# Common
# "I Got A Right Ta"

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Yeah, hah, yeah, we got, ah, ha
Y'all cats know the abstract nigga with the attitude
Pass the booze, and let's build on it
I'm rolling in a Cadillac with the grill fronted
I ain't even smoke no mo' but I feel blunted

Yo I'm tokin' on the freedom
Stepping to the A.M., cats be tokin' in the P.M.
Tell the players I'm the G.M.

Told my team let me get my plays straight, I'ma feed them
They need me like I need them
See the streets is bleedin'

Had to meet with my mind and ? To be defined and
Stay on my climb
I'm grinding, 'til I get blue balls
Everyday, same shit new star

Don't make me act like where I come from because he grew tall
There's a place that to run from it if you neutral
Hustlers and vogues, customers and smokes
I kiss the sky feeling high off the stuff that I wrote

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Keep my head high and let the chrome spin
(I got the right to feel high)
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I'm the only cat in hip hop that can go into a thrift shop
Connect, get up to the ghetto and get props

If you gonna get that kick-a-box, make sure that, not
If you gonna get that glock don't be scared to big shot

Hip Hop is changin', y'all want me to stay the same?
Sorta like Barkley on how I see the game
I recognize game like a scout
Ayo, I'm bound to wreck your lady as I turn your lady
out

I ain't about that messing with no other man's women
Because of jealousy then a man go under
Understand a man and his mental
Listening, to Joan Mitchell with the fan and the window

Can it be so simple then?
I rock, rock ports, you rock Timberlands
I want a Rover, but I'm thinking long range
I ain't switch over, I just made my own lane, Charlie I
wanna

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Like a pimp to a hoe I connect to the track
I feel it in my neck and my back
A thug came to me, said it changed his life
Said the love of his life, he used to bang to the light

I'm tryin' to do better
I ain't claiming Mister Right
I'm a grown man, I'm too old to fist-fight
I stay on point like trick dice

Tweaking like the sound man who need to switch mike
Sounding bitch like
I know the block is hot, but we just can't get ice
When our children's children sit nice?

I sing the song to make the fiend's strong
King Kong ain't got shit on me

I train days to rip emcees, I'm peaking

But I still gotta get that cheese
You on some monkey ball damn chimpanzees
Mobbin' through the Chi-Town to feel the breeze, yo

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