

Thug Life

"Common Freestyle"

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Yeah yeah
It's Funk Flex y'all
With Com Sense bwoy
Understand it's a rapture
Volume three the final chapter
Ain't nuttin but that b-boy thing goin on
from Chicago to New York to all over
?, y'all, yo, check it

Rap warlord, stay on point like a scoreboard
Ended up with a foot in your mouth, wishin for more
doors
I walk through the corridor of fame, with nuthin
but game, this shit's a game, rhyme mission:
to educate and entertain, after Rasheed
don't shit remain but afterwash
My first joint was aight, second and third, tight like ?
Shanda Lox?
or Puff and The Lox the name Com's a paradox
Deliverty of my first one I coach like ?Landit Cox?
Don't like a cat that handle rocks that ran in spots
Ask D why my video ain't on The Box yet
Styles similar to the hustle, cause You Can't Knock it
An unidentified object, to the third optic
In battles I leave niggaz on top of each other like the
projects
Not knowin the science behind it, by it they were
blinded
My book of life in five rings are binded, what?

Yeah, yo, yo, yo, it's Com Sense y'all
Uh, uh, with Funk Flex y'all
Yeah, yeah, it's volume three bwoy
Yeah, yeah, and for the b-boy
Yeah, yeah, yo, yo
We gonna get down, we gonna get down..

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