

## Common "It's Your World"

Visit "[It's Your World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

**(feat. 'POPS')**

*[Verse 1]*

Night Blows, Stoves don't work, Hoes at work  
A warrior, so I wear M.O. on my shirt  
Wishin I was free as Che was, I spend a day buzzed  
Trippin on heights, wishin for Nikes in different flavors  
The age of Kane and Big Daddy, shown by the caddies  
Uncles named Larry, that never really grabbed me  
My mother gave birth but she really never had me  
Left to the hood to play daddy  
Raised by niggaz named Butch, Puda, Bebe  
With weight so they weigh they status on the streets  
License plates that say they, motto This is Chicago in  
the hay day  
Similiar to Good Times, I guess that I was Jay Jay  
A skinny nigga, young girls with penny figures  
So many niggaz, stacked upon each other  
It's the black upon each other that we love so much  
Wonder how many of us, these drugs gonna touch  
Used to gangbang, ain't really thug that much  
Rather have some thick broads and a dutch to clutch  
Went to school in Baton Rouge for a couple of years  
My college career got downed with a couple of peers  
Came back home, now I gotta pay back loans  
Same nigga, same block, same shit they own  
Only thing different, quicker, they click that chrome  
In my defense, yo I had to hit that zone  
Man to man, I'm good workin with my hands  
My generation never understood workin for the man  
And, of bein broke I ain't a fan  
Now I stand in the same spot, as my old man  
My life I planned not to be on this corner  
I still wanna see California  
But this is my world

*[Chorus Repeated Overlapping:]*

"It's your world"

*[Common]* Yeah

*[Verse 2]*

Life and death blow around us  
Four pounds and pounds of herb from out of towners  
It's hard to stay grounded  
We stay high, that's why old folks down us  
Lost, nobody found us, the force that surrounds us  
Ain't with us, they get us on the ground and hit us  
We paint pictures of the change under their names and  
scriptures  
Removed from earth, only to return through birth  
Knew this girl sellin her body, wish she knew what it  
was worth.  
Between God and trash, lookin in every car that pass  
With a walk that suggests head, to milk niggaz she was  
breastfed  
She know dairy so she say cheese to get bread  
In the area where it's more weaves and less dreads  
Kinda scary, amongst theives and base-heads  
Said it was her toes, but I could tell her soul hurt  
She was cold Turk, growin up she got to know hurt

very well in a world where self hate is overt  
Her step-father thought he was ike, so her mother he  
striked  
she got to like like minded niggaz, who liked crimes  
and figures  
Doin white lines and liquor, see hard times had kicked  
her  
In the ass, that used to be thicker  
Life is fast, some choose to be quicker  
I remember in high school she had a passion to sing  
Now she see herself in a casket in dreams  
These are the children of crack and rap, blacks that  
lack  
Self-esteem, yo we forgot the dream  
On our jeffersons y'all but we forgot the theme  
In the Chi, we even rootin for a garbage team  
This queen never seen herself on this Corner  
She still wanna see California  
But this is her world

*[Chorus repeated several times]*

*[Kids stating their dreams]*

*['POPS']*

Be, be here, be there, be that, be this  
Be grateful for life, be grateful to life  
Be gleeful everyday, for bein the best swimmer among  
500,000  
Be-nign, be you, be mom's mean pie, be little black  
sambo With bad hair

Be aware of what a lynch is, Be, be boundless energy  
Be a four star ghetto general, be no one except I  
Be a strong academic student, be an A student in  
sociology  
Be food for thought to the growin mind, be the author  
of your own horoscope  
Be invited, be long-living, be forgiving, be not forgetful  
Be a proud run, only to return to fight another day  
Be peaceful if possible, but justice in ways (?)  
Be high when you low, be on time but knowin to go  
Be cautious of the road to college, takin a detour  
through vietnam or the middle east  
Be absent of wars at any past or present fought  
amongst themselves  
Be visual of foreclosure over your shoulder while  
beggin  
A nation built on free labor for reperation, Be a  
cartopogropher  
Be a map maker, be able to find afro-american man  
search thoroughly it may be close to black man  
Be ammended 5/5ths, be ammended 5/5ths human  
Be the owner of more land than is set aside for wild life  
Be cupid, to world government  
Be found among the truth, lost tribe  
Be at full strength when walking through the valley  
Be not foolish as tender 18 of the mountain tops  
Be a brilliant soul, sparklin in the galaxy while walkin on  
earth  
Be loved by God as much as God loved Ghandi and  
Martin Luther King  
Be that last one of 144,000, be the resident of that  
twelfth house  
Be....eternal!

Visit [Common](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.