

Common "They Say..."

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They say, "What's happenin'?"
We say the facts and if, they lie
We comin' back for them
They might say but they don't know
They say, they say
They don't know

They say a nigga lost his mind
But in the scheme of things I never lost a rhyme
The thin line between love and hatred
I'm the black pill in the Matrix, the saturated life

They say life is what you make it
So I wait quick on a spaceship so I can take it
As high as the stakes get when paper get low
I be tellin' Derick, "Tell Kara get us a show"

Little Com, I make righteous bitches get low
The richest man ain't necessarily the nigga wit dough
They say, "You ripped" yeah, that's what they say
My niggaz couldn't tell it was me, like Jamie in Ray

Paintin' a day, wit focused crime, broads, and good
wine
They say, "Dope is sour so it's homework and hood
crimes"
I stood mine, for forever and a day so goodbye
They never could say tell 'em, J

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Ahh, the sweet taste of victory
Go head and breath it in like antihistamine
I know they sayin', "Damn, yay snapped wit this beat"
Fuck you expect? I've got a history

Groupie love now, gotta be them wheels

Haters back down, gotta be that steel
I know they cant wait till ya outta ya deal
Look how they did D'Angelo ask 'em how do it feel

My best friends worry 'bout me
'Cause they know when you famous
And you had made cash the media aims at us and you
be up so high
If you ever fall off, it feel like a plane crash

But God don't ever give me nothin' I can't handle
So please don't ever give me records I can't sample
So I could vacate where it ain't no channels
But it's quite okay for a gangsta to wear sandals

They say 'cause of the fame and stardom
I'm somewhere in between the church and insane
asylum
I guess it's messin' with my health then
And this verse so crazy when I finish I'm just gon' check
myself in again

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They say, "Dude think he righteous"
I write just to free minds, from Stoney to Rikers
Amongst the lifeless, in a world crazy as Mike is
On my paper, whether it's weed or Isis

They say, "Life is a game", so I play hard
Writin' for my life 'cause I'm scared of a day job
They say, "Sef kept the hood together"
I tell the young, "We can't play the hood forever"

Play my cards right, they say I went to left
They showed me strange love, like I was Mr. F
Played chess in this game of, pawns and knights
Now I claim king like Don, or Frank White

They say my life is comparable to Christ's
The way I sacrificed, and resurrected, twice
They say, "The crochet pants and the sweater was
wack"
Seen the corner, now they say, "That nigga's back"

They say, "What's happenin'?"

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