

Common Sense "Pop's Rap"

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[Pops]

Hey, hey old bean

And you to baby sweetness

Yeah, this is Pops, and I'm back in the studio

And I didn't have to break in this time

I'm back as a special guest by special request

And I want to thank my son for loaning me this
microphone once again

They may have to wrassle to get it back

You know, as a result of my son Common touring the
world

Pops has acquired a wonderful extended family
From around the globe

he has returned with positive messages to my earlobes

From all my children From Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Japan

And of course in the motherland

Even in the orient, they know what I meant

Nanaan, tanaan, tinaan, hanchinaan

So I didn't come in here to give any shouts out

I came to give praise and honor and to identify my
children

Who've been saying and doing the right things

You know they sat on those nines of 1999

and kept them from turning upside down

And teaching the babies

to love, to be able to give love

And to enter the new century with their own prophecy

The century of amends

You see I deal with the premise that all children are
ours

And that we all travel the same path

It's just that we don't get there at the same time

(See you next lifetime) See you next lifetime

And to my children running around here

talking about how nice is they ice

that they've already paid for twice

What karat is they gold

that was yours before you were done in the hole

Or that crew from 1629, buy some land

Think agriculture; beat that neighborhood

which you claim you love so dear

Are you mankind or what kind of a man?

See, Pops is straight out of the garden
from when the world was starting brand new,
Hip Hop, Hip Hop, the language of the underground
railroad
In it's purest form
Yeah true hip hop is just like the Underground Railroad
If the message is not for you
It can sit on your nose and your brain remain froze
So when you see me traveling on a spiritual high
I'm flying high with Cee-Lo
Or maybe watching my long's heart dancing to a De La
flow
Everybody knows there's no fruit on the tree with The
Roots
And Black Star said we are what we are
The Knowledge Of Self Determination
And my little homie KG
Up there in Minnesota milking 10000 lakes
Keep the heat on em', we got to be kind to the growing
mind
So if your heart is real
You will hear Big Will and Ms. Lauryn Hill
If your love is true, you will hear Badu-ism
And you can't go right until you go left
and get some ingredients from the music chef Jazzy
Jeff
Children, I've traveled this globe
north to south, east to west
And whenever my soul appears lost
I turn to the musical stylings of a Tribe Called Quest
Okay, we ready to get out of here
We ready to take it home now
Just so everybody knows
When Pops get ready to say something good
I mean when it's time for me to lay it on the wood
And it ain't no time for no shecky shecky
That's when I turn to a Black Girl Named Betty
Y'all looking for the only truth and it doesn't even exist
I just come to give love and peace and honor to all my
children

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