

Common "In My Own World"

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Yeah, yeah, now check the method
Extra P from ATCQ's, keep It rollin'
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No time to get all excited, just write it
From the inside, let the pen slide and spread
The ink on the papyrus, come understand this
(What?)
Paint the canvas, givin' you my vision
To mould you, compose you

Get a picture of the scene, then get an exposure
Words out my cipher, the life of my circle
Train tracks aside of me
Cabrini to Idabi, don't lie to me

You want me in your needle
Squirt me in your vein, maintain on the couch
I excite your brain till I'm out of your system

Be digger not a nigger or a niggerole I figure you're
The winner of the bread, precede your thoughts
'Fore they come into your head
(Yo, kid kinda nice)

From the word, I speak, unique, clear and concise
Heads I'm boring, soaring to a new height of flight
And then fight the night with a light to gain sight

Make your competition say aight
No I.D. from the city with a bridge on thirty-first
Makin' all butt crews disperse

I'm in my own world
(Yeah yeah, now check the method)
I'm in my own world

(Yeah yeah, now check the method)

I'm in my own world

(Yeah yeah, now check the method)

I'm in my own world

(Yeah yeah, now check the method)

(Check the method)

I'm in my own world

I say pay attention boy, I say uhh, looka here

I want you to see me when you do you look and fear

I dilate pupils, it's cornea than a retina

My book of life, you felt it because of the texture

When I'm bubbly I call the exta, see if she still love me

I'm advanced like a copy studs be on my sac to dub me

Cheap ass niggaz, go and purchase it

I ain't do all this work for shit

My style's my child, I gave birth to it

Like an immaculate conception, clean I came

Went through label pains, didn't give shorty a name

I put, bros before hoes that's the way love and life goes

It's a jungle out there but I'm never fever-in for them

white hoes

I love black thighs, you sisters better realize

The real hair and real eyes get real guys

So before you makeup your face

You better make up your mind

I hope you wake up in time

For the revolution or you gon' be like

"I can't believe it, I got shot"

Bowe bo so I lick one, not for Riddick

But I got the Rid for my dick

And the crab MC's that be all over it

Huh, what good is the Rid without the comb?

I'm the street pick peace to Nick, Tim, Mark and

Sekendall

I remember me and Deion tried to get into Mendal

I didn't have No I.D., they wouldn't let me in

Now them same gumps be askin' me to get them in

I be like, "You don't know me, fool"

And color it purple 'cause he ain't in my circle

Now I'm talkin' square biz to you

And I'm out I'm in my own world

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