

Nag Champa (Afrodisiac for the World)

Common

Yeah baby boy
In the place (for you and yours) to be
Da uh da uh, we got the uh ya'll
We bout to rock ya'll, we got the uh baby...
Yo yo yo check it
Excite-ting, enlight-ning, invite-ting
I'm writin shit that I feel
Raps are Black Steel In the Hour of commotion, the motion of Com
Is like that of a ocean, devotion cuz I'm
The Earth, Wind, and Fire of hip hop
By Rakim and Short I been inspired
My shit knocks environ---ments
of cats wit seventeen's tint, time is money
The mind is funny, how it's spent on gettin it
It's sittin wit descendants of Abraham
Who say the jam is "Money, Cash, Hoes"
I went from bashful to asshole to international
Lover-self, word to the mother on my last record cover it's felt
Now deal wit it

I wanna get into it
Let's do this
I wanna see you move it
So move it
So let's just get into it
Let's do this
Can you feel the music?
The music oh ah, can you feel the music, the music

Yo check it yo
In this never-ending battle to please
Niggas, magazine writers, MC's
Who request hot shit, I freeze
And tell em where I was rose, we always said cold
Hold your Horses and ya Carriages, this never-went-gold nigga
Rocks shows care-less
You not gon' respect self, at least respect the heritage
Affect the lives, the spread of wealth and the merit is
I realize what I portray day to day, I gotta carry this
And beats, rhymes and life is where the marriage is
Had Dreams of Fuckin R&B broads, it came true
Journalist I wreck, shared the same view
Picked up a fallen angel on the path that I MC
Familiar voice, come to find out the angel was me
Some say "You changin, Rashid"
Times are, we still close
I rhyme far, away away away
From what you accustomed to hearin everyday, uh-ah
You know the dope-choppin, gun-poppin, homies dyin
I'm amongst it, save the war stories for Private Ryan, INI

Yo check it yo
Women cry, children laugh, men dance
I refuse to lose self and try to win fans over
Weight on my shoulder fluctuates like Oprah's
My refrigerator poetry's magnetic like ultra
You couldn't hang if you was a poster

Posin like a bitch for exposure
It's rumors of gay MC's, just don't come around me wit it
You still rockin hickies, don't let me find out he did it
Got My Eyes on the Tiger, Eyes on the Prize
Eyes on the thighs of Mary J. Blige, imagin on how good the cat must be
Stop eatin meat, lost weight, but I still rap husky
My verse depth is that of a baby's first step
Or the old lady who died and the nurse wept
I flow like cursive writing, invitin you and yours to my openness
Shows allow me to cop Range/range like a vocalist
But man does not live on bread alone
What good is a Range/range when it's time to head home?

We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac
We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, disiac yeah