

Common "Dooinit"

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Keep on, chcka chcka chcka
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Keep

Mo'fucker move back, I pursue rap at the pace of a New
Jack
Miscellaneous numbers and shoes stack grooves
Rap I deliver for the hungry and underprivileged
Something different from these hollow and grunting
niggas

This is business strictly, step to my business is risky
'Specially when you as bitch as Missy
Back to back LP's that sound the same, I surround the
game
With a four pounded brainstorm

To make niggas dance in the rain, scared to take a
chance in the game
Used to break dance, it's a shame
What money do to a nigga brain
If he lose his soul what did a nigga gain?

Dooinit, dooinit, I am dooinit
Dooinit, I am dooinit
C O double M O to the N
Dooinit, dooinit, I am dooinit
C O double M O to the N

My train of thought is that of a hustler or a nigga with
his shirt off
Trying to get his work off to customers
I rap with a chip on my shoulder, squeezing Coronas
See shirts that say, "We gotta get over"

That juggy shit is over, the war is on

I only want to be a soldier, I'm holding on to a culture
Focused like Gordon Parks when it's sorta dark
For niggas that's flooded with ice, my thought's the ark

Performing warming arts with some shit for the heart
Don't fuck with radio, ignoring the charts
I could give a fuck what you made in a year, nigga, you
wack
A soft nigga on a hard track in this new rap

Generation I X cats like a Muslim
He fell off 'cause I pushed him
Let his Bentley and his weak crew be his cushion
I catch him on the streets in front of the bodyguards
and rush him

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You wasn't saying you was a thug before Pac came
Ten years ago you had a high top trying to be like Kane
Then Snoop released and it became a G thang
Claim sets, your city ain't got gangs

Niggas they hate you, they ain't paying you no
attention
In a circle of fagots, your name is mentioned
With six degrees, I separate MC's
From a business man that's good

From a nigga that was raised or just lived in the hood
From what a nigga says to what's understood
Keep my shit tight like them boys in the wood
Dick is always hard like the boyz in the hood

Peace to Dug Inf, no I, Sean Lett, the whole Chi
At the crib some cats give me the cold eye
I'm a bitch slap the next one
Let him know the world is my section for taking
You got to reduce aggression

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I am the C O double M O

I am the C O double M O
Dooinit, I am dooinit
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