

## Common Market "Doors"

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Make 'em clap to this  
Attempt to motivate the activists  
The buzz about town (will) produce volts to power your  
Amp  
Reign it in Â– damp roots will blossom  
A few were talkin' 'bout the sprout when the Two were  
Still Awesome  
Sun lit the sky and identified the Scion  
'95 burns hot in the hearts of rap purists  
"Put in on," big brother, transform  
My generation of b-b-bubblers has gone flat over time  
Daily distractions of the 8-track mind  
If I stray, punch me out, for real Â– be on the button  
But word to La Rock, swear you aint gon' stop for  
Nothin'  
Mecca bound with the 4-pound Â– promisin' yall the  
Payoff  
The black steel rocker throughout the age of chaos  
And brothers on my jock for the way I hold it  
Take it in, cousin Â– this right here's the moment  
Still "steppin' to the a.m."  
A half pace short of dawn-break Â– you take trade in's?  
Stakes is high Â– my mistakes ante up with the best  
"Stay alive, all thing's will change around" Â– ahh yeah  
You're test of faith will make mountains outta rock  
Piles  
The 'voodoo child' will chop it  
Jimi's diggin' cats Â– Mr. Hancock. 'Rock It, '  
And affluence influenced the hustle, I can't knock it  
Believe me if you wanna, but I'll tell you this much  
I bet you all your dough they live longer than us,  
Because  
Only the good die at age 29  
'My Philosophy' was born in a 'New York State of Mind'  
Confined on the island with no moral support  
To make a long story short Â– it's 8 million others in  
The city  
And you proolly aint got time for this one  
You keep checkin' the shine on your wrist, son...

Chorus:

Bum rush the platform, son Æ– doors are closin'  
When time's frozen, you don't wanna be late  
Departin' sharp for one last run to get you open  
I'll forever hold my token, stand post by the gate (X2)

They said 'never no more, '  
But it seems the suckas teamed up to hold court  
The 6-man providin' relief for any starter  
Count stats by the quarter Æ– we're takin' back the  
Order  
I swear upon the text of the revelation of Kings  
From Hollis, Queens Æ– learned to walk without strings  
Easy on the cut Æ– no mistakes allowed  
Cause to me, "MC" means "mentor the child"  
Step into the realm and you're bound to get taught  
Tell me Grand Verbalizer; what time the lesson start?  
Sharpenin' my tip so my mark's made heavy and dark  
Indelible upon your skeletal parts  
The apprentice to the mad scientist up in the lab  
It's the art form Æ– these scars were born under scabs  
Evidence of life represented by the ankh  
The body returns to dust; the soul to the South Bronx...

Chorus

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