

# Common Sense, Resurrection '95

Intro:

Yeah I'ma get this one off for Eighty Seven Street  
South side of Chicago Chicago everywhere check it  
It's like c'mon y'all get live get down  
Common Sense is in your town  
I said c'mon y'all get live get down  
Common sense is in your town

Verse One:

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter in  
That be scatterin  
Over the globe will my vocals be travellin  
Unravellin my abdomen it's slime that's babblin  
Grammatics that are masculine  
I grab them in, verbally badgerin broads  
I wish that Madelline, was back on Video LP  
Raps I make up like blacks do excuses  
I feel like Noah, hookin my mellows up on deuces  
If a broad ain't got a mind or job or crib she useless  
Acoustic basslines embrace rhymes while I chase mines  
They say signs of the end is near  
I wonder can I walk a righteous path holdin a beer  
Got more verses than a Kramer, go off like a pager  
Skills uglier than Craig Mack in your ear I'm the flavor  
My old bird said some of my songs sound like noise  
Don't watch the Bulls as much, they got too many white boys  
A million black men walkin, towards one direction  
For sure, the cream of the planets... resurrection

Verse Two:

A prophet, raised among black disciples and Vice Lords  
Who don't give a f\*\*k about mic cords and nice swords  
get up, together black risk your cup  
I'm wishin for a change, my man want his change in a cup  
Yessir, I'm in the Mix-a-Lot  
Bitches put em on the glass while I'm puttin stickers on they ass  
I rule everything around me like cash  
On the rocks of reality, dreams get smashed  
In jams I M\*A\*S\*H like Alan Alda

Niggaz nod, they say hey as if I was Little Walter  
Eighty-Seven strip walker taught the code of the area  
by staying, within the barrier  
Exposed to stony stimuli, with that I identify  
Brothers went through my rotate solidify the realness  
Skull-caps, Murf Puffy jacket, Lug boots on  
Steppin to me is like goin to the county being a Neutron

Verse Three:

I ride the rhythm like a Schwinn bike  
When in dim light  
I use insight to enlight  
Device up in da skin tight  
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe  
Imaginations in flight  
I send light, like Ben's kite I've been bright  
Get open like on gym nights  
And in fights I send rights  
Don't hook with skins my friends like  
I spend nights up in dykes  
I've been indicted as a freak of all trades  
I got it made  
I bathe in basslines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums  
Come from a tribe of bums  
Hooked on negro and mums  
Had to halt with the, malt liquor

Cause off the malt liquor I fought niggaz  
Now my speech and thoughts quicker  
Cruisin Southside streets with no heat and no sticker  
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker  
Eighty-Seven got my back and we don't get no thicker  
Chicago got my back and we don't now check it  
I'm a ho but not a ho nigga  
Ain't scared of no nigga  
But it's my turn to go I gotta go  
And I'm gone with the storm