

## Common Rotation

### "Blows To The Temple"

Visit "[Blows To The Temple](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Check it

We can go toe to toe with the blows to the temple (NOT)  
Not the Temple of Doom so make room  
For the Unamerican Caravan (who you down with?)  
The B Boys Immenslope Twilite Tone Derrick and then  
some  
I don't get rid of some faces  
While marks be lookin hard and they be beggin bases  
They have too many cases and now they got courage  
Sorta like Goldilocks tryin to take Pop's porridge  
But I got, the story straight  
Plus the name, I got rep, don't dare sleep  
Slept and got, crept  
An AC/DC spider went up the wall we mount  
Now came down the Common the Common Sense, and  
now the spider out  
(BOOM) A blackout, power failure  
I ain't the Burger King, but I got a whale of blows  
Uppercuts jabs hits and hey niggaz  
Cause I'm weird they call me Lemonhead, but I'm a  
Jawbreaker  
And I break a Bean, but I'm not from Boston  
I'm stronger, and faster, than Steve Austin  
Common'll keep the camera movin -- I'm kinda fast!  
I'm from a town called FRESH OFF A NIGGAZ ASS  
And I'm about to go on like Stephanie Mills  
YOU MUST be poppin pills, tryin to step to me  
Cause to the left of me, WE got the U-A-C (whattup)  
And comin up to the right of me, WE got the U-A-C  
(come on)  
And in back of me, yo WE got the U-A-C  
And in front of me (BAW!) is a dead man G!  
We hit em hard!

..

Kick it

A duck tried to buck, but the vic got vicked  
So I picked him, he's another victim of a circumstance  
He did a dance like Ali (SAY WHAT?)  
But he floated like a waterfly and stung like a C

Ya see, I ain't out here, tryin to be a bully  
Nor am I pretendin to be a two-shoes goodie  
(WORD IS BOND) that I got big balls homes  
And if a player try to press me, I gotta break the zone  
Here to stage a, OOH SHIT, up in the sky  
You better watch out, I'm tellin you why  
Common Sense is breaking, marks down, ah-follow-  
me-now  
Yo Common Sense is breaking, marks down  
Uhh, check it, check it, check it  
I huff and I puff and I blow (WHAT?)  
The motherfuckin house down, I guess you didn't  
know!  
Homeskillet, WHERE YA BEEN? Are you the boy in the  
plastic bubble?  
Ooh you in trouble!  
A tisket a tasket, you're gonna get your ass kicked  
You better know what's in my jacket, fuck the basket  
Oh, God damn CHILD, I mean it's drastic  
You end up on a stretched cause I stretch you like  
Plastikman  
Fuck with me ("you end up the in the cas-ket")  
You flow ass pussy nigga, sucker duck bastard  
(Yo Common calm down, you gots to calm down!)  
This Grape tried to step to me, with his arms down  
Lesson number one - when you're ready to throw  
Never step up talkin - that's like tryin to pitch, but you're  
balkin  
And I'ma steal first, hide the base, but you base  
You can call me Pencil Petey cause the marks I ERASE  
In case of emergency, it's urgent see, that you see a  
doctor  
You tried to Gamble, but I'm the Proctor  
I knock that ass, bringin it down and then slash  
Tried to play me with a skit, but now you got a gash  
You character, for ya inherit a, neck brace  
Makin ya thousand deaths times worsen than a  
Screwface  
But they call me Screwneck and I do wreck shit  
So next time he push up in the jam, BOY YOU BETTER  
EXIT

Late Show in the house  
U-A-C in the house  
7-D in the house  
R-T-A in the house  
True B-Boys in the house  
Dem Dere Dyslexics in the house  
And we gonna fuckin blow the house down  
Check it, hit em with a

Blood clot boy, you get bucked, tryin to fuck with the  
Mario, Super Super Brothers like Mario  
Here the Common, sucker clucks (what we do?)  
Mission upon the loves, gettin kisses, and hugs  
But then we runnin to a scrub that tried to bug  
He's out to get some what they call em stunts because  
we bunt  
(WHAT?) But I don't bug, I just slide her, and hit her  
Some be rumpy chump, with the chat chat chitter  
Yo we did her but I betcha know I'm better on it  
Now you got a 100 percent beef, it's just a beatdown  
(UH UH AHH!) Too late to try to be down  
Brother your best bet, is to cover your eyes, like Dee  
Brown  
(Cause it's a bum bum bum, bum-rush)  
And if I ask who popped shit, the Caravan gotta bus  
Sing it ("on that defense")  
But our bumrush is well done, not medium rare  
It's rare to see, an enemy within play  
True indeed a lot of shit, is over he say she say  
Me say, Warriors come out and play  
And I'ma tear shit up and leave it like the day, after  
And after we go around, and you hit the ground  
Then you know I'm down with the Blows to the Temple

\* shout outs \*

Visit [Common Rotation](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.