

Pyramids

Common

A nigga told me he only rhyme for 19-year-olds
Nigga, you should rhyme wherever the spirit goes
Here it goes, lyrical miracles
These are pyramids from the imperial
In theory, though, low end scenario
It's sound boy burial drove me to classic material
Aerial nights blew my mind out of stereotypes
For ethereal heights, I write like Pritchard
Invisible man, pictured below with the hieroglyphicable
Prolifical flow, on the walls where the mystics of Kemet would go
Supreme wisdom in my system is the kick in the door
I don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin' though
This is a ritual for those depicted as low
Now I passed life like I've been here before
The reincarnation of It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold
Us Back, coldest raps
For me the globe is like a culdesac
Around the world in a day, find forever and I stay
I'm from the weather where they spray
There's gotta be a better way, people dying everyday
Wonder what would heaven say? Devils need to get away
From Chevrolet to Escalade, from evergreen to the everglades
I kneel where the rebels pray
Seen fifty gray, but they need better shades
Niggas rhyming like their whole style in retrograde
The escapade I'm on is like when the sun, moon and stars was born
It's hard to explain how these pyramids formed

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MCs I'll be burning, burning hot
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MCs I'll burn, I'll burn, and I will burn, burn, burn

I arrived on the planet, never took the Southside for granted
Smoke a little, keep a high standard
The Roots are my niggas so I gotta fly bandwith
Son of the sit-ins, you know who I stand with
Dude said I was a hero, I ain't nothing but a sandwich
A gluten-free one at that, close my eyes see my raps
My bio is feedback from what we need rap
On some Marshawn Lynch, let me run it back
And come with that new black spiritual
Every rap's a miracle, condition now critical
Game lack lyrical, we need black generals
Holy war, tap into you like Savion
But I'm a orator, the corduroy boy
Came the door-to-door name down the corridor of fame
I walk like an Egyptian on a mission to listen to conditions
Envision a vision of what we wishing
I've been commissioned to deprison the prism of your mind
Spit the wisdom of the one devine
Close encounter of the wonder kind, front a line
Shift the paradigm with a pair of rhymes
Style Bonnie Caylor, in the sweep with Caroline
Getting dressed up under pressure, Alabama shakes on Incense rising from the

dresser, child of a fresher god
Influenced by the life of the former, Joanne Chesimard
Assata Shakur, I gotta do more
The light-skinned spook who got in the door
I gotta hit four, same thing Cassius Clay uses pottery for
I'm on a world tour with Muhammad the prophet, my man
And where we land the pyramids stand

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