## T Ice "Common Sense"

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It starts like this

Gats hit harder than fists

Just cock and lick it

The aftermath's wicked

Brass gets evicted

Another crew shot

Can't put your strap back in your waist

Cause your barrel's too hot

You did it kid

The more dead

The more weight on your head

Plus you ganked a suitcase

Full of black tar H

Baby boy, twenty keys

Dead Colombian Gs

Now you're ballin full speed

One slip you bleed

You had your nigga with you

Hard rock street gorilla hitter

He took a hot one in the shoulder

Now he's bendin over

Mad illegal

Nigga flipped harder than Buggsy Segal

He wet the room up with the rocket launchin

Desert eagle

Blood oozin through his black dickies

Ya nigga say he's getting dizzy

The car seat's fuckin getting sticky

He leaned back, his whole chest plate's cracked

You thought they hit him once

He must of got double clapped

Your niggas dyin but he ain't cryin

Soldier no doubt

He looked you dead in the eye

Said "get that money" checked out

Ballin bent him back in the black

S T S but where he's going no stress

Your niggas dead, but you're thinkin bout head

Fly hoes and condos

Once you flip the kilos

The fact your niggas out aint shit to ya

More profit for your greedy ass

No one to split the grip wit ya

Chorus:

Common sense will keep you safer than vests

Ambulance, cots, cause real niggas give head shots

LA streets will make your guts leak
Player no doubt

Young killers live for drug wars and shoot outs

You flipped your chip

Motorola, called your hooker

Said you had a little foul up

Told the ho to wet some towels up

She didn't even talk

Clicked the phone off

Might a new some weak niggas

But this bitch aint soft

Make your next call

Straight to your chicano connect

Said they would flip the boy for girl

Up the weight, give you Peruvian flake

You had to dump the body,

Burned it beyond recognition

Back back in commission

Scooped your hooker, cleaned your seats off

Squeezed off

Two in her head

Now the fuckin bitch is dead

You're all alone just how you liked it

Straight laced hustler from hell

Street life you spiked it

It's time to hook up with the mexicanos

Layin in the Dooly parking lot of a McDonalds

Hit the corner they was there

You're prepared

Circled the block, screwed your silencer on

Rock the esse they had

Kickin back to get ya

Crept on the dropped truck

Double crossin ducks got bucked

Check the back of the cab

Suckas had the fuckin math

Ten more keys of uncut pure cash (Yes!)

Now your weighin thirty full keys

Of girl and the pony

Jumped for your lack

Hit the yack threw your head back

The big time is what you wanted

And now you got it

The devil put the strap in your palm

And you shot it

Chorus

It's going down now

On forever

Square life is never

Buck wildin is your life stylin

Mashed out

Hit a motel room

Crashed out

Called up a ho to get your dick sucked though

Bad bitch phat backs green contacts

Real hair, kept her feet all night in the air

Kind of square

Said she only worked the streets a week

Said her boyfriend kicked her out

And she needed to eat

She cuddled to you like a baby

Keep the girl mabey

The pussy was tighter than fuck drove you crazy

She kissed you on your chest and legs

Asked you to fuck her in the ass

Then she started to beg

It kind of got you open, no doubt

When baby doll fell asleep, with your dick in her mouth

Now you're layin there, lookin at the motel door

Hand on your strap, some beautiful whore

You fuckin relaxed, fell a fuckin sleep bad move

Big game take little game, show and prove

Baby jumped up, went for the strap

Dumped off

Three shots in your face

Grabbed the sutcase

Don't forget, grab the blow then jet

Before that ho hit the door she sipped a glass of Moet

Street life sabatoge

Niggas wanna live large

Demon ho out for cheddar

Capped you with your own Berreta

Chorus

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