

Common Market, Doors

Make em clap to this
Attempt to motivate the activists
The buzz about town (will) produce volts to power your amp
Reign it in damp roots will blossom
A few were talkin' bout the sprout when the Two were still Awesome
Sun lit the sky and identified the Scion
'95 burns hot in the hearts of rap purists
Put in on, big brother, transform
My generation of b-b-bubblers has gone flat over time
Daily distractions of the 8-track mind
If I stray, punch me out, for real be on the button
But word to La Rock, swear you aint gon' stop for nothin'
Mecca bound with the 4-pound promisin' yall the payoff
The black steel rocker throughout the age of chaos
And brothers on my jock for the way I hold it
Take it in, cousin this right here's the moment
Still steppin' to the a.m.
A half pace short of dawn-break you take trade in's?
Stakes is high my mistakes ante up with the best
Stay alive, all thing's will change around ahh yeah
You're test of faith will make mountains outta rock piles
The voodoo child' will chop it
Jimi's diggin' cats Mr. Hancock. Rock It,'
And affluence influenced the hustle, I can't knock it
Believe me if you wanna, but I'll tell you this much
I bet you all your dough they live longer than us, because
Only the good die at age 29
My Philosophy' was born in a New York State of Mind'
Confined on the island with no moral support
To make a long story short it's 8 million others in the city
And you prolly aint got time for this one
You keep checkin' the shine on your wrist, son

Chorus:

Bum rush the platform, son doors are closin'
When time's frozen, you don't wanna be late
Departin' sharp for one last run to get you open
I'll forever hold my token, stand post by the gate (X2)

They said never no more,'
But it seems the suckas teamed up to hold court
The 6-man providin' relief for any starter
Count stats by the quarter we're takin' back the order
I swear upon the text of the revelation of Kings
From Hollis, Queens learned to walk without strings
Easy on the cut no mistakes allowed
Cause to me, MC means mentor the child
Step into the realm and you're bound to get taught
Tell me Grand Verbalizer; what time the lesson start?
Sharpenin' my tip so my mark's made heavy and dark
Indelible upon your skeletal parts
The apprentice to the mad scientist up in the lab
It's the art form these scars were born under scabs
Evidence of life represented by the ankh
The body returns to dust; the soul to the South Bronx

Chorus