

Common f/ Dwele

"The People"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

Louder, louder, louder, louder, louder, louder
louder, louder, Yeah
(Repeat)

Yeah, it's for the People

[Verse 1]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people
And the struggles of the brothas and the folks
With lovers under dope, experiment to discover hopes
Scuffle for notes, the rougher I wrote, times were
harder
Went from rocky starter to a voice of a martyr
Why white folks focus on dogs and yoga
While people on the low end tryin to ball and get over
Lyrics are like liquor for the fallen soldiers
From the bounce to the ounce, its all our culture
Everyday we hustlin, tryna get them custom rims
Law we ain't trustin them, thick broads we lust in them
Sick and tired of bunchin it, I look on the bus at them
When I see them struggling, I think how I'm touchin
them
The People

[Chorus]

The day, has come
Now we, are one
Just take, your time
And then, you'll find

[Verse 2]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people
The people said that I was sharp on TV

At the Grammy's, though they tried to India.Arie me
Got back stage, and I bumped into Stevie
He said no matter what, the people gone see me
Can't leave rap alone the streets need me
Hunger in they eyes, is what seems to feed me
Inside peace mixed with beast seem to breed me
Nobody believe, until I believe me
Now I'm on the rise doin business with my guys
Visions realize, music affected lives
A gift from the skies, to be recognize
I'm keeping my eyes on the people, that's the prize

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

This is street ra-dio, for unsung heroes
Ridin in they regal, tryin to stay legal
My daughter found Nemo, I found the new primo
Yeah you know how we do, we do it for the people
From Englewood to a single hood in Botswana
I see the I in We my nigga, yours is my drama
Standin in front of the judge with no honor
Barack stick, knight the people like Obama
The karma of the streets is needs and takes
Sometimes we find peace in beats and breaks
Put the bang in the back so the seats can shake
Rebel Cadillac music for the people sake
The People

[Chorus]

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