

## **Common Sense F/ Bilal, Jill Scott**

### **"Blackula"**

Visit "[Blackula](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Tash] Yo, Ro'Gram where you at homey?

[J-Ro]

At nighttime I'm on the prowl, and I'm livin foul like  
Blackula

Got a microphone made out of chrome shaped like a  
spatula

cause I'm flippin rhymes at three times the speed of  
lightning

You dare to compare to the Golden Bear it's kind of  
frightening

You can meditate, til you levitate, but never rate  
higher than a seven/eight, yeah I had to set em straight

I know you feelin these, I ramsack yo' facilities

I'm ill at ease, with these MC's, who ain't got no abilities  
(get at me) I make MC's, run out like batteries

I roll the bleeze and then I blow like Cannonball Adderly

You try to get with Likwit but yo' brew ain't cold enough  
cold enough

You try to get with Likwit but yo' brew ain't cold enough  
cold enough

[Tash]

Ahhhh, y'all ain't even gotta clue what my clique gon'  
do

Fast money, fast cars, niggaz sleep until two

My Likwit niggaz roundezous, we cop Kung-Fus and  
split em

When "The Freaks Come Out at Night" CaTash be right  
wit em

Stone-faced, but only when I'm loaded wit funs

Big guns, I'll make you do the Nestea plunge

I only came to have some fun but I get caught up in the  
rapture

I don't even write lyrics no more, I manufacture

Cold shit, you know that Old Gold shit, that raw shit

That drunken Alkahol shit that make you say, "Ahhh  
Shit!"

Them motherfuckers is too slick for Michael

We be creepin up on you like police on bikes

It's the middle of the -- hype, night  
All the ladies looking -- right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it -- tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna -- fight, fight  
It's the middle of the -- hype, night  
All the ladies looking -- right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it..

[E-Swift]

Me and my niggaz out lookin for a party to crash  
Mashed out to Long Beach but we stop for some gas  
I pull in first, CaTash pulled in last  
J-Ro steady rollin blunts of the Moroccan hash

[Tash]

Since it's all about the cash, we ?? on that smash  
Hit up Four-Five and Carson, scoop Xzibit and Brad  
The sounds beatin so hard it's vibratin my glass  
Blast, plus we drivin way too fast

[E-Swift]

Slow down, you can't crash the whip  
Slow down and hit a dip  
Cause I paid a lot of money for this ?? kit  
We runnin late for a show, we got this money to get  
The nightlife'll have you caught up in all types of shit

[Tash]

Like what?  
Like this, like that, like that like this  
I drink St. Ide's, I don't be fuckin with Crist'  
Cause we the type of clique that need to drink  
somethin stronger  
When Tha Liks is in the house, the party last longer

[E-Swift]

I dedicate this song to, bitches and thugs  
who party down at the club and show Tha Liks love  
Even with creatine, injected in your spleen  
you couldn't compete with my all-star Likwit team

[Tash]

Cause Tha Liks reign supreme of all hip-hop scenes  
We heard about your bougie party, bumrushed it in  
jeans  
and still pulled the hoes most likely to succeed  
Where that nigga J-Ro? -- Most likely smokin weed

It's the middle of the -- hype, night  
All the ladies looking -- right, right

My Likwit niggaz keep it -- tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna -- fight, fight  
It's the middle of the -- hype, night  
All the ladies looking -- right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it -- tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna -- fight, fight

[J-Ro]

Yo, check it out (uh-huh)

Turn up the level more so I can hear the shit forever  
more

I came out of nowhere, like Predator

That's a metaphor, if you rap-impaired, you might say  
what happened there

While the b-boys clap and cheer, bring that beat back in  
here!

Nighttime is the right time to write rhymes

Why you wanna bite mine? I blow you away like White  
Lines

I think you better let it go, get yo' ass off my pedestal  
before you need attention, and it's gonna be medical

If rap was basketball I'd have the Earl the Pearl handles

I drink everything but Jack Daniels

Rap scandals, don't interest me, I don't get dressy

Tha Liks rock the shows but leave the whole crowd  
messy

It's the middle of the -- hype, night

All the ladies looking -- right, right

My Likwit niggaz keep it -- tight, tight

Rowdy niggaz wanna -- fight, fight

It's the middle of the -- hype, night

All the ladies looking -- right, right

My Likwit niggaz keep it -- tight, tight

Rowdy niggaz wanna -- fight, fight

Visit [Common Sense F/ Bilal, Jill Scott](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.