

# Common Dust

The Roots

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust [8X]

[Chorus: Black Thought 4X]

It's Common Dust y'all, and you don't stop  
For you to trust y'all, with real hip-hop

[Black Thought]

Thought be the ? of the styles of speech  
A dusty head brother mighta saw the bleach  
Teach I aims not, just to talk my sense  
Damn I gives not, 'bout the consequence  
Funk the stylistics, and jazz the vibe  
Laughs at e-tudes cause I'm stayin alive  
Time I grips not, so it limps along  
Dust you, collect if you digs my song  
Paids and black braids what I aims to ease  
Connection L-7 throwin out the breeze  
Cool breeze to blow up cause I bust the shit  
I'm just a sun child rollin in a dustin ship  
It's like that y'all

[Kid Crumbs]

Thought's a Black miss you wanna catch the Crumbs  
When I hums a fat song, with derelicts and bums  
Smoke gems with the folk from the cellar when they come  
Mouth be like cotton, got sticks of gum  
Common spear-a-mint, it's like sense is Dust  
Accumulation much cause naps I got nuff  
Funk feeds the dome see the trees they wanna rise  
Out sprouts the ?, free to vocalize  
Old school highs I got, for your eyes  
Circulize never even though we lock together  
Ask the set I'm clever cause I'm severed and I'm pooped  
But anyway the wind blows, the Dust you gotta go

[Chorus]

[Kid Crumbs]

It's like Crumbs stay at a mic, comes to and from the ashes  
Pass the what kid? L-7, we massive  
Jazz the funk, slow-be-poke, baby she be glass  
Puff the stuff you have now I recline and make you laugh  
Roots can boost knot and off the docks I rocked your riches  
The Edgar shit is locked, that's, if the force is with us  
Yeah, deeps pon the streets I reach, be the sound  
A pouch full of ouch, soon the freaks is freakin out, uhh  
Threes that make you shout, 'bout, ruckus on the corner  
Black, ?uest and Rubber, we did it in the summer  
Now the po' folk is near, they say I'm not a Square  
But when the circle's Root, Black see if I'll be there  
It's like that y'all

[Black Thought]

Dig it, cool for me I'm glad when I springs from pad  
To those with mad Dust I be just a lad  
Rock me rocks not cause my Thoughts is Black

Sports the A-di-das plus my proton pack  
Accumulatin Dust as my trail mix crush  
Digs the naturale, baby flush the blush  
Yeah, when it roams, find your way back home  
And dig it with the kids with the Dust-y dome  
Soon your zigs roam when you brooms the scene  
Dust you gots not, cause your rooms is clean  
Trust I knows much cause I blows the horn  
It's Common Dust y'all, you go on and on

[Chorus w/ variations to end]