

# Thelonius

Common

Ha, yeah, yeah  
Uhh, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk  
Act like you know, I'm on some grown  
Ha, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk  
Act like you know, I'm on some grown  
It's the thelonious, super microphonist  
You know us, this rap we 'bout to own it  
You know it, these minimes try to clone us  
I got a bonus for the that run up on us  
I got a bonus for your that run up on us  
It's the thelonious, super microphonist  
Uhh, no time to sleep 'cuz if you sleep you don't eat  
Gotta hold heat, just to make ends meet  
Livin' on the street while other feast  
Aight wit you it ain't aight wit me  
Right, gotta make money all my life  
Gotta stay, many types  
Yeah you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Yup, stay turnin' these out, down also, 'em out  
Throw somethin' down whenever my out  
They know me so they restructure and reroute  
They know me from Washington to down South  
All the way to London to my common house  
Right, it's like a game we never play out, out, out, out  
No doubt, get live or get knocked the out  
Word up, just be about what you about dogg  
Knowhatimsayin', just play at your own risk  
Act like you know I'm on some grown  
It's the thelonious, super microphonist  
You know us, this rap we 'bout to own it  
You know it, 'cuz you can feel it in your throat, say it  
I'm 'bout to let my mind float, say it  
Get your third eye poked, game, I assemble dope  
Ness, a that's fresh as the 'fess  
Studied this rap, no need to mic test  
You can feel it in your chest  
Your B I, feel it in her  
Plus you, rhyme like a wit his pierced  
We lick off lyrics in the streets and real hear us  
Dreamin' when I wrote this, box me if I go too wild  
Still doin' this like dude in wild style  
Invitin' Wack to dinner, I "Trick Daddy" Emcees and I don't know, "Nann"  
Who can take it where I take it, you better go into God like Mase did  
Leavin' crowds complacent  
I move 'em above clouds whether on some surface the earth  
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 a hobby  
Carbon copy, tryin' to clone us  
You know us, thelonious, super microphone  
You know this, rap we 'bout to own it dun, for real  
Ay, it's like a ritual  
You been invited let the motoebike 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 aimin' for the best  
Hurtin' like a in that 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, 'cuz 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  
Darken the line and 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  
Sucka, you don't want it, it's Thelonious  
Ownin' this rap, 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 sayin' the rhyme flawless  
Fly like MJ in his prime, "Off The Wall" wit mines  
I'm grabbin' my when I rhyme, nine nines bustin' plus  
Ball all the time, now stay on your mind like great sex  
You ain't on my mind I'm thinkin' 'bout paychecks  
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 they fall in lines  
Me and my mans is somethin' like the source sports  
We gettin' money a long time and y'all short  
My bounce and full rise and y'all fall  
You funny doo, 'cuz 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 Bang Gats when they celebrate  
That's how they play, don't let it be a holiday  
Thelonious, if you testin' us we get you laid back  
Show you the definition of a pay back