

## Common "Resurrection"

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Verse one:

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter-in  
That be scatterin  
Over the globe will my vocals be travellin  
Unravellin my abdomen it's slime that's babblin  
Grammatics that are masculine  
I grab them in, verbally badgerin broads  
I wish that madelline, was back on video lp  
I went against all odds and got a even steven  
Proceed to read and not believin everything I'm readin  
But my brain was bleedin, needin feedin, and exercise  
I didn't seek the best of buys, it's a lie to textualize  
I analyze where I rest my eyes  
And chastise the best of guys with punchlines  
I'm nestle when it's crunch-time  
For your mind like one time  
If poetry was pussy I'd be sunshine  
Cause I deliver like the sun-times  
Confined in once-mines on dumb rhymes I combine  
I'm hype like I'm unsigned, my diet I unswine  
Eatin beef sometimes I try to cut back on that shit  
This rap shit is truly outta control  
My style is too developed to be arrested  
It's the freestyle, so now it's out on parole  
They tried to hold my soul in a holding cell so I would  
sell  
I bonded with a break and had enough to make bail  
A misdemeanor fell on his knee for the jury  
I asked no for his I'd and the judge thought there was  
two of me  
Motion for a recess to retest my fingerprints  
They relinquished since, cause I was guilty in a sense

Verse two:

I ride the rhythm like a schwinn bike when in dim light  
I use insight to enlight devices hit the skin tight  
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe  
Imaginations in flight  
I send light, like ben's kite I've been bright  
Get open like on gym nights  
And in fights I send rights  
Don't hook with skins my friends like  
I spend nights up in dykes

In spite I've been indicted as a freak of all trades  
I got it made  
I bathe in basslines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums  
Come from a tribe of bums  
Hooked on negro and mums  
Had to halt with the, malt liquor  
Cause off the malt liquor I fought niggaz  
Now my speech is lost quicker  
Cruisin southside streets with no heat and no sticker  
U ak got my back and we don't get no thicker  
U ak got my back and we don't get no thicker  
U ak got my back and we don't now check it  
I'm a hoe but not a hoe nigga, ain't scared of no nigga  
But it's my turn to go I gotta go  
And I'm gone with the storm

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