

## Common "Soul By The Pound"

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I'm as bad, bad as Leroy Brown, Brown  
Yo, I'm a pro, pro but not a noun, noun  
If you got beef, beef, then you'll get ground, ground  
Cut up in soul, soul, by the pound, pound  
I'm going downtown like Julie Brown, I'm the round  
mound  
Not a rebound, but like a hound, I get down, down

Never wore a leash but I get loose, producin',  
somethin'  
Fresher than fruits got more soul than combat boots  
Diggin' two scoops of raisins for the troops out of some  
blazers  
So amazin' like Luther everyday Joe but not Bazooka  
I used to be a hooper but now I troop to shoot a free  
flow  
Me go with mi amigo to see the Man named Chico

The legal alienaeno, I roll the instrumentals  
Like Jack I be like Nimble never gentle to a bimbo  
Not your sex symbol so save that soft stuff for the Care  
Bears  
The way I freak funk, ooh, the Monkees sayin', "Hell  
yeah"

Correction, "Hell yes"; old folks wanna cuss on how I  
walk talk  
And dress, they say, "My life's a mess" but I'm straight  
Are you straight? If you straight, then I'm straight  
Rock me tonight, just for old time's sake

Back to our regularly scheduled program, program, I  
am so damn flam  
I slam a slam, bam, I slam like Conan the Barbarian, if  
you talk loud

I'll play librarian, 'cause see I want it quiet in here, I  
Mark a Markyiana

A bunch of funky uncle Thomases play like Christopher  
Williams

'Cause I gotta keep my promises to stick to my roots  
and not dilute

'Cause G this ain't two colors, I'm tired of seein' these  
Non rappin' dancin' motherfuckers

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For a record sale a nigga'll sell his soul to go gold  
And reach a large scale, sellin' for the pale male  
And I can't tell, why for a hoe you grow a tail  
And stop drinkin' ale, the booty probably smell  
Ain't no pussy worth a sale at least not for the kid to do  
a bid

Shit you musta flipped you lid, you was wit you slipped  
you slid  
Got doodoo skids on my paper 'cause I got rhymes up  
the ass  
If I pass gas, ducks fast or gets trimmed like a  
mustache  
I must ask what's goin' on with rap, white kids actin'  
black  
It's like McDonald's sellin' fatback, get back to your Mac

That stuff is wack with all these dance tracks  
I'm hearin rap from anthrax, my time the Caravan  
cracks  
You're wack, that's the only thing that's black scooter  
When we was on the streets, you was at home on your  
computer  
I'ma shoot a diss well like a fist to all these wack  
groups

Rhymes are wack as hell! And they sample wack loops  
I'm wonderin' how the hell they get a deal I still can't  
see that far  
I feel like Cypress Hill, I could just kill an A&R or  
whoever's in charge  
It surely ain't Charles but you ain't G in hip-hop, 'cause  
it's ours

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It's sick you sick I'm sicker, I flick a flea flicker  
Think of that I boa constrictor but the venom I inflict  
Is stricter, I stick, I stick the stinkin' to a stunk  
If soda was a forty dog, then I would be like drunk  
If it was a fifth I would lift the fifth and a spliff

It's not a myth about our dick width, I'm swift and I  
shoot the presents  
In essence count your blessings, I got a Wesson if you  
riff  
I'm a nigga with soul, my last name should be Smith-  
sonian  
I'm gassin' girls heads, just like petroleum get 'em  
ready to bone me  
And then I play custodian and turn off the lights

This is the likes of a ticketing wallowing high jumping  
radio  
Rumping brother got Seoul like Korea gimme an inch I'll  
take a liter  
A chick is a chick that's how I treat her never go pop I'm  
not a two liter  
A true leader, don't choose to follow, choose what I  
swallow  
Whether water or a beer bottle, of course I play the  
lotto

Wear 'em, no, share 'em, a hoe, I like the girls  
The girls I share a life with a bro, 'cause UAC is family  
Much tighter than foundations that holds up the walls  
So you better proceed with caution

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