

Common F/ Mylik Yusef

"Themes, Dreams, and Schemes"

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[O.C.]

Even if the Chosen One's frozen, inside ice
I still rise like the spirit of Christ, it's all right
I'm a let you niggas know I'm still nice
With this voicebox made of gold, larynx priceless
What the fuck y'all niggas thought?
I done seen niggas sold and bought for what my
ancestors fought
Was taught to drop Jewelz (Word life!)
You will respect mines or else feel the fragments of
gunshot shells
I will rock well for the rest of my days on this God-
forsaken planet
Splitting niggas wigs like I'm slamming 'em on granite
Niggas can't manage whether Jamacian, Hatian
Dominican, white, or Spanish
Fuck all that freestyle shit, I think shit out
If it's coming from the top, make sense of what you're
talking about

[A.G.]

The E&J got me wetter than a nigga hit with a nine
Beretta
Your rhymes is dope, but mines is better
Let us divide this cheddar, O.C. and us three
Tighter than niggas that did time together
It's only right we shine together
I'm a rhyme forever, while you the worst
I see it now: I'll be an old cat with a fat verse
Unless these streets get me first, want a few mil
But y'all can never give me what I'm worth, we got the
flavas
I'm whipping honey shit, the cherry Blazer, my pen is
real
You feel the blood touch the paper, cause now I know it
And I'm a blow it like I knew it for years
Like my peers through childhood
Was a wild hood, did anything a broke black child
could
Even robbing and stealing, but that's not foul, that's the
hood

Even money knew it when he cracked a smile and
passed the goods

Ayo the theme is to stay sick and have 'em fiend
The dream is to make hits and stack cream
The scheme is to get that cash for new trucks
Ass at the bar for us to scoop up
The beam, infrared on you, beamed up
Come out the club, spill bub and scream "What?"
D.I.T.C. and G.D. teamed up
Bases loaded, the place exploded, we cleaned up

[D-Flow]

Ayo I touch pistol, shine like crushed crystal
Fuck what I sift through, insane in your membrane
These cuffs I slip through, when I bust, trust I won't
miss you
A killer like Kam, I send your whole fam with you
Addicted to Dro, sipping on Mo
Tell you if you didn't know, G.D. be ripping the globe
Whipping the Range Rove, dough will never change
Flow
If you lyrical I'll cripple you, that's how the game go
Get the fuck out of here with your plain hoe and small
chips
We all rich, only players score more than six
Gorgeous chicks, quarter licks, blow a pound before
we started
It was more than this, hold it down
Keep my head up, for ignorant niggas around me
Front on my fam, son, better dose is what you tell me
I keep it tight, you weak when you write
And get beat, you light player
It's the flavor I save for your neighbor
My niggas died for this money and I'm a try for this
Gotta cock the six, spit shots, shit, and drop hits
We be the Bronx's finest, honeys got to rewind this
G.D. and D.I. shit, now change the topic

[Party Arty]

Yo fuck a Bently, I push a Benzi 500
Like the Indy, got too many Benjis to be stingy
Skin complexion of a penny, skip the Henny
Hit the Remi, spit the semi-automatic at anyone that
static
It's Party Arty, cardy with premium
Trust me, for us three, I bust three
Triple teaming 'em, Show & A.G. and 'em
Without a doubt G.D. and 'em
Bout it, bout it like Master P and 'em
It's the machette swinger, I got plans to fuck every

singer
I already bring the ruck like Jerry Springer
Bless it, for refreshment, I'm a senior
Felony charges, y'all niggas is misdomeanor
Like when I first shot the milli, or when I first copped the
philly
Ace Buchanan, a.k.a. Poppa Willy
Flows knock you silly, rock above you when it's chilly
Show love when the hoes jock to grill me, fill me
The rasta in me make me wanna kick shit like I was
socked silly
I'm not the Willy to fuck with
Cocked the milli on some rough shit, you want it, it's
yours
Get lost, cause y'all cats don't want to brawl with the
big dogs

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