

Common "Chi-City"

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And ya say Chi-City
(We don't stop, naw, we don't quit)
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I rap with the passion of Christ, nigga, cross me
Took it out of space and niggaz thought they lost me
I'm back like a chiroprac' with b-boy survival rap
It ain't ninety-fo', yo, we can't go back

The game need a makeover
My man retired, I'ma takeover
Tell these halftime niggaz, "Break's over"
I'm raw, hustlas get your baking soda

Too many rape the culture
Leave rappers with careers and they faith over
It's a war goin' on, you can't fake bein' a soldier
In the basement, listening to tapes of Ultra-Magnetic
To the fact the messiah is black

I'll turn the TV down, we can take it higher than that
I wonder if these whack niggaz realize they whack
And they the reason that my people say they tired of
rap

Inspired by black Muslims and Christians
Pushin' cutlasses, dope and other traditions
In the conditions of the city, the city
The city, the city, the city, the city, come on

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A black figure in the middle of chaos and gunfire
So many raps about rims, surprised niggaz ain't
become tires
On the street you turn cold and then go screech
I tell 'em, "Fuck 'em" like I do to police

The beast is runnin' rampant
I'm in between sheets tryin' to have sex that's tantric
For the ghetto, tryin' to make a get-up stand-up anthem
You spit hot garbage, son of Sanford
What you rappin' for, to get fame or get rich?

I slap a nigga like you, and tell him, "Rick James bitch"
With your Hollywood stories on porches
We polly hood stories about who became rich
And whatever light they hit, we wanna hit the same
switch

You didn't know where to aim it, you still remain bitch
I'm forever puttin' words together
Some'll sever mothers from daughters and fathers
from sons
The name Com' has never been involved wit' run

Unless its DMC, or runnin' these broads to bein' free
I'm harder than the times, you hardly scary
Hopin' God's inside you, God is Halle Barry
They ask me where hip-hop is goin', it's Chicagoan

Poetry's in motion like a picture now showin'
It's the city, the city y'all, the city
Uh, the city y'all, come on

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And ya say Chi-City
Common Sense, from the city of wind

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