

## Common Sense "Nuthin' To Do"

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Intro:

Check it on the one, you Com is gonna come (X3)  
And check it out, ha.

Verse 1:

My raps do laps around tracks to the days  
The idiot vibin', I'm the comma comma Chamelion  
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 Chicage 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 incom fair  
I stare, at what use to be Bubbles and think about who  
use to cop our  
liquior  
(Who?) Our neighborhood father figure

Hook:

I'm out with my crew, ain't nuthin' to do but ah,  
"Nig;gas be rollin'" - Ol' Dirty Bastard from Protect  
Ya Neck  
Ain't nowhere to go, so I hook up with a hoe while I  
"Nig;gas be rollin'"  
Gotta make a stop take a leak and get some chops  
cause um  
"Nig;gas be rollin'"  
We gonna hit the streets for some brew and some eats  
cause um

"Nig;gas be rollin'"

Verse 2:

I got more rhymes then the Manor got folks had style  
Since I went to McDowl, 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  
"Fin;d 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 posisions 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  
Hook

Verse 3:

I tuned into BMX and taped Farly on the tonemaster  
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 "mem;bers 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  
Hook

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