

Common f/ Kanye West

"The Food"

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* Live version from the Dave Chappelle Show

[Dave Chappelle]

Tonight's musical guest

Two of Chicago's Finest emcees!

Give it up for Common and Kanye West!

"It's Common Sense!"

[Intro - Common]

Yeah! "Common Sense!" - {*scratched*}

It's Common Sense! With Kanye West!

On the Dave Chappelle Show!

Everybody gotta eat right?

It's the food baby!

[Chorus - Kanye West]

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!)

[Verse - Common]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse - Common]

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!

[Chorus]

[Bridge - Kanye West]

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

[*applause*]

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