

# The Food

Common

Tonight's musical guest  
Two of Chicago's Finest emcees!  
Give it up for Common and Kanye West!

"It's Common Sense!"

Yeah! "Common Sense!" - It's Common Sense! With Kanye West!  
On the Dave Chappelle Show!  
Everybody gotta eat right?  
It's the food baby!

I walked in the crib, got two kids  
And my baby mama late (uh oh! uh oh! uh oh!)  
So I had to did, what I had to did  
Cause I had to get (duh-ough! duh-ough! duh-ough!)  
I'm up all night, getting my money right  
Until the blue and white (po po! po po! po po!)  
Now the money coming slow, but a least a - know  
Slow motion better than (no-oh! no-oh! no-oh!)

You love to hear the story, again and again  
About these young brothers, from the City of Wind  
Like juice and gin, in the city we blend  
Amongst the hustle, titties and skin, fifties and rims  
Y'all know the Sprewells and trucks that's detailed  
Heartless females that wanna ride in em  
Felt the southside venom in raw hides and denim  
Pimp minds collide wit em, a system that tries victims  
We living in, my man in the fast lane pivoting  
On the block white is selling like Eminem  
On the block it "Jump Off" like Kim and them  
On the block it's hot, you can feel it, in your skin and then  
Shorties get the game but no instructions to assembling  
Eyes bright, it seems like the fight is dimming them  
Call my man cuzo, like I'm kin to him  
He trying to stay straight, the streets is bending him

It's all good in the hood, like raps and gems  
Throwbacks and Timbs, blacks and rims  
Whether on ball courts, attires of all sorts  
We never fall short, wit us it's Our Force like And 1's  
Some waves, some air guns, the days of the fair one is over for  
Cats is colder than four below, wit self I go toe to toe  
Wondering if it's for the art or for the doe  
Though I know to grow a - gotta learn to let go  
Though I know the doe I got to bring back to the ghetto  
Arrows on Terot cards pointing to the grind  
Po' livin in more prisons, pointing to my mind, shine the light up  
Clench my fists tight, holding the right up  
Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter  
Situations, and jobs get tighter  
My man trying to get his weight and height up, c'mon!

I - I know I could make it right  
If I could just swallow my pride  
But I can't run away or put my - away  
You can't front on me

I - no I can't let it ride  
No no not tonight  
See I can't run away or put my - away  
You can't front on me