

Common Sense "Resurrection"

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Verse One:

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter-in
That be scatterin
Over the globe will my vocals be travellin
Unravellin my abdomen it's slime that's babblin
Grammatics that are masculine
I grab them in, verbally badgerin broads
I wish that Madeline, was back on Video LP
I went against all odds and got a even steven
Proceed to read and not believin everything I'm readin
But my brain was bleedin, needin feedin, and exercise
I didn't seek the best of buys, it's a lie to textualize
I analyze where I rest my eyes
And chastise the best of guys with punchlines
I'm Nestle when it's Crunch-time
For your mind like one time
If poetry was pussy I'd be sunshine
cause I deliver like the Sun-Times
Confined in once-mines on dumb rhymes I combine
I'm hype like I'm unsigned, my diet I unswine
Eatin beef sometimes I try to cut back on that shit
This rap shit is truly outta control
My style is too developed to be arrested
It's the freestyle, so now it's out on parole
They tried to hold my soul in a holding cell so I would
sell
I bonded with a break and had enough to make bail
A misdemeanor fell on his knee for the jury

I asked No for his ID and the judge thought there was
two of me

Motion for a recess to retest my fingerprints
They relinquished since, cause I was guilty in a sense

Verse Two:

I ride the rhythm like a Schwinn bike when in dim light
I use insight to enlight devices hit the skin tight
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe
Imaginations in flight
I send light, like Ben's kite I've been bright
Get open like on gym nights
And in fights I send rights
Don't hook with skins my friends like

I spend nights up in dykes
In spite I've been indicted as a freak of all trades
I got it made
I bathe in basslines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums
Come from a tribe of bums
Hooked on negro and mums
Had to halt with the, malt liquor
Cause off the malt liquor I fought niggaz
Now my speech is lost quicker
Cruisin Southside streets with no heat and no sticker
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker
U Ak got my back and we don't get no thicker
U Ak got my back and we don't now check it
I'm a hoe but not a hoe nigga, ain't scared of no nigga
But it's my turn to go I gotta go
And I'm gone with the storm

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