

Thisisme

Common

"I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me"

Check it out
Good Morning Viet-Com, I'm back
HUH! It's me again
Is it me you're looking for? (Yup)
For the perfect beat, sweetly oblique
I'm fresh, I come clean, but I can't whistle
Psss, I'm only bugging
While No dug in the crates, I dug in my nose
And picked a rhyme any rhyme I don't have any time
To waste, I'm hip... don't even trip
To an easy travel agent now we fly for free
I can be fly for free, you want some flyer to read
Then buy from me
I got the flame like you-I-see but I be, you-A-see
Some of the realest illest chillest cats you may see
In your life if you get one
Rappers are like jobs to me (why?) because they get done
Here it comes I'm as Able as Cain to get raw
That's why the DJ's mix me, I'm gonna bust dicks
This is not the bomb so save all your threats
I'm good to go and also I'm Rets
Rhymes I wrecks affects the roughnecks
Down to the preps in the Polos, the studs with fros
Hoes with weaves, the bald-headed to the dreaded
To folks with butters, high rollers in rollers
Players with plats studs with stockin caps I be rockin raps
Til I collapse
Niggas play my tape about as much as they do craps
I'm on point, I celo, I see high
Hi see, I'm free at last
I'ma free man, free as the world be
And like an early bird, I'm special
But you ain't that special, as that investor
So to myself I say congratulations
I'm glad you had the patience, you better have the patience
Cause this is me

Whats up Scony Rony I'm that boney homey
From Stoney (Common) you know me!
Off the GP niggas see me on the TV
Talking Take It EZ, and they was like "He ain't hardcore!"
But hardcore is far more than bats and gats
It stems back to the roots of being true
It's gonna get me Me, you just get you You
What I look like, talking about some shit I ain't do?
I ain't shoot nobody I ain't shank nobody
I ain't kill nobody, it wasn't us it was THEM!
The Warriors, I'm a warrior and still don't have to sho-gun
It takes one to know one, and no one can tell me
How to be, cause I'ma be me, aight?
Cause I'm a man, now check it

Sometimes, sometimes, I get a good feeling!
When I'm chilling at the flat, looking at the wall
Wondering can I come off of it, I'm off a bit

On the mic I be talking shit
But some say my talk don't make no Sense
I'm trying to make the Dollars, my momma told me
To go to school and be a scholar, but school ain't for me
So don't even go there, I'm coming out of nowhere, to go where
Probably in about seven years, I won't have no hair
But not only am I the Hair Club President, I'm also a client
I come off like a toupee, I still have to pay 2Pc Dark
A Raider that never Lost the Ark/arc, on the shot
But now when I shoot rock, I be all out of breath
My boy Adefo wanted to be a chef
But he went down South, and fell in love call me love
Cause love is gonna getcha I'ma getcha
I'm like B.J. my Arm is Strong and I Stretch ya
Styles from East to West, all across the country
I'm like that big fat woman cause cats want to bump me
I probably would get bumped more if I was a gangster
But I am a gangsta, call me the gangsta of love!
I love my music, I love my momma
I love myself, I love you, and you love me
And this is, I'm out

(KRS sample plays in background)

Yo I want to say peace to my moms, my grand momma
Lil Chandra, and John, yo rest in peace to my Aunt Stella
My sides moms, Ron's moms, Dawn's moms, Corey's moms
Who are you? These people be themselves y'all, peace em out