

Orange Pineapple Juice

Common

Hand me a little bit of umm, orange pineapple juice
I'ma sip on it, check it out
I got a rhyme, you got a rhyme
But my rhyme is better than yours
(repeat 2x)
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
Choyoyoyoyoyyng, 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'ma fudrucker
Askin me to lettuce ketchup, 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 niggaz
Under
On the tundra, cause "they're plain, they're plain" (fantasy island)
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 feet you'll get defeated
Like kunta kinte, I'm kin to, align 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'ma 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 me true statues had to move they neck to this
Didn't you, didn't you... and it, and it, and it
And it don't stop, bust it
"gotta crew ya better tell em" --> keith murray

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