

Common "Communism"

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Intro:

Yo troy i'ma come on the rhythm

With a little bit of communism

Yeah, hah

So check it out, yeah

Chick-a chick-a i'm

Chick-a chick-a on

Chick-a chick-a my

My, own shit

Like an entrepreneur, that stepped in maneur

Man I'm newer than a jack I went up the hill with jill

And jack chills big bootay

But then the booty up, I told the bitch she better have
my money

Or step to the amg

You know com sense, oh yeah him be

That nigga that be making all the bid-by-by-sounds

But since then, common calm down!

I'm on some calm shit watch com get complicated

Simple motherfuckers say the way that com
communicated

Was too complex, I got a complex not to complain

On my brain no complain and so will my community

And I prefer compliments

So I complement at an angle, of ninety degrees

It's the ninties, and music got known for grease

I got a sense of direction and a compass

Come past mc's with compassion, though I heard the
screams of

But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort

Commiserate at the fort with jeff I'm so ill

But I chilled in my compartment with no company and
no meals

Now com can get the panty, but I want my own
company

And com is on a mission not to work for commission

It's a common market and it's so much competition

But to me, competition is none

To my comp I'm a ton I get amped like watts in a riot

My compact disc is a commodity, so buy it

Instead of competing with pete

Com compromised, com made a promise

Not to commercialize, but compound the soul
Without the elements, compelling sense into
communism

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