

C'mon

When he was a kid he was the joker  
Low potential, straight mediocre  
Class clown, sneak off out the back door  
Long hair leave a grease spot on the black board  
C'mon honey take off that bra  
Tryin to hit a homerun in your mom's garage  
He loved graffiti, it opened him  
Creeped down the alley with a can of rustoleum  
Canvas, that flat surface  
He learned quick to control the nervousness  
If it aint buildin he burnt the bridge  
And no he dont give a damn what the curfew is  
Chased away all the saving grace  
While them old folks bitch about the way hes raised  
Southside Minneatmosphere  
Get ya running from the cops just for practice here  
Well what do ya know he got older  
Trying to apply what childhood showed him  
Everybody left out in that cold  
To try to learn how to manage all that weight on his shoulders  
We all want the easy life a piece of the pie that'll keep us high  
So turn it up til' the speakers cry  
And don't quit til' you reach the sky, c'mon

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And as an adult he took a good look  
Stayed away from the gangs and the crooks  
Even though he came from the same neighborhood  
So he fully understood that gang textbook  
Stay original be individual  
Push the pedal and never settle for the typical  
Feed your children look out for your people  
Live and let live and each one teach those  
Good luck get a tight defense  
And i hope you can depend on your higher sense  
Blanked emcees let em grow for  
The followers, felons, the fallen soldiers  
Hey rapper, we know it don't stop  
But don't forget about the folks on your block  
hey dopeman what you doin with the cash crop  
fuckin up gettin fat, fuckin up fellow have nots  
hey preacher, politician  
is that the house you live in  
how's the kitchen  
hey policeman dont bother  
even as a kid i only played robbers and robbers  
headphone activists  
aggressive pacifists  
i aint saying you gotta kill cops  
just look at your life check what its built off

c'mon, ...