

The Roots, Common Dust (feat. Kid Crumbs)

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust (8X)

Chorus: Black Thought (4X)

It's Common Dust y'all, and you don't stop
For you to trust y'all, with real hip-hop

(Black Thought)

Thought be the ? of the styles of speech
A dusty head brother mighta saw the bleach
Teach I aims not, just to talk my sense
Damn I gives not, 'bout the consequence
Funk the stylistics, and jazz the vibe
Laughs at e-tudes cause I'm stayin alive
Time I grips not, so it limps along
Dust you, collect if you digs my song
Paids and black braids what I aims to ease
Connection L-7 throwin out the breeze
Cool breeze to blow up cause I bust the shit
I'm just a sun child rollin in a dustin ship
It's like that y'all

(Kid Crumbs)

Thought's a Black miss you wanna catch the Crumbs
When I hums a fat song, with derelicts and bums
Smoke gems with the folk from the cellar when they come
Mouth be like cotton, got sticks of gum
Common spear-a-mint, it's like sense is Dust
Accumulation much cause naps I got nuff
Funk feeds the dome see the trees they wanna rise
Out sprouts the ?, free to vocalize
Old school highs I got, for your eyes
Circulize never even though we lock together
Ask the set I'm clever cause I'm severed and I'm pooped
But anyway the wind blows, the Dust you gotta go

Chorus

(Kid Crumbs)

It's like Crumbs stay at a mic, comes to and from the ashes
Pass the what kid? L-7, we massive
Jazz the funk, slow-be-poke, baby she be glass
Puff the stuff you have now I recline and make you laugh
Roots can boost knot and off the docks I rocked your riches
The Edgar shit is locked, that's, if the force is with us
Yeah, deeps pon the streets I reach, be the sound
A pouch full of ouch, soon the freaks is freakin out, uhh
Threes that make you shout, 'bout, ruckus on the corner
Black, ?uest and Rubber, we did it in the summer
Now the po' folk is near, they say I'm not a Square
But when the circle's Root, Black see if I'll be there
It's like that y'all

(Black Thought)

Dig it, cool for me I'm glad when I springs from pad
To those with mad Dust I be just a lad
Rock me rocks not cause my Thoughts is Black
Sports the A-di-das plus my proton pack
Accumulatin Dust as my trail mix crush
Digs the naturale, baby flush the blush
Yeah, when it roams, find your way back home
And dig it with the kids with the Dust-y dome
Soon your zigs roam when you brooms the scene
Dust you gots not, cause your rooms is clean

Trust I knows much cause I blows the horn
It's Common Dust y'all, you go on and on

Chorus w/ variations to end