

# Common, Real People

[Intro]

Yeah, yeah, you know how me and 'Ye do

[Verse 1]

Real People walk in the streets, the streets is talkin'  
Often it's beef this city never does  
People walk and talk in they sleep  
Cold sweats and wet dreams  
On how to get green our faith is all in a jeep  
Black souls raw and they deep  
Hypes tryna talk with no teeth  
Shorties sayin' ball or retreat  
A lesson we all speak at one point or another  
Whatchu expect from one who smoke a joint with his mother  
Anointed hustlers in a fatherless region  
Through the pain wish they know that God was just teachin'  
We want decent homes  
So dreams we say out loud like speakerphones just to keep em on  
It's like a colored song that keep keepin' on  
I guess knowin' I'm weak is when I'm really bein' strong  
Somehow through the dust I could see the dawn  
Like the Bishop Magic Juan, that's why I write freedom songs  
For the real people

[Verse 2]

I wonder is the spirits of Bob Marley and Haile Selassie  
Watch me as the cops be tryna and pop and lock me  
They cocky, plus they mentality is Nazi  
The way they treat blacks I wanna snap like paparazzi  
We're the children of a better God searchin' for better jobs  
We could cop ghetto cars tryin' not to catch a charge  
They say the dope game is sour  
Now they doin' homework that's when they follow you for hours  
Come to your crib and devour all that you work for  
Must be more than paper these niggaz hurt for  
Through the purple haze I circle days I rhyme that work for pays  
Tryna reverse the slave's mind and insert the brave mentality  
Heard that it's drama at home  
Can a dude break free and still get honored at home  
I was told by a chief it's the games nature  
When you're glowin' some will love and some will hate ya  
It's real people

[Verse 3]

Black men walking wit white girls on they arms  
I be mad at em as if I know they moms  
Told to go beyond the surface, a person's a person  
When we lessen our women our condition seems to worsen  
The weary cursin' the sky  
Talkin' to themselves givin' the version of why help and hurt in they eye  
I live across from it, some of it I do be in  
I be showin' niggaz lives  
Like UPN  
It's real people

Yeah.

For you and yours

Good music

Forever

Yeah

Rock on

We keep on

Uh.. Yeah

Yeah, yeah

The real...