

# Soul by the Pound

Common

"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 OHHHH 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"

(4x)

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 Mac, that stuff is wack with all these dancetracks  
I'm hearin rap from Antrhax, 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 groups  
Rhymes 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 ours

"Gimme a pound, thank you man"

(4x)

It'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 spliff  
it's not a myth about our dick width, I'm swift and I shoot the presents  
In essence count your blessings I got a Wessun if you riff  
I'm a nigga with SOULLLLLLLLLL, 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 lights this 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 lotto  
Wear em? No, share em? A hoe  
I like the girls the girls I share a life with a bro  
cause U-A-C is family, much tighter than foundations  
that holds up the walls, so you better proceed with caution

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"Gimme a pound" (4x)