

Common Sense, Nag Champa (Afrodisiac For Th

(Common)

Yeah baby boy

In the place (for you and yours) to be

Da uh da uh, we got the uh ya'll

We bout to rock ya'll, we got the uh baby...

Yo yo yo check it

Excite-ting, enlight-ning, invite-ting

I'm writin shit that I feel

Raps are Black Steel In the Hour of commotion, the motion of Com

Is like that of a ocean, devotion 'cause I'm

The Earth, Wind, and Fire of hip hop

By Rakim and Short I been inspired

My shit knocks environ---ments

of cats wit seventeen's tint, time is money

The mind is funny, how it's spent on gettin it

It's sittin wit descendants of Abraham

Who say the jam is "Money, Cash, Hoes"

I went from bashful to asshole to international

Lover-self, word to the mother on my last record cover it's felt

Now deal wit it

Chorus: Bilal

I wanna get into it

Let's do this

I wanna see you move it

So move it

So let's just get into it

Let's do this

Can you feel the music?

The music oh ah, can you feel the music, the music

(Common)

Yo check it yo

In this never-ending battle to please

Niggas, magazine writers, MC's

Who request hot shit, I freeze

And tell em where I was rose, we always said cold

Hold your Horses and ya Carriages, this never-went-gold nigga

Rocks shows care-less

You not gon' respect self, at least respect the heritage

Affect the lives, the spread of wealth and the merit is

I realize what I portray day to day, I gotta carry this

And beats, rhymes and life is where the marriage is

Had Dreams of F**kin R&B broads, it came true

Journalist I wreck, shared the same view

Picked up a fallen angel on the path that I MC

Familiar voice, come to find out the angel was me

Some say "You changin, Rashid"

Times are, we still close

I rhyme far, away away away

From what you accustomed to hearin everyday, uh-ah

You know the dope-choppin, gun-poppin, homies dyin

I'm amongst it, save the war stories for Private Ryan, INI

Chorus

(Common)

Yo check it yo

Women cry, children laugh, men dance

I refuse to lose self and try to win fans over

Weight on my shoulder fluctuates like Oprah's

My refrigerator poetry's magnetic like ultra
You couldn't hang if you was a poster
Posin like a bitch for exposure
It's rumors of gay MC's, just don't come around me wit it
You still rockin hickies, don't let me find out he did it
Got My Eyes on the Tiger, Eyes on the Prize
Eyes on the thighs of Mary J. Blige, imagin on how good the cat must be
Stop eatin meat, lost weight, but I still rap husky
My verse depth is that of a baby's first step
Or the old lady who died and the nurse wept
I flow like cursive writing, invitin you and yours to my openness
Shows allow me to cop Range/range like a vocalist
But man does not live on bread alone
What good is a Range/range when it's time to head home?

Chorus 2x

(Common) *during chorus on the second time*

We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac yeah