Little Chicago Boy

Common

How should I begin? This is the story of a boy named Lonnie Lynn As I said it, the spirits enwhip me He was raised in the belly of the city Chicago Discovered by du Sable A Black Frenchman That I had to mention Extensions of a young man livin' on a low end 47th and Michigan, lackin' a little discipline Grandma Mable did the best she could You know how young brothers want a testy hood There he stood, taller than most Black boys One of the best ballers out of Illinois Collagen, Ohio, this is like his bio Talks that we had, man, they was never idle He talked about readin' the Quran and the Bible He talked how he smoked dope and sold it for survival He talked about the ancestors, in our lives; they're vital He said y'all boys love the bang 'cause you tribal Spiral of life, Chicago to Denver Anywhere he went, of attention, he's the center 6'9", big heart, big mind He he spent his whole life tryin' to be big time He did in a way, he made to the ABA And the things he say on my record When I was a shawty, he bought me "The Message" It was his messages in life I would step with Didn't see him much, spirits are connected Father creates it, the son can reflect it His perspective: sometimes seemed crazy His perspective: sometimes seemed brilliant His perspective: somehow it shaped me His perspective: undoubted I feel it He'd walk around in them Air Jordans I gave him I said, "Pops, them from Mike, man, you better save 'em" The fight that he had with cancer was a brave one Took Dr. Sebi's herbs instead of medication Breathing heavy, he talked reparations He said, "Son, we live through our generations" Offspring, coughing, Gene Ammons was playing In the background, he was talking, I was praying Our Father, take care of my father As far as he went, may I go farther May our dreams and legacies live through our children Though I can't touch him, I can still feel him

As Pops would always say, "Keep the peace"