

# Common, High Expectations

(feat. Soul in the Hole soundtrack)

Yo, yo, check it  
Unattached and calm, sundaes and pills I palm  
with intentions to make it to the league  
Intrigued by two-letter cars, SE's and GS'ses  
On the court niggaz I leave like messages  
Plagued by this ball-player exorcist  
It's sort of foul how the world be reffin us  
Kenny is our Moses in this five-on-five Exodus  
For the game of life, full courts ain't preppin us  
Schools want me, but the ghost of Manigault haunts me  
Plus they wanna crib me, way out in the country  
I'm city like street lights and some games that be fights  
Never worked on my left so it's hard to be right  
Either rich poor or Mike is who I wanna be like  
Story of many black males that I refuse to rewrite

Yo, brothers opinions is Bias-ed, like Len  
that I'll end up like Ben, Wilson, still some pretend to be friends  
Beneath the grin I see the ?gin spoke up and assure a?  
More so than my soul, my jump shot is purer  
People play juror, I witness the fall of legends  
Once was the joint now they restin got a God given present  
My gallant talent is like a magic  
trick turned by a chick with a bad habit  
Opportunity to move I grab it  
Me and my moms have static, now I wreak Hennesey and havoc  
Man to man talks with Kenny, send me to a zone  
Been on my own for so long, my vocal tone's grown  
Competition gets blown like speakers  
when I cross her like Jesus out of bleachers, broads and beepers  
Yeah I boogey it's all good, but it could be better  
Want to stay eighteen forever  
But now I stay on point like Rod in this Strickland  
If Brooklyn courts was the canvas, then I would be the big man

From thoughts that pennies bring, I assemble teams like the Kenny Kings  
Think fast over breaks, dialect I'm dribbling  
Remembering, night posters of Moses and the Supreme Court  
Realizing, that rap and life are team sports  
I follow deep thoughts  
Moves never perceived thought lyrical Johnny Cochran  
cause of the way I free thought  
The system make a nigga think to make it that he need sports  
or either to the tip he gotta resort  
my seed'll be taught to start his own  
In the, George Carter zone  
Don't wanna be a dope MC living in his momma's home  
Or speaking to my fans in a starving artist tone  
Unknown zones I roam with mind architechter  
Spark the lecture, emphasizing to let God direct ya