

Common Sense

"The Bitch In Yoo"

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(Yeah, for your nation...

for your nation...)

Verse One:

A bitch nigga wit an attitude named Cube

Step to Com wit a feud

Now what the fuck I look like dissing a whole coast

You ain't made shit dope since AmeriKKKa's Most

Wanted to cease from the Midwest to the East

On the dick of the East for your 1st release

Your lease is up at the crib, house niggaz get evicted

And videos wit white boys talking you get Wicked

Natural Born Killa, nigga you natural born God

Look, read listen, got the nerve to say you rob

Hyprocrite, I'm filling out your Death Certificate

Slanging bean pies and St Ide's in the same sentence

Shoulda repented, on the 16th of October

Get some beats besides George Clinton to rock over

Rap career is over, better off acting

What trouble I see, you're managing WC and Wack 10

You backed in to a four corner hustla

Lying on your dick, said you was fuckin her

Use Higher Learning, don't take my words out of text

Went from gangsta to Islam to the dick of Das EFX

It'll take the Nation of Millions to Hold Me Back

From giving you mouth shots or hit wit the pipe Ralph

got

When sucker ain't around, it's your Friday, it was good

I wasn't salty, she was wit the Boyz N the Hood

Chorus:

I see the bitch in you when you don't speak your mind

The bitch in you, looking me in my eyes lyin

I see the bitch in you, simply hard, you find

The bitch in you but yo it's coming out

Verse Two:

Up on this rap shit, Cube, I'm calling out

I break in and smack niggaz that's in the

Slaughterhouse

This ain't no East coast, West coast, none of the above

I'm from Chi, I went to Cali, niggaz gave me love

There's a thin line between the fake and the real

Grafted ass nigga, I see through your Glass Shield

Had skills once upon a time on this project, yo
I'm a have ta wreck a Ho'shea
I heard a ho say you her favorite rapper
(So what) so I had to slap her, ugn
And violate you, a Muslim drinking brew
Your nigga ain't no Mack 10, he's a 22
I seen you, you ain't say shit to ATL
Cube, I like that diamond charm, I might cuff it, then
sell
It out, like you sold Kam and Threat
A year ago, you wasn't talking shit about the West
Guess you knew you're shit was done plus the one got
you cable
Hoo Bangin, you ain't banging shit but the table
And the Circle Madd, ain't got no choice but to fight
Ain't none of y'all muthafukas got a chance on the mic
Anytime you come out, yo, I'm a talk about you
Until you let that bitch in you, walk up out you
Any last words before I hit the switch
From the immortal words of one, a bitch is a bitch
Chorus

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