

Common Sense, I've Been Thinking

Intro: Common

Yeah one two bless

Yeah yeah check it

I got my mellow Sean Lett

He gonna get down for y'all Chicago style

Eighty seven you know the bidness check it

Chorus: Common Sean Lett

After eight years of my life of smoking and drinking

The world keeps spinning so lately I've been thinking

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Verse One: Common

Nearest to the go gothic, a cash flow prophet

Methods of gettin scratch and talkin slick I've adopted

Palms in the lock with stunts whose hearts be game

Hoes in the stable, none do I claim

Niggaz with nothin to shoot for, at they only aim

Gramps in the choir singin it's gonna rain

in the midst of precipitation, I make the power

manipulations, so my offspring'll be straight for generations

Got connections in the nation

To incarceration, to general population

More lyrics than Jason, look me in the face when you speak to me

You got a tattoo? Bitch youse a freak to me

Seeking the, good sess material

Asking when's my next video

Bitch get a job and get your ass in somebody's university

Enroll your youngun in a nursery

And clean him up, comb his hair, cover yourself

You want a man to love you you ain't loving yourself

I'm discovering wealth watches wisdom in ways

To make it in the last days, now bring it on

Chorus

Verse Two: Sean Lett

I feel blessed I survived two decades in this world

Then Ninety slid in naked now I got a baby girl

Ain't this a bitch, myself still a child

I want to hang on eighty-seven corners act wild on Stoney Isle

Better school her, so presence is your seed in society

Parks of envy jealous niggaz crack fiends yes indeed

I won't mislead and you can best believe

I'm just a blink away shorty anytime that you need

See I know right now, you're just too young to understand

Asking questions, why pops and moms don't be holding hands

Don't you worry about it yet, in due time we'll explain

Why having you, created just an everlasting shame

Bringing joy witch a smiles, tripping when you first walked

Knowing somebody's child is gettin outlined in chalk

Just relieved it ain't you, I got much love for you boo

Cause it ain't nuthin that these skanless niggaz in these streets
won't do

Stop me if I'm lying, see my race is steady dying

Short methods to making cream, bullets sprays and shatters dreams

See basically, Chi-town's game-related and designed

Niggaz store up theirs and down opposite signs

Chorus

Outro: Sean Lett, Common

It's like that y'all (yeah yeah)

Common Sense and dirty mizer on the set y'all

Sean Lett

We gonna get down like that

My man Eddie C on the board

We coming through y'all for eighty-seventh street
Seventy-first and everybody in South show
We coming through for niggaz on the West side
Down in the ickies, all up and down state
We gonna keep it straight like that
We straight out for gold
You call it Chi-town it's still our town
Holding it down like this with that eighty-seven sound
We talking about rocking niggaz state to state nationwide
On the real it's like that
Straight up South side is where we loaf
Shit be real around these parts, I'm serious
Youknowwhat!msayin? Hear me
You know what? We out though