

# Food for Funk

Common

What yo

Yo

Check it yo

You say a one for the trouble two for the time

Come on y'all let's rock that uh

(I can feel the funk)

Check it

I come to grips with mics

I come to grips that a lot of mic users is dikes

I come to grips with the likes of Fred Hampton

Cold so I'm lamping with no need for spotlight

When I got light like an intersection, you talk

But you came to my town with protection

Election year, had the block hot

I scream "fuck the world" for having a baby girl sorta cock block

I write rhymes like I come from the windy city

With my crew, I click like simply, stand midi with reality

Casually, I walk through these war games

Some claim say but then they take on whore names

If that's the way your sex drives, stay in your lane

If you're a man, I can't tell like if the door rang now

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place

It ain't a bunch of niggas all up in your face

The music is thumping and you're feeling the bass

What you want to do girl(wanna shout)

To the brothers when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch of niggas

It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor

You jacking his name and stick to make you Jones get thicker

What you want to do man?(let go)

Yo, check it

Some niggas be on the mic, sounding like dikes

Allow me to get on and bust like Spike(uh)

Lee, I'm in the majors with no rotation

Through stations of bullshit, I see through like a pager

In the age of Aquarius, various things

Is gonna carry us in intellect and what have you

Street astrologists interpret point stars and half moons

Then end up on garages or walls in bathrooms

Every black moon, a rap tune move me

The rap sun, I rain more than Rudy, that unruly shit is played

It don't stop

It's time to get it, get it made

I got my mind made up like Foxy Brown's face

I know how the underground tastes

I want a crib from the ground up, rooms spin at a round pace

Get down based on true story, through Corey, came close to the teachers

Colder as the Iceman, posted before it start wrinkling

Linking with cats, who don't react to change in the years

Fulfill prophecies in rooms full of emptiness, now

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place

It ain't a bunch of niggas all up in your face

The music is thumping and you're feeling the bass

What you want to do girl(wanna shout)

To the brothers when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch of niggas  
It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor  
You jacking his name and stick to make you Jones get thicker  
What you want to do man?(let go)  
Yo, check it

I can feel the funk  
Yo, check it, check it

I came through the corridor, with the aura  
Raw Chicago mora, scope the horror  
Read between the lines and know the border  
Some pop wines for juice, I wait in the water  
Waiting for you Big Willie niggas to have a show at The Crib  
We goin' get with your glamor, long as we know where it is  
Tell you ain't a player by your sweater doused with wack feather  
The Crib got the gangsta player shit patent like black leather  
I rap better than you, you, or maybe him  
But I am like a tree and every lyric is a timb  
Spilled brews and greasy foods got my car smelly  
Some be so high, they believe they fly like R. Kelly  
But then they fall off, dusted niggas is getting sawed off  
They fall soft, my mental lift is for me to haul off  
I kick ass

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place  
It ain't a bunch of niggas all up in your face  
The music is thumping and you're feeling the bass  
What you want to do girl(wanna shout)  
To the brothers when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch of niggas  
It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor  
You jacking his name and stick to make you Jones get thicker  
What you want to do man?(let go)  
Yo, check it

I can feel the funk  
(makes me want to shout, want to shout)

Wanna shout