

## Common Sense

### "Scared of Me"

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Hook (2x):

I, I, I think they scared of me [call the police...]

I, I, I think they scared of me [call the police...]

I think they scared of me [call the police...]

[Call the police and tell them watch your back]

I think they scared of me

[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Shit walkin' through some razor blades, JB help me find  
my way

Taylor B done slipped and made a poet wid a babyface  
Mastermind wid plenty game, shattered wid no sinners  
man

Campin' lyrical out the deal just waitin' on some money  
man

Screeler check my afterburn, shit I just had an ooze  
Made a quick manoeuvre to enhance the dance I'm  
used to do

Split up all your fuckin' word, cut dem from all in your  
back

Platinum on my stat and trimmin' joanin' diamonds  
Gangsta Blac

K-C-D we're P-A-D, K-C I think it's over wit

Three Six grinnin' tap it up an artifact of rockin' shit

Hate this shit, slap this bitch, dis the bitch just like it is

'Quipped wid gamers think they doin' favours tryna  
knock a nig

In this for a meal ticket, ain't no time I gotta kick it

But when this is over and I smile you cannot get about,

Whoopin' lookin' thuggin' muggin' trillin' will,

Blast and blastin', if you scared,

Call the police and tell them watch your back

Hook (2x)

[Verse 2]

I keep my lyrics clocked on safety down to punish  
niggas daily

Down to get off in your shit, bumpin' real hard like  
dicks

?How been it? can't fuck wit me, playa a capital P

Light that ass man where's the fire, dangerous wid M-I-  
C  
Technical diffi-culty, bump me out nigga no please  
Pass me some ah that green weed, I show you how  
buck I be,  
I am the bitch made nigga killa,  
I can't stop til I make screeler nigga, go fuck around  
nigga,  
Cut up sideways deal wid my way nigga rock the town  
Stand my ground, romp around, nigga get 'em down,  
Easily, we'll agree muh'fuckin' what they said  
Bloody red from your head, yeh I think they scared  
Nigga you scared cause when I blast your whole team  
fled  
Me and my niggas and glocks gon' leave your body  
soakin' wet,  
Kick, in, the, door, wit the 4-4,  
Terrified when I creep, from, the back hoe

[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]

Kickin' down doors, peelin' wood up out the floor  
Doin' shows and fuckin' hoes, Taylor Babies and some  
Mo  
Father figure for a nigga daddy had to lay them low  
Clearly pushin' information like they hatin' on that joan  
Mentally I say disturb, troubled brain in this man  
I ain't out to please, nah motherfucka in this game  
Just a fact and not a act, fuck wit claimin' but do you,  
Do the same chain gang, know my name, through and  
through  
Mr.Blac, on a mission takin' time, droppin' rhyme  
Thumpin' bumpin' backroom jumpin' sumthin' sumthin'  
for your mind  
No Versace straight up thug, no Cristal, drink a bub  
Like tonight maybe the mic gon' hype and place 'em  
where they were  
Dreamin' schemin' life ain't right, every word done  
miss a beat  
Pen and papers once I got them halloweens and trick or  
treats  
Nigga uhh, nigga what, give a fuck, on tv,  
Gimme one, for some terror motherfucker he wid me

Hook (til fade with different scratches and variations)

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