

Common Sense

Ice-T

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

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

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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 suitcase
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

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