

# Home

## Common

A man who's genius and freedoms and -  
Ability to communicate and -  
To talk, and to touch chords -  
A man who has the ability and the audacity  
And the - of God to stand up, to stand up

Heard the sound of the trumpets, the voice from the throne  
Seen the twenty-four elders and I knew I was home  
I was told to write songs for the people  
Take the original Hebrews on an Exodus of Black Excellence  
Tell them to invest in us and make testaments about each other  
Or how we sisters and brothers  
Cover the land in corners of poems and stone  
Go hard with it, let em know you God with it  
Even though I authored it, let no one margin it  
And make it all about paper or first weeks sales  
Though this is from Heaven give 'em verses from Hell  
Those that fell off the path, bring them back to the Mass  
The staff can be your microphone  
Your name is Common  
You was born to fight the norm  
Take house niggas outta darkness till they lights is on  
I'm a put a hyphen on your name  
Rapper-actor-activist  
You the one that can reach into the black abyss  
Stars this asterix, show em what a classic is  
Freedom riders need passengers  
And your lyrics use scriptures and passages  
To make them rise like Lazarus  
And resurrected again, they'll put disrespect on your name and respect it ag  
ain  
Every section you in, bless em and keep bussin'  
If they don't like it, shake the dust and say 'fuck em'  
Until you get home, I'm the one you trust in

I'm happy to be in any place  
Where God's name is remembered

Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world  
Trouble of this world, trouble of this world  
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world  
Going home to live  
Going home to live  
Going home to live

Go into the wilderness like Mussa on a pilgrimage  
Streets are villages, speak with diligence  
And authority to fake God of pharisees and sadducees  
Give them that Gardley free from the Black Odyssey  
Yo pardon me, you the God bodily  
Functioning on earth as a part of me  
That's why I gave you artistry  
Go into the hoods with the shooters and the strippers  
Forget the New World Order, New Jerusalem is with us  
Tell sisters they earths and goddesses  
If they got bottom, don't get caught in a bottomless  
Pit, there's a lot of us fit for the kingdom is near

You can tell by the wars and how the seasons appear  
You'll appear in circles in Hollywood, I birthed you  
And Chicago, you know how to parlay good  
You'll get Oscars, Emmys, and Grammys  
Give those to your family, don't get caught up in the vanity  
Or the world's insanity

Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world  
Trouble of this world, trouble of this world  
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world  
Going home to live  
Going home to live  
With God

To those of you who are unfamiliar with those words  
They mean, in English, 'Peace, be unto you'