

# Pyramids

Common

A nigga told me he only rhyme for 19-year-olds  
Nigga, you should rhyme wherever the spirit goes  
Here it goes, lyrical miracles  
These are pyramids from the imperial  
In theory, though, low end scenario  
It's sound boy burial drove me to classic material  
Aerial nights blew my mind out of stereotypes  
For ethereal heights, I write like Pritchard  
Invisible man, pictured below with the hieroglyphicable  
Prolifical flow, on the walls where the mystics of Kemet would go  
Supreme wisdom in my system is the kick in the door  
I don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin' though  
This is a ritual for those depicted as low  
Now I passed life like I've been here before  
The reincarnation of It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold  
Us Back, coldest raps  
For me the globe is like a culdesac  
Around the world in a day, find forever and I stay  
I'm from the weather where they spray  
There's gotta be a better way, people dying everyday  
Wonder what would heaven say? Devils need to get away  
From Chevrolet to Escalade, from evergreen to the everglades  
I kneel where the rebels pray  
Seen fifty gray, but they need better shades  
Niggas rhyming like their whole style in retrograde  
The escapade I'm on is like when the sun, moon and stars was born  
It's hard to explain how these pyramids formed

Talent that I got will riz-ock the spot  
MCs I'll be burning, burning hot  
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MCs I'll burn, I'll burn, and I will burn, burn, burn

I arrived on the planet, never took the Southside for granted  
Smoke a little, keep a high standard  
The Roots are my niggas so I gotta fly bandwith  
Son of the sit-ins, you know who I stand with  
Dude said I was a hero, I ain't nothing but a sandwich  
A gluten-free one at that, close my eyes see my raps  
My bio is feedback from what we need rap  
On some Marshawn Lynch, let me run it back  
And come with that new black spiritual  
Every rap's a miracle, condition now critical  
Game lack lyrical, we need black generals  
Holy war, tap into you like Savion  
But I'm a orator, the corduroy boy  
Came the door-to-door name down the corridor of fame  
I walk like an Egyptian on a mission to listen to conditions  
Envision a vision of what we wishing  
I've been commissioned to deprison the prism of your mind  
Spit the wisdom of the one devine  
Close encounter of the wonder kind, front a line  
Shift the paradigm with a pair of rhymes  
Style Bonnie Caylor, in the sweep with Caroline  
Getting dressed up under pressure, Alabama shakes on Incense rising from the

dresser, child of a fresher god  
Influenced by the life of the former, Joanne Chesimard  
Assata Shakur, I gotta do more  
The light-skinned spook who got in the door  
I gotta hit four, same thing Cassius Clay uses pottery for  
I'm on a world tour with Muhammad the prophet, my man  
And where we land the pyramids stand

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