

Southside

Common

And everybody say, say
I know you, I know you I know you're thinking, thinking that it must be
I'm a raw flow 'cause it never get rusty
I ain't gotta say it, man, dawg, trust me
Bust somebody head, TLC, where was we? Still rock the Prada 'fore that, rock the Starter
Niggas out in Georgetown, and Magic way harder
Thinking back to the projects and they way they tore 'em all up
Like when I do a project and come back and tear the mall up We coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southSide of the broads, the cars, the half moon, the stars
I'm like Jeff Fort, the way I get behind bars
Burn CDs with no regard for the stars
Come to the grip with conflict diamonds and the arts Back in '94 they call me Chi-Town's Nas
Now them niggas know I'm one of Chi-Town's gods
We even yo, you still talking no cops
A conscious nigga with mac like Steven Jobs We coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southside side of the Chi Your fly is open, McFly
The crowd is open, I think I know why
I'm back from the future, seen it with my own eyes
And yep, I'm still the future of the Chi Back in college I had to get my back up off the futon
I knew that I couldn't cop a coup with no coupons
Look at that neutron on his green like two dimes
People asking him, "Do you have any gray poupon?" We coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southside, side of the Chi You in the building but the building's falling
You wouldn't be balling if your name is Spalding
My mind get flooded, I think about New Orleans
Back in school, y'all niggas, you should call him August I'm the sun that goes down but I'm still revolving
Southside 'bout to walk it out, I still get crawling
If rap was Harlem, I'd be James Baldwin
With money in the bank like G Rap, we're calling We coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southside of the Chi With niggas masked up like Phantom of the Opera
Dreaming of the day they push a phantom to the operas

Can't wait 'til they say, "Yeah, he ran up at the Oscars"
Poppa, I heard his life is like a movieLike when Em' played him and Mekhi played a rasta
Mexicans don't love it like it was for La Raza
But this is for the mobsters, holla
We some true Chi-Town legends, accept no impostersWe coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southside of the ChiThe un-American Idol, Tower like the Eiffel
'Lean Wit it, Rock Wit It', black like the Disciples
Know when to use a Bible and when to use a rifle
You rap like you should be on the back of a motorcycleCaught a case of robbery and 'Beat It' like Michael
Your career is a typo, mine was written like a haiku
I write to 'Do the Right Things' like Spike do
Through conflicts is crucial and trauma is psychoWe coming from the
Southside, southside
Southside, southside
Southside, southside, southside of the ChiWe're coming from the
[Incomprehensible] spice it up
You might have to spice it up
Spice it up, spice it up, take your life andYo, we're coming from the
We're coming from the

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