

## **Common Sense F/ Mos Def**

### **"A Little Bit of Everything U.T.P"**

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[Skip]

Everytime I'm in the kitchen, you in the kitchen  
Let me finish this brick, 'fore you put that fish in  
Listen, I know we just came from fishin  
But I'm on a mission, you see, there's money that I'm missin  
I got 'em posted, so the move and I'm gonna murder y'all  
You and all the trouble goin through by servin y'all  
And only cause my man heard of y'all  
Other than that, shit, y'all won't get served at all

[Tony Yayo]

I went from oodles and noodles to lobster and shrimp  
I went from bare bubble coats, to brand new minks  
And yo my neck upgraded, my wrist's upgraded  
I stay C of F, I ain't got time for Jacob  
I'm still on the strip, tryin to get my grims off  
Nigga tryin to flip and its a Mexican stand off  
I put a hole in your grill, with the nine mil  
Dressed in all black, lookin for souls to steal

[Chorus] - 2X

Little bit of dust, little bit of cocaine  
Little bit of dro, little bit of heroine  
A little bit of ecstasy  
That's why your bitch want to be next to me  
We sell a little bit a everything

[Young Buck]

I put the two Mags, up to your doo rag  
And rockaby baby, I'm in the blue Jag with new tags, in case you wanna chase  
I never knew that, the impact, comin up out a Desert Eagle  
A make a nigga wob and wiggle screamin call my people  
We got these fiends pourin liters, and they shootin needles  
Need to be takin your connection, cause we got it cheaper

Shit I ain't new to this, I met this air stewardess  
Who knows the ins and outs on how to get it in and out,  
nigga

[Lloyd Banks]

Ya if I put a dress code all black, nine hows and a laser  
And the party is an ink pen, bottle, or a razor  
Your hollerin for praise ya, catch me in the hood with a  
model named Taysha  
And the swallow game major  
These cowards ain't gangsta, they tellin you lies by  
sellin you dreams  
And they ain't fill ins, they fiends  
Plus they rat, and it's too hot to chill in the sun  
My pops 39 years old, and still on the run

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Wodie what you want, you want dope, you want coke  
Wodie what you want, you want X, you want dro  
Shit you got beef, I got a tec and a fo'  
You feelin' hot and moist, I even get you a ho  
If you don't got no whip, I get you a car  
If you don't got no skills, I get your some more  
My nigga we don't cut it, we serve it raw  
Got anythin you want, play us awful hard

[50 Cent]

My 22's bling, so niggaz scheme  
745i clean, this little shell nigga, fuck a triple beam  
Coffee pot to cook coke, Joe to smoke, I was born to loc  
Method cut the coke, 50 no joke  
I ain't "Scarface", no women, no kids, I don't give a  
fuck  
Better teach that bitch, and that little nigga to duck  
With a P-90 Ruger, I put shots all through ya  
If you survive you gonna feel what talent do to ya

[Chorus]

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