

## **Jagged Edge % Blaque F/ R.O.C. "Confusion"**

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[Just Ro]

I used to practice my skills, on slanted backs of fields  
Slingin' Sugar Hills, tryna get my bills  
Raised on monk ills, wit cool ass folks  
Who wore jeans to they thighs, wit f-o-t-i's  
I epitomize game, y'all niggas know my name  
Rollin wit the Nation, the business and the frame  
Y'all can keep the fame, its all about the ends  
The shorties in my hood, my family and friends  
That Benz in my yard, that credit on my card  
After twenty-five years, had this nigga livin hard  
Like God I'll rise, to open up your eyes  
Sista close them thighs for flirtin with them guys  
Show your real prize, true playas takin heed  
As we drownin in this sack of water weed  
For real

[Common]

Give us this day, Richard got our Daley bread molded  
My old girl said "Rashid, you should have voted"  
The truth of the moment, on the poll it wasn't nothin  
But components to a system that's corroded  
Secrets get coded then promoted to the inner-city  
bosom  
Jobs are scarce, most sur-die by hustlin  
I get into discussions with the Christians and the  
Muslims  
Of percussion in this real nigga ensemble, Chicago  
City of steppers and niggas with wild hair  
Besides the Hall there's the foul air  
Wonder if I'll raise my child there  
Regardless its the foundation, a hustla's salvation  
Organized gangs are now Nations

Chorus:(Just Ro, Common)

It's the Hustler Scholar, Street Soldier Supreme  
Bound by common ground, here to put it down  
Comin from the Go, Ill State for sho  
Out for respect and the doe, bust that.

It's the Hustler Scholar, Street Soldier Supreme

Bound by common ground, here to put it down  
Ill State for sho, comin from the Go  
Out for respect and the doe, yeah yeah

[Just Ro]

They say the early bird is the one that get the worm'  
So I rise before the sun, not to be out-done  
Steppin to the world thinkin "Ro, get the doe"  
Wit the grill a little bent, so you coward niggas know  
Hit the nine-tre, hook wit E and get blowed  
It ain't even 9 o'clock and we got the block sewed  
Takin what we owed, never front on what we know  
I gotta give some love to Big Money and B.O.  
Avoid the nonsense, and resurrect your mind  
Everything gon be fine, now its my turn to shine  
I elevate the blind, rewind his-tory  
Knockin off you marks when we for the fame and glory  
Average bars bore me, come before me wit credentials  
Ain't impressed wit yo body and yo dentials

[Common]

Stimulated by a tree of drama, I advance on a branch  
Of respect and honor, A patient of the Ill State  
Senate of trauma, never been one to side wit harma-  
for Armageddon, I'm gettin armed plus armor  
The karma of a martyr, On the rise  
Like the temp in this South Side sauna  
The preface to the Book of Life states to pake humid  
To it I react by stayin strapped wit the Mack of Courage  
Parallel to a carousel of murders  
I prefer to make a life than take a life  
Stopped at the street caught wise and made a right  
Sorta How I play my broads is how I play the mic  
First I cuff it, then finger fuck it, check it  
Spit somethin rugged, other niggas be reluctant  
To touch it after me, passively they strike  
Never matchin me, rapidly though classically  
I frantically, verbal tapestry tappin the keg of your  
conscience  
Navigating niggas like Farrakan with a compass

Chorus

Just Ro, (Common)

Now y'all know (let 'em know)  
Its like that (how we come through)  
Common Sense and Just Ro (South Side, West Side,  
everywhere)  
Its like that (y'all know we universal, yeah)  
(Prepare the universe, for the original Black Man)

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