

Toto

"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 coroded
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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