes I'm as able as cain to get raw

That's why the dj's mix me, I'm gonna bust dickses

Not da bomb so save all your threats

I'm good to go and also I'm rets

Rhymes I wrecks affects the roughnecks

Down to the preps in the polos, the studs with pros

Hoes who wheeze, the bald-headed to the dreaded

To folks with butters, high rollers and rollers

Players with plat studs with stocking caps I be rocking raps

Til I collapse

Niggaz play my tape about as much as they do craps

I'm on point, I celo, I see high

Hi c, I'm free at last

I'ma free man, free as the world be

And like an early bird, I'm special

But you ain't that special, as that investor

So to myself I say congratulations

I'm glad you had the patience, you better have the patience

Cause thisisme

"i love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me" --> krs-one

Common!

(repeat 3x)

Whassup scony rony I'm that boney homey
From stoney (common) you know me!
Off the gp niggaz see me on the tv

Talkin take it ez, and they was like "he ain't hardcore!"

But hardcore is far more than bats and gats

It stems back to the roots of being true

It's gonna get me me, you just get you you

What I look like, talkin about some shit I ain't do?

I ain't shoot nobody I ain't shank nobody

I ain't kill nobody, it wasn't us it was them!

The warriors, I'm a warrior and still don't have to show no gun

It takes one to know one, and no one can tell me

How to be, cause i'ma be me, aight?

Cause I'm a man, now check it

"i love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me" --> krs-one

Common!

(repeat 3x)

singing sometimes, sometimes, I get a good feeling!

When I'm chillin at the flat, lookin at the wall

Wondering can I come off of it, I'm off a bit

On the mic I be talkin shit

But some say my talk don't make no sense

I'm tryin to make the dollars, my momma told me

To go to school and be a scholar, but school ain't for me

So don't even go there, I'm comin out of nowhere, to go where

Probably in about seven years, I won't have no hair

But not only am I the hair club president, I'm also a client

I come off like a toupee, I still have to pay 2pc dark

A raider that never lost the ark/arc, on the shot

But now when I shoot rock, I be all out of breath

My boy adefo wanted to be a chef

But he went down south, and fell in love call me love

Cause love is gonna getcha i'ma getcha

I'm like b.j. my arm is strong and I stretch ya

Styles from east to west, all across the country

I'm like that big fat one niggaz catch when bumpin

I probably would get bumped more if I was a gangster

But I am a gangsta, call me the gangsta of love!!!

I love good music, I love my momma

I love myself, I love you, and you love me

And thisis -- I'm out

(krs sample plays in background)

Yo I wanna say peace to my moms, my grandmomma
Lil chandra, and john, yo rest in peace to my aunt stella
My sides moms, ron's moms, dawn's moms, corey's moms
Who are you? these people be themselves y'all, peace em out
Common! (4x)
(krs sample is cut and scratched to end)

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