

Nag Champa (Prod. by J. Dilla) (Flashback)

Common

Excite-ting, enlight-ning, invite-ing
I'm writing shit that I feel
Raps are black steel in the hour of commotion, the motion of Com
Is like that of a ocean devotion cause I'm
The earth, wind, and fire
Of hip hop, by Rakim and Short, I been inspired
My shit knocks environ---ments
Of cats with seventeen's tint, time is money
The mind is funny, how it's spent on getting it
It's sitting with 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 with 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 In this never-ending battle to please
Niggas, magazine writers, emcees
Who request hot shit, I freeze
And tell them where I was rose, we always said cold
Hold your horses and your carriages
This never-went-gold nigga rocks shows care-less
You not gon' respect self, at least respect the heritage
Affecting lives is where the 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 fucking R&B broads, it came true
Journalist I wreck, shared the same view
Picked up a fallen angel on the path that I emcee
Familiar voice, come to find out the angel was me
Some say "You changing, Rashid"
Times are, we still close
I rhyme far, away away away
From what you accustomed to hearing everyday, uh-ah
You know the dope-choppin, gun-poppin, homies dying

I'm amongst it, save the war stories for Private Ryan, INII 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 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

Posing like a bitch for exposure

It's rumors of gay emcees, just don't come around me with 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

Imagining 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, inviting you and yours to my openness

Shows allow me to cop range like a vocalist

But man does not live on bread alone

What good is a range when it's time to head home? 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 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 We be that, we be that

Afrodisiac, 'disiac

Songwriters

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