

Common Sense "In My Own World"

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("Yeah yeah, now check the method" - Extra P
from ATCQ's _Keep It
Rollin_)

* cut and scratched 4X by Mista Sinister

Verse One: No I.D.

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 mold 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

Chorus: repeat 4X

[No I.D.] I'm in my own world ("Yeah yeah, now
check the method")

Verse Two: Common

[No I.D.] ("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 ex ta, 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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