

The Food

Common

Tonight's musical guest
Two of Chicago's Finest emcees!
Give it up for Common and Kanye West!

"It's Common Sense!"

Yeah! "Common Sense!" - It's Common Sense! With Kanye West!
On the Dave Chappelle Show!
Everybody gotta eat right?
It's the food baby!

I walked in the crib, got two kids
And my baby mama late (uh oh! uh oh! uh oh!)
So I had to did, what I had to did
Cause I had to get (duh-ough! duh-ough! duh-ough!)
I'm up all night, getting my money right
Until the blue and white (po po! po po! po po!)
Now the money coming slow, but a least a - know
Slow motion better than (no-oh! no-oh! no-oh!)

You love to hear the story, again and again
About these young brothers, from the City of Wind
Like juice and gin, in the city we blend
Amongst the hustle, titties and skin, fifties and rims
Y'all know the Sprewells and trucks that's detailed
Heartless females that wanna ride in em
Felt the southside venom in raw hides and denim
Pimp minds collide wit em, a system that tries victims
We living in, my man in the fast lane pivoting
On the block white is selling like Eminem
On the block it "Jump Off" like Kim and them
On the block it's hot, you can feel it, in your skin and then
Shorties get the game but no instructions to assembling
Eyes bright, it seems like the fight is dimming them
Call my man cuzo, like I'm kin to him
He trying to stay straight, the streets is bending him

It's all good in the hood, like raps and gems
Throwbacks and Timbs, blacks and rims
Whether on ball courts, attires of all sorts
We never fall short, wit us it's Our Force like And 1's
Some waves, some air guns, the days of the fair one is over for
Cats is colder than four below, wit self I go toe to toe
Wondering if it's for the art or for the doe
Though I know to grow a - gotta learn to let go
Though I know the doe I got to bring back to the ghetto
Arrows on Terot cards pointing to the grind
Po' livin in more prisons, pointing to my mind, shine the light up
Clench my fists tight, holding the right up
Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter
Situations, and jobs get tighter
My man trying to get his weight and height up, c'mon!

I - I know I could make it right
If I could just swallow my pride
But I can't run away or put my - away
You can't front on me

I - no I can't let it ride
No no not tonight
See I can't run away or put my - away
You can't front on me