Common, My City

(feat. Mylik Yusef)

This the city of Chicago
The state of confusion
This style I'm using is free
Or prolly it would be if my mind was
Peep I'm behind cause
I didn't handle my function while in high school
Although I was cool
The hood I live in ain't that proper
Cause a cop a stop ya
And have you at a hundred and eleventh before you can say not guilty
I'm not filthy
Nor am I rich
Ain't that a bitch
Like life is
Not your wife is
See that your butter halve
Do your math
And peep that two halves make a whole
And all I have to hold
Is my self pride
So these here streets I strive
Like a Black Pantha
Asking can the
situation get much worst
All I do is try to appeal to the masses
As the phrase keep it real passes
The teeth of too many phoney individuals
Snakes, that smooth like criminals
They create chemicals
That the Earth hate
Doing their damndest to decrease my birth rate
I'd settle for lesser knowing I'm worth wait
Or worth my weight in precious gems
So I'm steadily steadly steadly
Trying to lose my religion, like R E M
Created in His own image so am i we him?
And in the middle of this crises
Shit I wonder where Christ is
Well he damn sure not in K town or in the wild hundreds
Where they broadcast G.D. till the world blow-up
And Stone run it
Hunted by police for display in state vile cages
Come out to receive minimum wages
Plus with a desiese that's contagious
It is fucking outrages
The amounts of Black and Brown they lock up
But the Most High encourages me to put the glock up
And Stock up on do for self knowledge
A brother couldn't afford to go to collage
So I went to the school of hard knock
On the hard blocks of the Chi
Even I, think about moving out to River Oaks
As my liver soaks
In mad Hennesy
Cause I have a bad tendency
To do a lot of drinking
But now I do a lot of thinking
Blinking, was your third eye
When you heard I
was one of the chosen
Industry doors keep closing
(sing) Watch the closing doors

But btothas still want a record deal
But can they deal with a record?
Cause once they get rich
They tend to switch
Like a sissy
Please miss me
With all that bullshit you popping
This science I'm gonna keep on droppin'
And me I won't be stoppin'
Even if you had one of them red octagon
Folks say Mylik how you make your living?
I say by breathin' oxygen