

# Common Knowledge

## Asher Roth

They say that if it works, don't fix it  
Go against the law, might get a bit risky  
No offense to y'all, but I feel a bit gifted  
So I think my odds are about 50/50, crispy  
O.K. Corral, we about to put it down  
Take 10 and turn around, go and pull your pistols out but  
What is this about, all these grenades and handguns  
Magnús Ver Magnússon, strong set of hands, son  
Talk, dark, handsome, holding y'all for ransom  
Strong arm Lance so scared that he can't run  
Cause when a man comes face to face with his fear  
He gets weird, he can't hear, he can't see things clear  
I be sincere, yes dear, guests here  
Press gear, dress queers, fresh in my neck beard  
Next year, net year, jet Lear, get near  
Top tier, drop tears, no way not here  
Cause there's no crying in baseball, and that's that  
There'll always be a case call when Ash rap  
Bars will take your face off, no cat scratch  
Go ahead, ask wreck racks on racks, yeah that  
For a pat on the back, after I black tackles  
Fat on cat but I'm packed for my breath  
Climb the ladder of success, skipping and missing a step  
New edition of spittin', you should've listened to Flex  
It's like...I try to tell them but they don't know  
I try to tell them but they don't know  
I try to tell them but they don't know, oh, no I try to tell them but they don't know  
I try to tell them but they don't know  
I try to tell them but they don't know, oh, no  
Slick Dickies, no one can stay with me  
Spit it out quick, as soon as the shit hits me  
Kill swiftly, been ill since Stick Stickly  
Double dip dibs, I dabble and bust quickies  
Nifty little shit, I do it while dressed thrifty  
Pricks just stiff, my stick is so shifty  
Sick, Fred McGriff with the hits coming lefty  
Used to be for free, now the seats never empty  
It's elementary, yeah I heard it in assembly  
Principal was telling me I'd better go ahead and read  
Never be a better me, better off dead or me  
Not really a better but I bettin' that I better be  
Better with the rhetoric, set it up and let it rip

I Better forget it man, kid's a fucking lunatic  
Looney Toon, lunar eclipse  
Every blue moon, might see a few shooting strips

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>