

Common Sense F/ D'Angelo

"Carbon Copy"

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[Chorus:] X 4

I can't stop

I really don't care about those other carbon copies

Don't stop Bobby, don't stop

[Verse 1]

Yo, I'm the microphone champi-on

Any stage you get me on or let me on

My ambi-once is one step beyond

Then my song is a correspond with the audi-once

Experi-once the Renaiss-once, my reson-once is really on

Wonder Twin powers activate

Put the tape on, I can take on any shape, form

Size or weight, shape of Activation Voltron

Imagine all the microphones in the world I spit it on

Imagine the next MC step to me gettin' shitted on

You can even ask the girl about the bed we did it on

I hit it from the back to Marvin Gaye's Let's Get it On

Don't get it wrong, give it a thong, she put it on, in uniform

Sippin Don Periogne, Shawn Don, fillet mignon

Long horns stick and move until the cameras come on

Until the cameras are gone from there on, dusk till dawn

Get your grind on, now put your panties back on

Thank you for your cooperation

Rahzel, on your Hot 97 station

[Chorus] X 2

(Baby crying)

[Woman]

Oh what's wrong Rahzel?

You're trying to sing?

Don't worry baby, when you grow up you're gonna be a star!

[Verse 2]

Yo, I'm one of the illest vocalists to ever turn the mic on

Let me download my sound, catalog the microns
(Computer noises) Turn your website on
WWW dot transmission d-d-d-d-d-dot sitcom
Got your girl buck naked on the cover, right on
3-d visually enhanced on your cd-rom
EP-rom, erasable, programmable and only
Memory accesible when you're pc's on
We can battle for your soul like Ki Yong Song
We can battle for your girl like Rae Dawn Chong
Yo you're mother's so fat she wears a three piece
thong
Made of polyester-cryllic, rip stop nylon
With a skully cap that stretches three feet long
98 degrees outside, with a sheepskin on
I play you and your mom like Donkey Kong
Check this out

(Videogame noises)

[Chorus] X 4

[Verse 3]

Yo we got the hottest, wildest fiber optic
Double O 7 James Bond, talkin in your watch shit
Watch this, Baywatch shit
Topless, there's no way you could stop this, spotless
Keep the flame up in the cockpit
(?) on some New Kids on the Block shit
My worse man is nothin' but profit
While you keep secrets and gossip
The Officer, the Gentleman
Chiseled out, President, call me Lou Gosset
This is for the players who pop shit
Frontin like you got shit
PHD, without the doctrate
If it wasn't for break beats, you'd be rhymin over my
shit
Often transformin on stage, the Super DJ
2000 beats per minute, with an arcade
Round 1 fight, Street Fighter 3, pro tours with an
upgrade
Call the paramedics to fed-ex some first aid
My cahlistenics been magnetic since first grade
We can battle in the doorway or the hallway
We can take the shit to the street, off and on Broadway
We can battle where you buy your cheap ass clothes in
front of
Comway
We can battle in the passenger seat of your
motherfuckin Hyundai

[Chorus] X 4

[Chorus2 with variations til fade:]

Doo doo doodoo doooo

Doo doo doodoo doooo

Keep it movin'

We're movin' on

It's time to get down

Rahzel, Roots crew, what, yeah

Uh huh, break it down what, Ice diggy

Hollis crew, Irv Gotti, what

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