

Communism

Common

Yo Troy I'ma come on the rhythm
with a little bit of Communism
Yeah, hah
So check it out, yeah
Chick-a chick-a I'm
Chick-a chick-a on
Chick-a chick-a my
my, own shit
Like an entrepreneur, that stepped in maneur
man I'm newer than a Jack I went up the hill with Jill
And Jack chills big bootay
But then the booty up, I told the bitch she better have my mone
y
Or step to the AMG
You know Com Sense, oh yeah him be
That nigga that be making all the bid-by-by-bye sounds
But since then, Common calm down!
I'm on some calm shit watch Com get complicated
Simple motherfuckers say the way that Com communicated
was too complex, I got a complex not to complain
on my brain no complain and so will my community
And I prefer compliments
So I complement at an angle, of ninety degrees
It's the ninties, and music got known for grease
I got a sense of direction and a compass
Come past MC's with compassion, though I heard the screams of
But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort
Commiserate at the fort with Jeff I'm so ill
But I chilled in my compartment with no company and no meals
Now Com can get the panty, but I want my own company
And Com is on a mission not to work for commission
It's a common market and it's so much competition
but to me, competition is none
To my comp I'm a ton I get amped like Watts in a riot
my compact disc is a commodity, so buy it
Instead of competing with Pete
Com compromised, Com made a promise
Not to commercialize, but compound the soul
without the elements, compelling sense into Communism