

# Gladiator

Common

Nothing-nothing-nothing-nothing

Nothing you could do (4x)

They say he's a radical, he don't fit the game  
A heart full of glory and a fist of pain  
A couple of battle scars but shit's the same  
Are you not entertained  
So all the onlookers and the bystanders  
Wait til intermission, run buy your camera  
Record the moment, cause it'll be platinum  
And you could say you seen Common rock the stadium

I was told by a wise old to come from the heart  
Though I might've did The Light, I don't run from the dark  
The dark knight to spark mics, and start fights  
The warrior archetype like Kimbo Slice  
It's strength in the beard, am I loved or feared  
A beast amongst boys like Paul I'm revered  
Vroof, vroof vroof vroof vroof Vroof vroof well  
Like Jacob Jewel, I keep clientele  
You frail on the mic like you might break a nail  
I might smoke a joint but I won't take the L  
I knew a fat girl who broke the scale  
Still touched down cause I was off Artell  
Had dreams of breaking Mike Vick out of jail  
Took the underground rail to the end that failed  
I rebel, NYSL  
Here to leave a trail like Nelson Mandela

Nothing you could do (4x)

My words is the sword, my skill is the shield  
My life is the style I stay dressed to kill  
A legend like Will Smith with the steel  
I could save the world when shit get for real  
Skinny George Foreman, all in your grill  
My rhyme style is blind, it's all in the feel  
Touch it and watch the blood fall with the steel  
The weak raps you wrote you could call that your will  
My drive VROOM is how I stay the livest  
Your guys got you gassed, my flow is a hybrid  
Crashed I survived it, gashes over eyelids  
You easy to take out cause you hot garbage  
I'm amped like wattage, the truth nigga honest  
Any moment opponents drop out like college  
Kneel and pay homage to the rap Ziggy Stardust  
Stadium hands in the air fists balled up

Nothing you could do (4x)

Feet in the dirt, blood on the shirt  
Scars over bars, symbols of the work  
Tight clothes the armor, center of the drama  
Defeat your whole army like this is Sparta  
So don't violate or you'll get violated  
Some of you model bitches is so overrated

Don't mean to underrate it but damn it I made it  
In the water I waded on the corner I painted  
Draw blood like we related  
MCs get de-decapitated  
Syncopated is the style that I fight with, write with  
Mr. Excitement, change your face up like a white chick  
Then light shit up like a dread with the herbs  
Get sex in the city and head in the burbs  
These are the words of a radical  
The crowd applaud, I'm bowed, I'm proud  
To be the gladiator

Nothing you could do (4x)