

# Common Sense, The 6th Sense

The revolution will not be televised  
The revolution is here  
Yeah, it's Common Sense, with DJ Premier  
We gonna help y'all see clear  
It's real hip-hop music, from the soul, y'all  
Yeah, check it, yo

The perseverance of a rebel I drop heavier levels  
It's unseen or heard, a king with words  
Can't knock the hustle, but I've seen street dreams deferred  
Dark spots in my mind where the scene occurred  
Some say I'm too deep, I'm in too deep to sleep  
Through me, Muhammed will forever speak  
Greet brothers with handshakes in ghetto landscapes  
Where a man is determined by how much a man make  
Cop Cognacs and spit old raps with young cats  
with cigarettes in their ear, niggerish they appear  
Under the Fubu is a guru, that's untapped  
Want to be in the rap race but ain't ran one lap  
Ran so far from the streets that you can't come back  
You tripping with nowhere to unpack, forgot that

Chorus: (Scratched by DJ Premier with variations):

&quot;This is rap for real, something you feel&quot;  
&quot;And you know, yes you know&quot;  
&quot;Rap for the black people&quot;  
&quot;Heeeeeyyyy, heeeeeyyyy&quot;

In front of two-inch glass and Arabs I order fries  
Inspiration when I write, I see my daughter's eyes  
I'm the truth, across the table from corporate lies  
Immortalized by the realness I bring to it

If revolution had a movie I'd be theme music  
My music, you either fight, f\*\*k, or dream to it  
My life is one big rhyme, I try to scheme through it  
Through my shell, never knew what the divine would bring to it  
I'd be lying if I said I didn't want millions  
More than money saved, I wanna save children  
Dealing with alcoholism and afrocentricity  
A complex man drawn off of simplicity  
Reality is frisking me  
This industry will make you lose intensity  
The Common Sense in me remembers the basement  
I'm Morpheus in this hip-hop Matrix, exposing fake shit

Chorus

Somedays I take the L to gel with the real world  
Got on at 87th, stopped by this little girl  
She recited raps, I forgot where they was from  
In 'em, she was saying how she made brothers cum  
I start thinking, how many souls hip-hop has affected  
How many dead folks this art resurrected  
How many nations this culture connected  
Who am I to judge one's perspective?  
Though some of that shit y'all pop true it, I ain't relating  
If I don't like it, I don't like it, that don't mean that I'm hating  
I just want to innovate and stimulate minds  
Travel the world and penetrate the times  
Escape through rhythms in search of peace and wisdom  
Raps are smoke signals letting the streets know I'm with 'em

For now I appreciate this moment in time  
Ball players and actors be knowing my rhymes, it's like

Chorus til fade