

Soul By the Pound

Common

Gimme a pound, thank you man
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Gimme a pound, thank you man I'm as bad, bad as Leroy Brown, Brown
Yo, I'm a pro, pro but not a noun, noun
If you got beef, beef, then you'll get ground, ground
Cut up in soul, soul, by the pound, pound
I'm going downtown like Julie Brown, I'm the round mound
Not a rebound, but like a hound, I get down, down Never wore a leash but I get loose, producin', somethin'
Fresher than fruits got more soul than combat boots
Diggin' two scoops of raisins for the troops out of some blazers
So amazin' like Luther everyday Joe but not Bazooka
I used to be a hooper but now I troop to shoot a free flow
Me go with mi amigo to see the Man named Chico The legal alienaeno, I roll the instrumentals
Like Jack I be like Nimble never gentle to a bimbo
Not your sex symbol so save that soft stuff for the Care Bears
The way I freak funk, ooh, the Monkees sayin', "Hell yeah" Correction, "Hell yes"; old folks wanna cuss on how
I walk talk
And dress, they say, "My life's a mess" but I'm straight
Are you straight? If you straight, then I'm straight
Rock me tonight, just for old time's sake Back to our regularly scheduled program, program, I am so damn flam
I slam a slam, bam, I slam like Conan the Barbarian, if you talk loud
I'll play librarian, 'cause see I want it quiet in here, I Mark a Markyiana A bunch of funky uncle Thomases play
like Christopher Williams
'Cause I gotta keep my promises to stick to my roots and not dilute
'Cause G this ain't two colors, I'm tired of seein' these
Non rappin' dancin' motherfuckers Gimme a pound, thank you man
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Gimme a pound, thank you man For a record sale a nigga'll sell his soul to go gold
And reach a large scale, sellin' for the pale male
And I can't tell, why for a hoe you grow a tail
And stop drinkin' ale, the booty probably smell
Ain't no pussy worth a sale at least not for the kid to do a bid Shit you musta flipped you lid, you was wit you
slipped you slid
Got doodoo skids on my paper 'cause I got rhymes up the ass
If I pass gas, ducks fast or gets trimmed like a mustache

I must ask what's goin' on with rap, white kids actin' black
It's like McDonald's sellin' fatback, get back to your MacThat stuff is wack with all these dance tracks
I'm hearin rap from anthrax, my time the Caravan cracks
You're wack, that's the only thing that's black scooter
When we was on the streets, you was at home on your computer
I'ma shoot a diss well like a fist to all these wack groupsRhymes are wack as hell! And they sample wack loops
I'm wonderin' how the hell they get a deal I still can't see that far
I feel like Cypress Hill, I could just kill an A&R or whoever's in charge
It surely ain't Charles but you ain't G in hip-hop, 'cause it's oursGimme a pound, thank you man
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Gimme a pound, thank you manIt's sick you sick I'm sicker, I flick a flea flicker
Think of that I boa constrictor but the venom I inflict
Is stricter, I stick, I stick the stinkin' to a stunk
If soda was a forty dog, then I would be like drunk
If it was a fifth I would lift the fifth and a spliffIt's not a myth about our dick width, I'm swift and I shoot the
presents
In essence count your blessings, I got a Wesson if you riff
I'm a nigga with soul, my last name should be Smith-sonian
I'm gassin' girls heads, just like petroleum get 'em ready to bone me
And then I play custodian and turn off the lightsThis is the likes of a ticketing wallowing high jumping radio
Rumping brother got Seoul like Korea gimme an inch I'll take a liter
A chick is a chick that's how I treat her never go pop I'm not a two liter
A true leader, don't choose to follow, choose what I swallow
Whether water or a beer bottle, of course I play the lottoWear 'em, no, share 'em, a hoe, I like the girls
The girls I share a life with a bro, 'cause UAC is family
Much tighter than foundations that holds up the walls
So you better proceed with cautionGimme a pound, thank you man
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