

## Common Sense "Invocation"

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Common:

Envisioning the hereafter, listenin to Steve Wonder  
On a Quest for Love like the Proceed drummer  
I strike like lightning and don't need thunder  
Inhale imagination and breathe wonder  
That's your lady, I used to run up in her and G weed  
from her  
It's a cold world and niggaz need summer  
At times my going forward seems like retreat  
As I be writin rhyme after rhyme and throw away beats  
Growing into my britches, outgrowing the streets  
There's a thin line between war and peace, whores and  
jeeps  
Ignore MCs like beeps, scribblin freedom on pages  
My third eye is like pink eye, seemin contagious  
Redeemin the ancients with ace this rhyme jargon  
I feel Mexican, hip hop is my garden  
Don't give a fuck where you chartin, certain shit I can't  
honor  
It ain't that you sellin, it's your karma  
Rappers I monitor like a chaperone, you large and  
haven't grown  
Poetically perform fly-bys, another rapper gone  
The stage becomes a catacomb, I rap like a mummy  
Not for the money, I could have sampled Diana Ross a  
long time ago  
My mind of flow is like motor key 20  
Youngblood said he had dimes, I prayed that he see  
twenty  
Hollerin at the brothers, either you gon be a thug or a  
man  
Flip drugs and get land, I can see my man Rashad  
As he described how the bucks hit him  
And said slugs was still stuck in him, when it rained, it  
fucked wit  
him  
This bucket interrupt wisdom and asked when my  
album was comin  
I said it's here  
It's here(echoed)

