

Thelonius (Ft. Slum Village)

Common

Ha, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, play at your own risk

Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit

Ha, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk

Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit

It's the Thelonious, super microphonist

You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it

You know it, these Mini-Me's trying to clone us

I got a bonus for the bitch that run up on us

I got a bonus for your bitch that run up on us

It's the Thelonious, super microphonistUhh, no time to sleep cause if you sleep you don't eat

Gotta hold heat, just to make ends meet

Niggas living on the street while other niggas feast

Alright wit you it ain't alright wit me

Right, gotta make money all my life

Gotta stay fucking bitches many types

Yeah you know what I'm talking 'bout

Yup, stay turning these bitches out

Dick em down also dick em out

Throw something down whenever my dick's out

They know me so they restructure and reroute

They know me from Washington to down south

All the way to London to my nigga Common house

Right, it's like a game we never play out, out, out, outNigga no doubt, nigga get live or get knocked the fuck out

Word up, just be about what you about dog

Know what I'm saying, just play at your own risk

Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit

It's the Thelonious, super microphonist

You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it

You know it, cause you can feel it in your throat

Say itI'm 'bout to let my mind float

(Com, say it)

Get your third eye poked

Fuck game, I assemble dope,

Ness, a nigga that's fresh as the 'fess

Studied this rap shit, no need to mic test

You can feel it in your chest

Your B I, feel it in her breasts

Plus you, rhyme like a nigga wit his nipples pierced

We lick off lyrics in the streets and real niggas hear us
Dreaming when I wrote this, box me if I go too wild
Still doing this shit like dude in wild style
Inviting wack niggas to dinner
I "Trick Daddy" emcees and I don't know, "Nann Nigga"
Who can take it where I take it
You better going to God like Mase did
Leaving crowds complacent
I move em above clouds whether on some surf and turf shit
Or thug style you can feel it in your body
Yeah y'all you can feel it in your body Like if a 12 gauge shottie shell hit your body
You don't want no one to find your ass a hobby
Carbon copy, niggas trying to clone us
You know us, Thelonious, super microphone
You know this, rap shit we 'bout to own it dun, for real Hey, it's like a ritual
You been invited let the mortal body stimulate the place
With the grace, nevertheless, I stress
Let the music put a smile on your face
As for the ritual, when it comes to spiritual excellence
You know I always leave you with the taste
I know you like it hard to the core
That's what you ask for, you aching for the best
Hurting like a sore in that ass, like a ritual
Conversation with the most high makes me wanna cry
I wonder why, you wanna get to paradise
But that itty bitty part of you don't wanna die
So pay attention to my word, cause it's the truth
Meditation ease the mind, and brings the youth
It's like a verse you could never read out of a book
Dropping the line in your mind like a fish hook
Word is birth, yo I do it till the break of day
Pay attention to your art, never go astray
Word is bond Yo we do it and we don't quit
Sucker nigga you don't want it, it's Thelonious
Owning this rap shit, super microphonist, and we known to spit
I spit fire like Esther on Sanford and Son did
I'm raw dude, more juice than Sunkiss
You want this, so MJ kept saying the rhyme flawless
Shit fly like MJ in his prime, "Off The Wall" wit mines
I'm grabbing my balls when I rhyme, nine nines busting plus
Ball all the time, now stay on your mind like great sex
You ain't on my mind I'm thinking 'bout paychecks
Niggas large like an Adex Avirex jacket
Yo the gods they bust like latex sex packets
Emcees they don't rhyme and ball, they lyin' to y'all

They dyin' to ball, the rhyme we do all the time
We do all the fine bitches they fall in lines
Me and my mans is something like the Source Sports
We gettin money a long time and y'all short
My niggas bounce and full rise and y'all fall
You funny doo, cause really you think you can do me
When you roll a 500 that's really a 320
Should of let somebody else hook it
Numbers look crooked like King Kong shook it
I'm from where niggas bang gats when they celebrate
That's how they play, don't let it be a holiday
Thelonious niggas, if you testing us we get you laid back
Show you the definition of a pay back

Songwriters

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