

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

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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

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

Wanna shout