

Common

"No Sell Out"

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With my guy in the box chevy
He got a job, used to move rock steady
Windows shaking when the bass drop heavy
Nigga driving like he the black Tom Petty
All fast, extra tender on the glass
Way past the limit when we was pass (?)
(Woop-woop) We heard sirens
Swear I never liked police better than the firemen
Here they come harassing us (?)
Maybe cause the car looking like a tepee
Easy easy easy, they approached us
Hand by their holsters, close to their toasters
Us against them man, that's the culture
Try to look sober before they get close to
The window, hoping that the wind blow
The smell away, (?), don't need a fel-uh-nay
Asking my guy for his license
Damn fam, you ain't got a license?
At least for the weed he got a license
They shining the light right through my iris
Got us out the car, put us on the curb
Going through the car looking for the herb
Must've found something because he acting all awry
Found a pound stashed in the laundry
Then they started asking whose was it
Split us up so they can ask more questions
Am I the buyer? Am I the supplier?
Am I rich? Do I have many buyers?
Once they realized that they couldn't move an inch us
That's when they divide and try to Willie Lynch us
Said that my guy said it was my shit
Oh I'mma fall for that (?) shit?
C'mon man I'm from a Chi environment
Exercise my right to stay silent
Smoking Bob Marley but I ain't gonna well out
Or sing to the cops man, no sell out

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