Common "Nuthin' To Do"

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Check it on the one, you Com is gonna come Check it on the one, you Com is gonna come Check it on the one, you Com is gonna come And check it out, ha

My raps do laps around tracks to the days
The idiot vibin', I'm the comma, comma, Chameleon
I use to pop the willy on my blue and gray sting ray
It had maxed, I was with bitches that had coochie

Bassum wasn't rollin' Starters, looking harder than niggas

Hoes wore clothes that exposed their figures Ain't 7 steps in the jam, next the police come Heist there would be one, numbers I would get at least one

We come to the get together with whatever You wouldn't know how deep it was, we all did shit together

Eat up all your vittles, drink your brew and then step to The next cue, let's do it again, y'all

That was when mad was tall and phat was cold The days of Old Chicago and Fun Town and shorties we run 'round

Play strike outs till sun down but the shit ain't as fun now

And the city is all run down, we troop down to Jew Town

Talking cat down on some gear, have enough for a Polish in com fair

I stare, at what use to be Bubbles and think about Who use to cop our liquor (Who?)

Our neighborhood father figure

I'm out with my crew, ain't nuthin' to do but ah Niggas be rollin'
Ol' dirty bastard from protect ya neck
Ain't nowhere to go, so I hook up with a hoe while I Niggas be rollin'

Gotta make a stop take a leak and get some chops
'cause um
Niggas be rollin'
We gonna hit the streets for some brew and some eats
'cause um
Niggas be rollin'

I got more rhymes then the Manor got folks had style Since I went to McDowell, wearin' boats And penny loafers know I had the nickel in mines We use to hoop in my yard but now I dribble the rhyme

It's like rain drops, couldn't make our game stop Skeeter will hit from the same spot Torla tore my shit down, get down, put your body in motion Only the strong survive but on the 6 or the 5

Live as hot as sex use to be at the Racket Wrong club with music by Andre Hatchet Or either Beat Box Ferris at them country club parties Would be hot as hell and house stud would get, ?Find a body!?

Sawyers, I would go there, hip hop clubs were so rare I like the music anyways and it was always hoes there Was said to have the best chicks but mostly High Park and V hoes

Is who I mess with, the best shit was troopin' to the loop

With your positions held class crooked ass but still go the division

(I remember that)

Over Yamela's crib while his old girl was at work Bust a smoothie on the spread but sill have some on your shirt

I'm out with my crew, ain't nuthin' to do but ah Niggas be rollin' Ol' dirty bastard from protect ya neck Ain't nowhere to go, so I hook up with a hoe while I Niggas be rollin'

Gotta make a stop take a leak and get some chops 'cause um Niggas be rollin' We gonna hit the streets for some brew and some eats 'cause um Niggas be rollin'

I tuned into BMX and taped Farly on the tone master
I took the 6 instead of the 28 to get home faster
Then HBK was the only station that would fuck with rap
You was on the shore by yourself castin' stay up your
act

What you could make of it, you was a gump they was takin' shit

Either fight or break for it, we go to the lake and get full My drink there was Boons and Red Bull I remember swimming in Avenlon and being in a pool

I thought I was cool with my ?Members only? And a bold fade wall to wall greens to get The sport gray and palmade And soft breasts As we got older we would star crush and bang fags

Go to Marshals and change tags, I snagged nuff niggas

And games are off the wall, in softball, Piggy one I would call

When I first got my three way callin', I caught Marsh tryin' to lie

Home of the original gangbangers and ain't nobody shot

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