

## Nag Champa (Afrodisiac for the World)

Common

Yeah baby boy  
In the place (for you and yours) to be  
Da uh da uh, we got the uh ya'll  
We bout to rock ya'll, we got the uh baby...  
Yo yo yo check it  
Excite-ting, enlight-ning, invite-ting  
I'm writin shit that I feel  
Raps are Black Steel In the Hour of commotion, the motion of Com  
Is like that of a ocean, devotion cuz I'm  
The Earth, Wind, and Fire of hip hop  
By Rakim and Short I been inspired  
My shit knocks environ---ments  
of cats wit seventeen's tint, time is money  
The mind is funny, how it's spent on gettin it  
It's sittin wit descendants of Abraham  
Who say the jam is "Money, Cash, Hoes"  
I went from bashful to asshole to international  
Lover-self, word to the mother on my last record cover it's felt  
Now deal wit it

I wanna get into it  
Let's do this  
I wanna see you move it  
So move it  
So let's just get into it  
Let's do this  
Can you feel the music?  
The music oh ah, can you feel the music, the music

Yo check it yo  
In this never-ending battle to please  
Niggas, magazine writers, MC's  
Who request hot shit, I freeze  
And tell em where I was rose, we always said cold  
Hold your Horses and ya Carriages, this never-went-gold nigga  
Rocks shows care-less  
You not gon' respect self, at least respect the heritage  
Affect the lives, the spread of wealth and the merit is  
I realize what I portray day to day, I gotta carry this  
And beats, rhymes and life is where the marriage is  
Had Dreams of Fuckin R&B broads, it came true  
Journalist I wreck, shared the same view  
Picked up a fallen angel on the path that I MC  
Familiar voice, come to find out the angel was me  
Some say "You changin, Rashid"  
Times are, we still close  
I rhyme far, away away away  
From what you accustomed to hearin everyday, uh-ah  
You know the dope-choppin, gun-poppin, homies dyin  
I'm amongst it, save the war stories for Private Ryan, INI

Yo check it yo  
Women cry, children laugh, men dance  
I refuse to lose self and try to win fans over  
Weight on my shoulder fluctuates like Oprah's  
My refrigerator poetry's magnetic like ultra  
You couldn't hang if you was a poster

Posin like a bitch for exposure  
It's rumors of gay MC's, just don't come around me wit it  
You still rockin hickies, don't let me find out he did it  
Got My Eyes on the Tiger, Eyes on the Prize  
Eyes on the thighs of Mary J. Blige, imagin on how good the cat must be  
Stop eatin meat, lost weight, but I still rap husky  
My verse depth is that of a baby's first step  
Or the old lady who died and the nurse wept  
I flow like cursive writing, invitin you and yours to my openness  
Shows allow me to cop Range/range like a vocalist  
But man does not live on bread alone  
What good is a Range/range when it's time to head home?

We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac  
We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac  
We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac  
We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac  
We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac  
We be that, we be that  
Afrodisiac, disiac yeah