

Common Sense "Chapter 13"

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Intro whispering:

Let's talk about money

Get money

Common Sense want the money

Let's talk about money.

Common Sense:

I... be... the one they call Peavey

I'm Poe as Edgar Allen

But I'm a poet when I'm freestylin

Ynot:

You got a design masterwind Not Never The Less

Fresh like L addresss yes the LS's here

I appear on piers with my peers

The Imperial like margerin, I'm butter

Yes like Bel-Air

Common Sense:

Lookin' at my fake Gucci, it's about that time

It's time for some perculator

I circulate around the block

Black to get me a six pack a half of Harrow's chicken

A good combination, when I get bubbly I do it in
moderation

1 brew, 1 brew, I said 1 brew at a time

Ynot:

Well I'm a two timer of women that'll 3 times a lady

Ms. Haiti say Sade and my Ms.Golper say

"Yo whoop there it is" call me E cause I equal MC's
squared

In the bed marks know I got the key to get the girls

Noses open like the vapors, more pub than the papers

More papers than the press, oh yes I gets paid

Common Sense:

Yo, I didn't grow up up po po but once you get grown
and out on your
own

Bills apon bills apon bills is what you have

Before you get your check than you already spend half

See I make money, money doesn't make me

I'm a reflection of my section and section 8

Ynot:

Enough, I own 8 sections of the world, where I'm sexin'
8 girls

Where I have them comin' in (ugh) 8 seconds
I told Victoria her Secret you suck life a crest
I Ultrawhite my secretery, I went to Tibet
To bet on a horse you bet your life
Mine was better and now your deader, than a (door
knob) eeea wrong
Hook:
Ynot:
So what's your name?
Common Sense:
I'm the Com that wrote Com Sense, and when I don't
got scratch
I do feel tense, and if you give your money to a broad
yous a dummy
Ynot:
Cause without the money
"Ain't a damn thing funny" (X3)
Ynot:
THEse rhymes I exchange like stock, I'm live like stock
I rock like Prudential, making ha ha from O
That's mucho denero, like Robert Denero, Irob Berts
denero
A hero like the sandwich, a man which has mills like
Stephanie Mills
Dills like pickels, I'm fancy man like tickles LIKE (the
french)
Not Johnny but like a Bench I press on like glue
I stand like Lee while you stagger like Lee
Most likely I'll gagger that bullish I pull ish like a
magnet
A dragnet, I don't drag I gets net income, yo bums I
rush like
adrenaline
I'm royal when I flush, your highest hush will get
mushed like a
sleigh dog
I saw dogs who are under me, I over man, call me
Doverman
Cause I'm a Pincer of pennies that's pretty, then you
see green from
all money
I spend (what you do?) I stay fresh like mint from mint
I ment my mint, know what I mean? I'm nice
Real friendly like an officer, friendly and a gentleman
Friendly like neighbors, not Jim but like Homer I got
attention salute
I kill loot but won't dilute, even if I threw garbage on the
ground
I couldn't pollute, man, I'm too rich for that, Biiitch
Hook:
Common Sense:

So what's your name?

Ynot:

I'm Ynot I own a mansion and a yacht (uh ha)

Essentials and credentials and honies at my feet (come on)

And when I walk the street I'm never looking bummy

Common Sense:

Cause without the money

"Ain't a damn thing funny"

Comm:

Ok there was a black man a white man and a chinnese man

The black man of coarse he was po (yeah)

The white man. He was rich (uh ha)

And the chinnese man, he owned a store (alright c'mon)

Ok the blackman lived on Beech Street

The white man lived on Wall Street

And the chinnese man's store is where they all meet

Not really on the good foot

Because the white man kept steppin' on the black man's toes

And in his shoes there were holes

But the white man didn't care, shit he didn't have to wear it (uh ha)

He scratched that pad he got from his parents, with his tight ass

He would of been poor white trash, but anyway

Everyday the blackman would ask for some spare change

But Adam, the white man would stare strange

So the black man got fed up

cause wasn't nobody feedin' him and feedin' him

And took red by his neck and started beatin' him and beatin' him

The chinnese man got noyd and broke out like a peon

And now the blackman own the store and the name of it is Leons

(what's that?)

Barbeque that is. Rib tips hotsuace, mild sauce, fries

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