

# Common, The People

(feat. Dwele)

Louder, louder, louder, louder, louder, louder  
louder, louder, Yeah  
[Repeat]

Yeah, it's for the People

[Verse 1:]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes  
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal  
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo  
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people  
And the struggles of the brothas and the folks  
With lovers under dope, experiment to discover hopes  
Scuffle for notes, the rougher I wrote, times were harder  
Went from rocky starter to a voice of a martyr  
Why white folks focus on dogs and yoga  
While people on the low end tryin to ball and get over  
Lyrics are like liquor for the fallen soldiers  
From the bounce to the ounce, its all our culture  
Everyday we hustlin, tryna get them custom rims  
Law we ain't trustin them, thick broads we lust in them  
Sick and tired of bunchin it, I look on the bus at them  
When I see them struggling, I think how I'm touchin them  
The People

[Chorus:]

The day, has come  
Now we, are one  
Just take, your time  
And then, you'll find

[Verse 2:]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes  
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal  
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo  
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people  
The people said that I was sharp on TV  
At the Grammy's, though they tried to India.Arie me  
Got back stage, and I bumped into Stevie  
He said no matter what, the people gone see me  
Can't leave rap alone the streets need me  
Hunger in they eyes, is what seems to feed me  
Inside peace mixed with beast seem to breed me  
Nobody believe, until I believe me  
Now I'm on the rise doin business with my guys  
Visions realize, music affected lives  
A gift from the skies, to be recognize  
I'm keeping my eyes on the people, that's the prize

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes  
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal  
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo  
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people  
From Englewood to a single hood in Botswana  
I see the I in We my nigga, yours is my drama  
Standin in front of the judge with no honor  
Barack stick, knight the people like Obama  
The karma of the streets is needs and takes  
Sometimes we find peace in beats and breaks

Put the bang in the back so the seats can shake  
Rebel Cadillac music for the people sake  
The People

[Chorus]