

# I Got a Right Ta

Common

Yeah! Hah! Yeah, we got, come on  
Y'all cats know the abstract nigga with the attitude  
Pass the booze, and let's build on it  
I'm rolling in a Cadillac with the grill fronted  
I ain't even smoke no mo' but I feel blunted  
Yo I'm token on the freedom  
Stepping to the A.M., cats be token in the P.M.  
Tell the players I'm the G.M.  
Told my team let me get my plays straight, I'ma feed them  
They need me like I need them  
See the streets is bleedin  
Had to meet with my mind and ? to be defined and  
Stay on my climb  
I'm grind - ing, 'til I get blue balls  
Everyday, same shit new star  
Don't make me act like where I come from because he grew tall  
There's a place that to run from it if you neu - tral  
Hustlers and vogues, customers and smokes  
I kiss the sky feeling high off the stuff that I wrote

(2x):

I want to ride in my car, smoke my weed  
Keep my head high, let the chrome spin  
I got the right to feel hood  
I got the right to feel high  
I got the right to feel hood  
I got the right to feel high

I'm the only cat in hip hop that can go into a thrift shop  
Connect, get up to the ghetto and get props  
If you gonna get that kick-a-box  
Make sure that ? not  
If you gonna get that glock don't be scared to big shot  
Hip Hop is changin, y'all want me to stay the same?  
Sorta like Barkley on how I see the game  
I recognize game like a scout  
Ayo, I'm bound to wreck your lady as I turn your lady out  
I ain't about that  
Messing with no other man's women  
Because of jealousy then a man go under  
Understand a man and his mental  
Listening to Joan Mitchell  
With the fan and the window  
Can it be so simple then?  
I rock Rockports, you rock Timberlands  
I want a Rover, but I'm thinking long range  
I ain't switch over, I just made my own lane

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Like a pimp to a hoe I connect to the track

I feel it in my neck and my back  
A thug came to me, said it changed his life  
Said the love of his life, he used to bang to the light  
I'm trying to do better  
I ain't claiming Mister Right  
I'm a grown man, I'm too old to fist-fight  
I stay on point like trick dice  
Tweeking like the sound man who need to switch mike  
Sounding bitch like  
I know the block is hot, but we just can't get ice  
When our children's children sit nice?  
I sing the song to make the fiend's strong  
King Kong ain't got shit on me  
I train days to rip emcees, I'm peaking  
But I still gotta get that cheese  
You on some monkey ball damn chimpanzees  
Mobbin through the Chi-Town to feel the breeze yo

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