

Common "Can-I-Bust?"

Visit "[Can-I-Bust?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Ynot

[Common]

I'm not tall, but can I bust?

Like the double dutch, going down the street

I rap to myself when there ain't no one to rap to

And to me, yo, my shit be sounding sweet

It's like doo rock, doo rock, oop

I chew with my group, chicken and we couped in a hoop

Deee! Somebody's breath is smelling poo

Geee! Tone, is that you? (I don't think so)

I'm one time, two times, three times a lady

Bay-beh, bay-beh, bay-bee

Ha! I make it happen, ladi de, ladi da

When I was a boy I said "Oh" but now I'm a man saying

"Ah"

Cha cha cha, who knows where the mouth goes

Yeah nigga, I'm fly, so keep your fucking mouth closed

Ralph goes "Rasheed" and I be saying "Boo!"

Bitches welcome back Common with the "Oooh oooh

oooh"

And this is how I wreck it, doo doo doo doo doo doo

doo

This is how I wreck it, do doo doo do doo

Now one two check ir, I'm as Def as a Leopard

It could be, it should be, it is? Holy cow!

I'm grass hopping like the ?common Billy section?

Not the Godfather, but I lounge like a stepper

Grandma, breaks it, 8, we wait

(Ch ch chaa) I got scratch like a DJ

I used to want to be like, I used to want to be like

Mike, but the man in the mirror don't know if he's black

or white

And that makes me mad

(Backwards scratching) Who's bad?

[Ynot]

Now can I bust in this era, I'm a plus like addition

And listen, I'm dishing out shit like a chef

The love is the Late Show, showing you the ladies

You late on the show? Oh we the greatest show? You

right

To might right, raise, to my left, boom bap
In the back, Blazay Blah, so get the fuck out my face
Oh what a disgrace, you can't disgrace
Boys I'll erase you boys to mincemeat
Human means T, O's, N's, why's this is just a tease
before my album
No bum is out, I'm out to parlay you Fritos
One chip off the block, so bust it down, bust the sound
Exciting as a big zap
I frighten those biting when Lord jabber tighten when
tighten taken to loose
Ynot's no loser but I lost your real mind
I find you, finder's keeper's so you mind too
Your mind can't match mine when I do mine
Call mine, my mouth is a fucking gold mine
More chaws like monster jaws, I get ate like the balls
I got to rhyme, too, I climb you like a stepson
No weapon, but I got a rep, son, for taking fakes to the
towel
Snakes in my file
Shit, I'll sit down all stand-up comic rappers
Who diss that who go on about fashion
Fasten your seatbelts til he melts to ice
T.O.N.Y.'s backwards, nevertheless
I attack nerds, fuck what you heard
Hey, gone when I finish, women and niggas say
"Damn, Tone"
That's busted

Bust it out, chant chant
Common Sense you know is running things

Let's show you we know you run it down
You ain't seeing us though we running things
Yeah, you know they running things

[Ynot]
Usually I'm the second voice, this time I'm the first
choice
In the rhyme, I'm no prancer, so what?
Momma mock me, here's your time to jock, G, don't
jack me
Don't pack no axe like a savege
I ran track stars back to their crib, create craters
In there, I'm holding one for fun
One tht plays golf, can't raise play tennis
One plays croquet, and Blazay plays the cut
Still make the women say "Hey"
Yodle lay hey hee hoo, in my way dead
Yo I lay she hoo, in my bed
Ask Common, I did your momma, nah I took it easy

Of hard hail, on a scale from 1 to 10
I'm rich, I own Ebony and Essence
And Essence say I'm strong cause with the pen I've
been a Bad Boy
A sad boy, I call your girl 13 cause she's good
Should I say more? I see more, I see more
Sea shore to sea shore, I sell my yaght and play Yatzee
Ynot's the posse, dressing tight, yo I'm friendly
Who's the master, the weak-minded say I rock too
strong
The short-winded say I rhyme to long
So niggas told me, "Please let me go to the peasant"
No, let me stop, chow, baby

[Common]

Baby, baby, baby!
Kids call me coffee because I *jugga jugga jugga*
drop!
And you don't stop, don't put on the red light
While I rock player, niggas I coach more than John
Thompson
I'm in your town, George, I got it made like Florance
I'm getting bigger than the lips on Martain Lawrence
Mmuah, mmuah It's like, it's like this
A Sermon like Erick, did a B.A.P. just like Tists
Wham! I knocked you over, but can I get a witness?
I shoot the gift rapping, and wish you a Merry
Christmas
With he quickness is how I rip this, can you dig it?
Well if not, then dig this, this is the way that I flow
The pimp of hip-hop, I make you say "Ho!"
Don't hear me knocking, like I said, like I said
And this is the story about a man named Jed
Got some lead for those hefiers, yo I rip it out
My weapon, double decker, I come from 187
And I do work undercover like a cop
Stop in the name of Com before I break your arm
Plus I'm down with the U-Ack and Bushman
Peace to the Beatnuts, peace to the Pharcyde
Yeah, you know what time it is
Yeah, that's how it is

(The silliness continues til the end)

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