

Roger

"Common Freestyle"

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[Common]

Yeah, this is the truth

Common Sense, wit Tony Touch

It's the type of music we be

From Chicago to New York

I ain't move, I'm just movin crowds baby

Yo yo check it

Supreme life, I seen light at the end of the path

Beginning wit math, stumbled, found a gym in a half

Cognac, pimps, Hennessey's resemble my dad

Went to, the School of Hard Knocks, it's hard to

remember the staff

>From the land of shit-talk

Point stars and pitch forks, this ain't a game, only a

bitch barks

The streets is stayin hard, peoples tryin to out-think

God

Tradin crack for link cards

Heavy, so I sleep hard and breathe eye accounts

In this paper marathon, meditatin to tapes of Farrakhan

And Seravon, sharin songs wit broads, I know they

need it

It's like I'm Eldrige Cleaver wit my mind set on cleavage

Reachin for the heavens since the bliss fell from the

elevated, I speak

Wit Technics like a 1200

Black males wanted, the sign of the times

Read: one for project prisons wanted dead

I sped to the light, my realness bled through the mic

Like Marvin, I'm willing to save the children givin lead

to the night

It was written but untold

Some hold the scroll in the hearts, the truth is told in

the arts

Like old school to park, my thoughts connect

No longer is it impeach the president or break to mic

check

I circumcised the clouds, wit thoughts that raise your

third eyebrow

Cuz the sun is my child, bloaw
Yeah it's Com Sense, Tony Touch
Peace to my god NO ID, yeah Y-Not, Dug Infinite, Sean
Lett
We just bringin it to y'all Chicago style to New York
And we travellin all over the world, peace

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