

Common, Food For Funk

[Common:]

What, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo yo yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Check it, yo

You say a one for the trouble, two for the time

Come on y'all, let's rock that, uh

(I can feel the funk) [x4]

Check it

I come to grips with mics

I come to grips that a lot of mic users is dikes

I come to grips with the likes of Fred Hampton

Cold, so I'm lampin, with no need for spotlight

When I got light like an intersection, you talk

But you came to my town with protection

Election year, had the block hot

I scream "fuck the world" for having a baby girl sorta cock block

I write rhymes like I come from the windy city

With my crew, I click like simply, stand midi with reality

Casually, I walk through these war games

Some claim say but then they take on whore names

If that's the way your sex drives, stay in your lane

If you're a man, I can't tell like if the door rang now

[Chorus:]

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place

It ain't a bunch of niggaz all up in your face

The music is thumpin and you're feelin the bass

What you wanna do girl(wanna shout)

To the brothas when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch of niggaz

It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor

You jackin his name and stick to make you jones get thicker

What you wanna do man?(let go)

Yo, check it

Some niggaz be on the mic, sounding like dikes

Allow me to get on and bust like Spike(uh)

Lee, I'm in the majors with no rotation

Through stations of bullshit, I see through like a pager

In the age of Aquarius, various things

Is gonna carry us in intellect and what have you

Street astrologists interpret point stars and half moons

Then end up on garages or walls in bathrooms

Every black moon, a rap tune move me

The rap sun, I rain more than Rudy, that unruly shit is played

It don't stop

It's time to get it, get it made

I got my mind made up like Foxy Brown's face

I know how the underground tastes

I want a crib from the ground up, rooms spin at a round pace

Get down based on true story, through Corey, came close to the teachers

Colder as the Iceman, posted before it start wrinkl

Linkin with cats, who don't react to change in the years

Fulfill prophesies in rooms full of emptiness, now

[Chorus:]

I can feel the funk [x8]

Yo, check it, check it

I came through the corridor, with the aura

Raw Chicago mora, scope the horror

Read between the lines and know the border

Some pop wines for juice, I wait in the water

Waitin for you Big Willie niggaz to have a show at The Crib
We gon get with your glamour, long as we know where it is
Tell you ain't a player by your sweater doused with wack feather
The Crib got the gangsta playa shit patent like black leather
I rap better than you, you, or maybe him
But I am like a tree and every lyric is a timb
Spilled brews and greasy foods got my car smelly
Some be so high, they believe they fly like R. Kelly
But then they fall off, dusted niggaz is gettin sawed off
They fall soft, my mental lift is for me to haul off
I kick ass

[Chorus:]

[scratching]

I can feel the funk [x16] (makes me wanna shout, wanna shout) [x4]

[scratching] Wanna shout