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## **Angie Martinez** "Magnitude"

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I, Common, IiI, common (\*repeat 4X\*)

I'm writing in my book Wit a simple pleasure Or is it necessary Just to document this measure of time Whether defined or not I'm gonna find the top Of my personal climbing rock Take a verse of what I'm about Break it down I just rhyme about den And da secrets I'm finding out And dats alright ain't it Look how bright I painted experience Gain it, maintain it Same heinous crimes Of Sam Hein They won't wane Eh pay the fine And sometime I campaign Champagne and Rap You're bottling flat dude Forget all that It's concentrate on the great We gonna do this Tough like Buddhist Who this fool sitting in big chairs Spot light blew it up Smooth as cup of Caffeine Chapters got snatched up by Napster Jimmy Caster Use to get wasted away like Jimmy Buffet And I'm dam sure It wasn't cool Now I ain't buzzin fool Like That Light that Rit Bite that bottom lip I gotta be a somebody Even if you gotta trip

It's truly just me in this No one seeing dis Pitted against the grain For the whole world domain Don't tell me that I put too much music out Look at them jazz fools This is jazz too This is black music No crack, no gat, no lack of compassion Fools get zooted too much I can't do much to change there minds I guess I can't influence I'm just tryin to unwind Find a line of attack, with tact Cracked the coffee They crack whatever like Genetic Codes to make robots with controlled souls That's not new news You've seen the weirdness Moka is a Scorpio Climbing through the clearing In the woods on the hill top Breathing pine scented Someone gotta take the next step So I invented You, turn around say I'm demented Cause no one else is doing it But I'm a free soul And you resent it

[Chorus]

Crack the can of worms Free flow the ink In a matter of minutes So I don't lose my think Burnt brain cells From previous years of abuse Keep my last few close To avoid the news Watching Bruce Willis on a Blockbuster night That's me To taxi to wax spots Where ya ass be Ask me To rhyme witcha I may, just be fresh for god's sake That I'm slipping off to a lake Do I make any of you Feel Exhiliration? If so that's my purpose To thrill the nation Not to big, just grand enough With mad distribution And women need to start the substitution Get rid of that wack shit We got the substance girl DM, I'm above this world One Man outfit, producer, MC, composer Already traveled millions of miles On this coaster

[Chorus]

Ya, ya, ya Liiiiiiiiife A yigi, yigi, yigi Liiiiiiiife

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