Common Free Style

The RH Factor

Yeah, this is the truth
Common Sense, wit Tony Touch
It's the type of music we be
From Chicago to New York
I ain't move, I'm just movin' crowds baby
Yo yo check it
Supreme life, I seen light at the end of the path
Beginning wit math, stumbled, found a gym in a half
Cognac, pimps, Hennessey's resemble my dad
Went to, the School of Hard Knocks, it's hard to remember the staff
From the land of shit-talkPoint stars and pitch forks, this ain't a game, only a bitch barks
The streets is stayin hard, peoples tryin to out-think God
Tradin crack for link cards
Heavy, so I sleep hard and breathe eye accounts
In this paper marathon, meditatin to tapes of Farrakhan
And Seravon, sharin songs wit broads, I know they need it
It's like I'm Eldrige Cleaver wit my mind set on cleavage
Reachin for the heavens since the bliss fell from the elevated, I speak
Wit Technics like a 1200Black males wanted, the sign of the times
Read: one for project prisons wanted dead
I sped to the light, my realness bled through the mic
Like Marvin, I'm willing to save the children givin lead to the night
It was written but untold
Some hold the scroll in the hearts, the truth is told in the arts
Like old school to park, my thoughts connectNo longer is it impeach the president or break to mic check
I circumcised the clouds, wit thoughts that raise your third eyebrow
'cause the sun is my child, bloaw
Yeah it's Com Sense, Tony Touch
Peace to my god NO ID, yeah why-Not, Dug Infinite, Sean Lett
We just bringin it to why'all Chicago style to New York
And we travellin all over the world, peace

Songwriters
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