

Common "Gettin' Down At The Amphitheater"

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Ga, ga, gangbusters!

Hey, give it boogie like the BX sex regular booger
bitches

Get the backseat G bumps'll make you buy tapes
Ex cape the fire tonight switch like Jekyll and Hyde
And shit wreckin' we live and shit

This swamp water style'll keep 'em dirty and wet
I bet mills on the rhyme skills we walk away set
Rich like topsoil connect coin with currency
Places that I couldn't pronounce and then bounce

Illegal ain't illegal if it's less than an ounce
Keep it come in T. La Rock amounts
See, 'It's Yours'
Study scrolls that includes the clause

Get your dirty paws out my bowl, your hustle's too old
to deal
With the shuffle, you exhaust me like a muffle
Get zapped and zipped in the duffle
Came to the set splashed, no Roley on the wrist

To hell with a guest list, we all up in this!
A two dollar somethin' got your eyes on him
But yo she pinchin' my ass so we go, limb for limb
Lights studio dim, it's exact tonight
So we can drop the rap delight, on one!

Just dance, you know, you gots the feelin'
Just dance, ah come on and get down
And just dance, you know, you gots the feelin'
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Just dance, ah come on and get down
Just get on down

Underground under pressure, my style is the child

Of a lesser, God, I Master like Farad
The sign of in between the El Rook'n, and El DeBarge
Metaphorically massage, verbal Hajj

I take over breaks and chop loops
Glorifyin', one-eighty hat cats can rock in my troops
Wisdom like a tooth, mock new shits I knock loose
Datin' game Thursday's I spot juice, plug like Pos'nus

Before you get a style, let's get a style
My style has the crowd back and forth
You were soft as the tracks you rappin' off, I pop shit
You tried to laugh it off, actin' like you had to cough

And didn't hear it, my spirit sustains in the same
pattern
Emcee, familiar sample period, spottin' where you
sampled
Your rhyme scheme from, I ain't clearin' it
I drop science and experiment, contractually

Came to terms of endearment with my label
Want to pick out a day to smack wack niggaz, I contact
niggaz
Like P.O.'s, you spit background lyrics, I rip Lee flows
Wipin' your nose like you need blows

Claimin' it's a allergy, I react allergic to cats
Or is it how they word it?
If you had weight it must have been some pussy you
served with
Thoughts for a minute, I rode rhythms and words
tenant
Many lip profess, I'm verb sentences

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It's like rip y'all, add it on to lip
Wonder why's upon this just to flex my strength
I was the one who killed wackness so I had to do a bid
Of twelve years on the mic, before parole with Tommy
'Kid'

Infinite landscaper, green paper maker
Leap far from home with chrome rims and trims
Man these people still takin' rappin' for a joke

The pimp, I rock it one-double-oh percent
Some of you MC's should be called CM's, Carbon
Monoxide
On the mic exposin' your polluted blood type
Y'all niggaz need a visit from the Brain Fairy

Walk around dead, like your physical's buried
Wrote the rhymes durin' a earthquake 'cause your
style's
Ahaky as shit! Just need to come clean and admit
That yo' quick draw fails the test and mine was flawless

My DJ gave the scratch, yours was clawless
Your crew couldn't even measure to mine
That's why yo' bitches is busted and mines is fine
Performin' with an upper design, so back on off the
plank
We bringin' this big and bad like Hank

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