

# Real Nigga Quotes

## Common

One two, one two, one two  
Yo, I be the Big Illinois, here to build and destroy  
I come on your deck, on your set  
On your strip, through your burrough  
Rippin any muthafucka that steps towards me  
Yeah, I got power like floors be  
Yo, check it out y'all

Real nigga quotes I tote, got some shit on the free but  
This some shit that I wrote, legendary like the goat  
Who got game?  
Giving a quarter rest while I make these quarter notes  
My album, niggaz was expectin, now my water broke  
Before it, I was sorta broke  
Get the paper for the funnies, sports and the horoscope  
On a curry goat, like flu stokes order coke  
You sharp with your rings and chain but you short a rope  
At the end of the road trip still, I'ma hold shit down like syndrome  
Rappers are like Fox Brown tryin to get home  
Rarely get your touchdown, I'm in the end zone  
You can't honor what I'm on, then bitch nigga, get gone  
>From the wind storm, I've been told the street folklore  
Body language spoke raw, don't talk to broads that are spoke for  
That provokes war, stand out like cold sores  
You claim that you hard but you wholecore  
George Bush and CIA, you movin old or  
Write like mention for publishin but you sold yours

Com got rhymes, Dug make beats  
Style complete, plus unique, the shit be sweet  
(on the real)You know the shit be real (5x)  
(down on the real to real)

Chicka-chicka-M-chicka-C-chicka-M and my  
People call me Com and collective with prospective  
I draw crowds, go off like car alarm sounds  
Bomb like 'Nam sounds, tell yo bitch to calm down  
Unless you want to get me skull askin me to take my hat off  
On ill raps, I spit as if I had a bad cough  
This Craig nigga stole a style and ain't take the tag off  
Playin yourself, you can't come with it, so you jack off  
More heart than an artery, jones in my bones  
To see thugs in harmony, it's gonna be some drama  
If you try to sit Com down, this ain't comedy  
Shit is real like a station property, crew is formin colonies  
Commonly, I hear these rats thinkin they mahogany  
On every rap hook, soundin like a dog to me  
In a reservoir, I flow and go  
On and on, like Erykah or etcetera  
Designated not to make hits but hit home  
Out of proportion, hit makers get blown  
(on the real)

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R and B studs kill me with they hardcore ballads  
Love songs is violent, them niggaz whole style is silent  
I hate to Staple the singers together, but in my head  
It's been ringin forever...and a day if you grew up on Marvin Gaye  
Where all you singers booty this and freak me baby, it gets me  
MCs be insecure, like them little hoe niggaz Immature  
Wearin bobs, if I got a show in your town, I'm there with mob  
Bukein niggaz and pullin broads is the apparent job  
(scratching) (on the real)

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