

## Common "Chapter 13 (Rich Man Vs. Poor Man)"

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Let's talk about money  
Ynot get the money  
Common Sense want the money  
Let's talk about money  
[Common]  
I... be... the one they call Petey  
I'm Poe, as Edgar Allen  
But I'm a poet when I'm freestylin  
[Ynot]  
Egad it is I, master Ynot Never The Less  
Fresh like air, well dressed, yes the LS's here  
I appear on piers with my peers  
The Imperial like margerin, I'm butter  
Yes, fly like my Lear, I jet  
[Common]  
Lookin' at my fake Gucci, it's about that time  
It's time for some perculator  
I circulate around the block black  
So give me a six-pack and a half of Harold's Chicken  
A good combination  
When I get bubbly, I do it in moderation  
One brew, one brew, I said one brew at a time  
[Ynot]  
Well I'm a two timer of women that are three times a  
lady  
May Sadie say Sade and may Ms. Goldberg say  
"Yo Whoopie, there it is."  
Call me E cause I equal MC squared  
In the Biz, Marks know I got the Kie, to get the girl's  
noses  
open like "The Vapors", more pub than the papers  
More papers than the press, oh yes I gets paid  
[Common]  
Yes, check it  
I didn't grow grow up up po' po'  
but once you get grown, and out on your own  
Bills upon bills upon bills is what you have  
Before you get your check then you already spend half  
See I make money, money doesn't make me  
I'm a reflection of my section and my section 8  
[Ynot]  
Enough

I own 8 sections of the world, where I'm sexin' 8 girls  
to have them comin' in (ohhh yes) 8 seconds  
I told Victoria her Secret you suck, like Sucrets  
I Ultrawhite my secretery, I went to Tibet  
to bet on my horse you bet your life  
Mine was better and now your deader  
than a (door knob) eeea wrong  
[Ynot]So what's your name?  
[Common]I'm the Com, the bro Com Sense  
And when I don't got scratch, I do feel tense  
And if you givin your papers to a broad youse a dummy  
[Ynot]Cause without no money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched 3X)  
[Ynot]  
Rhymes I exchange like stock, I'm live like stock  
I rock like Prudential, making ha ha from O  
That's mucho dinero, like Robert Deniro,  
I rob-berts Deniro, a hero like the sandwich  
A Man-wich has mills like Stephanie Mills, dills like  
pickles,  
I'm fancy man I tickles LIKE the French  
Not Johnny but like a Bench I Press-On like Lee  
I Stan like Lee, while you Stagger like Lee  
Most likely I'll gagger that bullish I pull ish like a  
magnet  
or dragnet, I don't drag I gets net income  
Yo bums I rush like adrenaline  
I'm royal when I flush, your highest hush'll get mushed  
like a sleigh dog; I slay dogs who are under me  
I'm over man, call me Doberman, cause I'm a Pinscher  
of pennies  
that's pretty, leave your city green from all the money I  
spent  
(What you do?) I stay fresh like a mint from mint  
I meant my mint, know what I mean? I'm nice  
Real friendly like an Officer, Friendly and a gentleman  
Friendly like Neighbors, not Jim  
but like Gomer I got Pyle's of loot  
Attention salute - I kill loot but won't dilute  
Even if I threw garbage on the ground I couldn't pollute  
Man, I'm too rich for that, biiitch!  
Ynot got the money  
[Common]So what's your name?  
[Ynot]I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh-huh)  
I got essentials and credentials and honies at my feet  
(come on)  
And when I walk the street, I'm never lookin bummy  
[Common]Cause without the money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched 5X)  
[Common]  
Ynot.. let me tell ya a story

Okay it was a black man a white man and a Chinese man  
The black man of course he was po' (yeah)  
The white man... he was rich (uh-huh)  
And the Chinese man, he owned a sto' (aight c'mon)  
Okay the black man lived on Beat Street  
The white man lived on Wall Street  
and at the Chinese man's store is where they all meet  
Not really on the good foot  
cause the white man kept steppin on the black man's toes (damn!)  
And in his shoes there were holes  
But the white man didn't care;  
shit, he didn't have to wear it (uh uh)  
The scratch that he had, he got from his parents;  
with his tight ass, he woulda been poor white trash, but anyway  
everyday the black man would ask him to spare change  
but at him, the white man would stare strange  
So the black man got fed up  
cause wasn't nobody feedin him and feedin him  
And took red by his neck and started beatin him and beatin him  
The Chinese man got 'noid and broke out like a peon  
And now the black man own the store  
and the name of it is Leon's (what's that?)  
Barbeque that is..  
Rib tips, hotsauce, mild sauce, fries, and chicken  
[Common]So what's your name?  
[Ynot]I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh-huh)  
I got essentials and credentials and honies at my feet  
(come on)  
And when I walk the street, I'm never lookin bummy  
[Common]Cause without the money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny"  
[Ynot]Now what's your name?  
[Common]Well I'm the Com, the bro Com Sense  
And when I don't got scratch, I do feel tense  
And if you givin your papers to a broad youse a dummy  
[Ynot]Cause without no money  
"Ain't a damn thing funny" (scratched to end)  
[Ynot]  
Two thousand and thirteen shot  
Common Sense and YNot  
UAK and Darian combined  
We rock while you rot.. no stress..

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