

## Thunderclap Newman "Communism"

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Intro:

Yo Troy I'ma come on the rhythm  
with a little bit of Communism  
Yeah, hah  
So check it out, yeah

Chick-a chick-a I'm  
Chick-a chick-a on  
Chick-a chick-a my  
my, own shit  
Like an entrepreneur, that stepped in maneur  
man I'm newer than a Jack I went up the hill with Jill  
And Jack Jill's big bootay  
We did the booty up, I told the Bitch she Betta Have My  
Money  
or step to the AMG  
You know Com Sense, oh yeah him be  
That nigga that be making all the bid-by-by-by sounds  
But since then, Common calm down!  
I'm on some calm shit watch Com get complicated  
Simple motherfuckers say the way that Com  
communicated  
was too complex, I got a complex not to complain  
on my brain no complain and so will my community  
And I prefer compliments  
So I complement at an angle, of ninety degrees  
It's the ninties, and music got known for grease  
I got a sense of direction and a compass  
Come passed MC's with no compassion, though I heard  
the screams of  
But I ain't shy, so why shall I comfort  
Commiserate at the fort with Jeff I'm so ill  
But I chilled in my compartment with no company and  
no meals  
Now Com can get the panty, but I want my own  
company  
And Com is on a mission not to work for commission  
It's a common market and it's so much competition  
but to me, competition is none  
To my comp I'm a ton I get amped like Watts in a riot

my compact disc is a commodity, so buy it  
Instead of competing with Pete  
Com compromised, Com made a promise  
Not to commercialize, but compound the soul  
without the elements, compelling sense into  
Communism

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