

Common "Blows To The Temple"

Visit "[Blows To The Temple](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Check it

We can go, toe to toe with the blows to the temple

(Not)

Not the Temple of Doom, so make room

For the Unamerican Caravan

(Who you down with?)

The B-Boys, Immenslope, Twilit Tone, Derrick and then
some

I don't get rid of some faces

While marks be lookin' hard and they be beggin' bases

They have too many cases and now they got courage

Sorta like Goldilocks tryin' to take Pop's porridge

But I got the story straight

Plus the name, I got rep, don't dare sleep

Slept and got, crept

An AC, DC spider went up the wall we mount

Now came down the Common, the Common Sense

And now the spider out

(Boom)

A blackout, power failure

I ain't the Burger King, but I got a whale of blows

Uppercuts jabs hits and hey niggaz

'Cuz I'm weird, they call me Lemonhead, but I'm a
Jawbreaker

And I break a Bean, but I'm not from Boston

I'm stronger, and faster, than Steve Austin

Common'll keep the camera movin', I'm kinda fast

I'm from a town called, "Fresh off a niggaz ass"

And I'm about to go on like Stephanie Mills

You must be poppin' pills, tryin' to step to me

'Cuz to the left of me, we got the U A C

(Whattup)

And comin' up to the right of me, we got the U A C

(Come on)

And in back of me, yo we got the U A C

And in front of me is a dead man G

(Baw)

We hit 'em hard

Kick it, a duck tried to buck, but the vic got vicked
So I picked him, he's another victim of a circumstance
He did a dance like Ali
(Say what?)
But he floated like a water fly and stung like a C
Ya see, I ain't out here, tryin' to be a bully
Nor am I pretendin' to be a two-shoes goodie
(Word is bond)

That I got big balls homes
And if a player try to press me, I gotta break the zone
Here to stage a, ooh shit, up in the sky
You better watch out, I'm tellin' you why
Common Sense is breaking, marks down, ah, follow me
now
Yo, Common Sense is breaking, marks down
Uhh, check it, check it, check it
I huff and I puff and I blow
(What?)

The motherfuckin' house down, I guess you didn't know
Home skillet, where ya been?
Are you the boy in the plastic bubble?
Ooh, you in trouble
A tisket, a tasket, you're gonna get your ass kicked
You better know what's in my jacket, fuck the basket
Oh, goddamn child, I mean it's drastic
You end up on a stretched 'cuz I stretch you like
Plastikman

Fuck with me
(You end up the in the casket)
You flow ass pussy nigga, sucker duck bastard
(Yo Common, calm down, you got's to calm down)
This Grape tried to step to me with his arms down
Lesson number one, when you're ready to throw
Never step up talkin', that's like tryin' to pitch, but
you're balkin'
And I'ma steal first, hide the base, but you base

You can call me Pencil Petey 'cuz the marks I erase
In case of emergency, it's urgent see, that you see a
doctor
You tried to Gamble, but I'm the Proctor
I knock that ass bringin' it down and then slash
Tried to play me with a skit, but now you got a gash
You character, for ya inherit a, neck brace
Makin' ya thousand deaths times worsen than a
Screwface
But they call me Screwneck and I do wreck shit

So next time he push up in the jam, boy, you better exit

Late Show in the house
U A C in the house
7-D in the house
R T A in the house
True B-Boys in the house
Dem Dere Dyslexics in the house
And we gonna fuckin' blow the house down
Check it, hit 'em with a

Blood clot boy, you get bucked tryin' to fuck with the
Mario, Super Super Brothers like Mario
Here the Common, sucker clucks
(What we do?)
Mission upon the loves, gettin' kisses and hugs
But then we runnin' to a scrub that tried to bug
He's out to get some what they call em stunts because
we bunt
(What?)

But I don't bug, I just slide her and hit her
Some be rumpy chump with the chat, chat chitter
Yo, we did her but I betcha know I'm better on it
Now you got a 100 percent beef, it's just a beatdown
(Uh, uh, ahh)
Too late to try to be down
Brother your best bet, is to cover your eyes, like Dee
Brown
('Cuz it's a bum, bum, bum, bum-rush)

And if I ask who popped shit, the Caravan gotta bus,
sing it
(On that defense)
But our bumrush is well done, not medium rare
It's rare to see an enemy within play
True indeed a lot of shit, is over he say, she say
Me say, warriors come out and play
And I'ma tear shit up and leave it like the day after
And after we go around and you hit the ground
Then you know I'm down with the "Blows to the temple"

Visit [Common](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.