

Common Sense "I've Been Thinking"

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Intro: Common

Yeah, one two, bless

Yeah yeah, check it

I got my mellow Sean Lett

He gonna get down for y'all Chicago style

Eighty-seven, you know the bidness, check it

Chorus: Common, Sean Lett

After eight years of my life, of smoking and drinking

The world keeps spinning, so lately I've been thinking

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The world keeps spinning, so lately I've been thinking

Verse One: Common

Nearest to the go gothic, a cash flow prophet

Methods of gettin scratch and talkin slick I've adopted

Palms in the lock with stunts whose hearts be game

Hoes in the stable, none do I claim

Niggaz with nothin to shoot for, at they only aim

Gramps in the choir singin it's gonna rain

in the midst of precipitation, I make the power

manipulations, so my offspring'll be straight for
generations

Got connections in the nation

To incarceration, to general population

More lyrics than Jason, look me in the face when you
speak to me

You got a tattoo? Bitch youse a freak to me

Seeking the, good sess material

Asking when's my next video

Bitch get a job and get your ass in somebody's
university

Enroll your youngun in a nursery

And cleam him up, comb his hair, cover yourself

You want a man to love you you ain't loving yourself

I'm discovering wealth watches wisdom in ways

To make it in the last days, now bring it on

Chorus

Verse Two: Sean Lett

I feel blessed I survived two decades in this world

Then Ninety slid in naked now I got a baby girl

Ain't this a bitch, myself still a child

I want to hang on eighty-seven corners act wild on
Stoney Isle

Better school her, so presence is your seed in society

Parks of envy jealous niggaz crack fiends yes indeed
I won't mislead and you can best believe
I'm just a blink away shorty anytime that you need
See I know right now, you're just too young to
understand
Asking questions, why pops and moms don't be
holding hands
Don't you worry about it yet, in due time we'll explain
Why having you, created just an everlasting shame
Bringing joy witcha smiles, tripping when you first
walked
Knowing somebody's child is gettin outlined in chalk
Just relieved it ain't you, I got much love for you boo
Cause it ain't nuthin that these skanless niggaz in these
streets
won't do
Stop me if I'm lying, see my race is steady dying
Short methods to making cream, bullets sprays and
shatters dreams
See basically, Chi-town's game-related and designed
Niggaz store up theirs and down opposite signs
Chorus
Outro: Sean Lett, Common
It's like that y'all (yeah yeah)
Common Sense and dirty mizer on the set y'all
Sean Lett
We gonna get down like that
My man Eddie C on the board
We coming through y'all for eighty-seventh street
Seventy-first and everybody in South show
We coming through for niggaz on the West side
Down in the ickies, all up and down state
We gonna keep it straight like that
We straight out for gold
You call it Chi-town it's still our town
Holding it down like this with that eighty-seven sound
We talking about rocking niggaz state to state
nationwide
On the real it's like that
Straight up South side is where we loaf
Shit be real around these parts, I'm serious
Youknowwhat!msayin? Hear me
You know what? We out though

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