

Common, It`s your world

(feat. 'POPS')

[Verse 1]

Night Blows, Stoves don't work, Hoes at work
A warrior, so I wear 'em on my shirt
Wish I was free as Che was, I spend a day buzzed
Tripping on heights, wishing for Nikes in different flavors
The age of Kane and Big Daddy, shown by the caddies
Uncles named Larry, that really never grabbed me
My mother gave birth but she really never had me
Left to the hood to play daddy
Raised by niggaz named Butch through the bay bay
With waists so they weigh they status on the streets
License plates that say they, motto This is Chicago in the hay day
Similar to Good Times, I guess that I was Jay Jay
A skinny nigga, young girls with penny figures
So many niggaz, stacked upon each other
It's the black upon each other that we love so much
Wonder how many of us, these drugs gonna touch
Used to gangbang, ain't really thug that much
Rather have some thick broads then the dutch to clutch
Went to school in Baton Rouge for a couple of years
My college career got downed with a couple of beers
Came back home, now I gotta pay back loans
Same nigga, same block, same shit they own
Only thing different, quicker, they click that chrome
In my defense, yo I had to hit that zone
Man to man, I'm good working with my hands
My generation never understood working for the man
And, of being broke I ain't a fan
Now I stand in the same spot, as my old man
My life I planned not to be on this corner
I still wanna see California
But this is my world

[Chorus Repeated Overlapping:]

"It's your world"

[Common] Yeah

[Verse 2]

Life and death law around us
Four pounds and pounds a verb from out of towners
It's hard to stay grounded
We stay high, that's why old folks down us
Lost, nobody found us, the force that surrounds us
Ain't with us, they get us on the ground and hit us
We paint pictures of the chains under their names and scriptures
Removed from earth, only to return through birth
Knew this girl selling her body, wish she knew what it was worth.
Between God and trash, looking in every car that pass
With a walk that suggests head, to milk niggaz she was breastfed
She know dairy so she say cheese to get bread
In the area where it's more weaves and less dreads
Kinda scary, amongst thieves and base-heads
Said it was her toes, but I could tell her soul hurt
She was cold turk, growing up she got to know hurt
very well in a world where self hate is overt
Her step-father that he was ike, so her mother he striked
she got to like like minded niggaz, who liked crimes and figures
Doing white lines and liquor, see hard times had kicked her
In the ass, it used to be thicker
Life is fast, some choose to be quicker
I remember in high school she had a passion to sing
Now she see herself in a casket in dreams
These are the children of crack and rap, blacks done lack
Self-esteem, yo we forgot the dream
On our Jefferson's y'all but we forgot the theme

In the Chi, we even rooting for a garbage team
This queen never seen herself on this Corner
She still wanna see California
But this is her world
[Chorus repeated several times]
[Kids stating their dreams]
['POPS']
Be, be here, be there, be that, be this
Be grateful for life, be grateful to life
Be gleeful everyday, for being the best swimmer among 500,000
Be-nign, be you, be mom's mean pie, be little black sambo With bad hair
Be aware of what a lynch is, Be, be boundless energy
Be a four star ghetto general, be no one except I
Be a strong academic student, be an A student in sociology
Be food for thought to the growing mind, be the author of your own horoscope
Be invited, be long-living, be forgiving, be not forgetful
Be a proud run, only to return to fight another day
Be peaceful if possible, but justice in ways (?)
Be high when you low, be on time but knowing to go
Be cautious of the road to college, taking a detour through Vietnam or the middle east
Be absent of wars at any past or present fought amongst themselves
Be visual of foreclosure over your shoulder while begging
A nation built on free labor for reparation, Be a cartopographer
Be a map maker, be able to find afro-american man
search thoroughly it may be close to black man
Be ammended 5/5ths, be ammended 5/5ths human
Be the owner of more land than is set aside for wild life
Be cupid, to world government
Be found among the truth, lost tribe
Be at full strength when walking through the valley
Be not foolish as tender 18 of the mountain tops
Be a brilliant soul, sparkling in the galaxy while walking on earth
Be loved by God as much as God loved Ghandi and Martin Luther King
Be that last one of 144,000, be the resident of that twelfth house
Be....eternal!