

The People (Ft. Dwele)

Common

Yeah, this for the peopleThis is street radio
For unsung hero
Riding in the regal
Trying to stay legal
My daughter found Nemo
I found the new primo
Yeah you know how we do
We do it for the peopleAnd the struggle, a lot of brothers and their folks
The lovers of the dope
Experiment to discover hope
Scuffle for notes
The ruffle I wrote
Times was harder
If a rock star to the voice of a martyr
Why white folk focus on dogs and yoga
People on the low end try to ball and get ova
Lyrics are like liquor for the fallen soldier
From the bounce to the ounce, it's all our culture
Everyday we hustling
Trying to get them customers
Law, we ain't trusting them
Thick bras, we lusting them
Sick and tired of punching it
I look on the bus at them
When I see them struggling
I think I'm touching themThe days, have come
Now we, are one
Just take, your time
And then, your fineThis is street radio
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My daughter found Nemo
I found the new primoYeah you know how we do
We do it for the peopleThe people, said that I was sharp on TV
At the Grammy's, though they trying to India.Arie me
Got back stage and I bumped into Stevie
He said no matter what, the people gonna see me
Can't leave rap alone, the streets need me

Hunger in they eyes, is what seemed to feed me
Inside peace mixed with beef, seemed to breed me
 Nobody believe, until I believe me
 Now I'm on the rise
 Doing business with my guys
 Visions realized
 Music affecting lives
 A gift from the skies
 To be recognized
I keep my eyes on the people, that's the prize
The days, have come
 Now we, are one
 Just take, your time
And then, your fine
This is street radio
 For unsung hero
 Riding in the regal
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 My daughter found Nemo
I found the new primo
Yeah you know how we do
 We do it for the people
From Inglewood
 To a single hood
 In Botswana
I see the eye and we my nigga
 Yours is my drama
Standing in front of the judge with no honor
 My raps take mike to people like Obama
 The karma of the street
 Says needs and takes
 Sometimes we find peace
 In beats and breaks
Put the bang in the back so the seats can shake
 Rebel Cadillac music for the people's sake
 The people
The days, have come
 Now we, are one
 Just take, your time
 And then, your fine

Songwriters

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