

# The People (feat. Dwele) (Prod. by Kanye West)

## Common

Yeah, this for the people This 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 people And 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 them 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  
Trying to stay legal  
My daughter found Nemo  
I found the new primo Yeah you know how we do  
We do it for the people The 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  
Trying to stay legal  
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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