

# Pop's Rap

## Common, Common Sense

[Pops]

Hey, hey old bean

And you to baby sweetness

Yeah, this is Pops, and I'm back in the studio

And I didn't have to break in this time

I'm back as a special guest by special request

And I want to thank my son for loaning me this microphone once again

They may have to wrestle to get it back

You know, as a result of my son Common touring the world

Pops has acquired a wonderful extended family

From around the globe

He has returned with positive messages to my earlobes

From all my children From Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Japan

And of course in the motherland

Even in the orient, they know what I meant

Nanaan, tanaan, tinaan, hanchinaan

So I didn't come in here to give any shouts out

I came to give praise and honor and to identify my children

Who've been saying and doing the right things

You know they sat on those nines of 1999

And kept them from turning upside down

And teaching the babies

To love, to be able to G

I've love

And to enter the new century with their own prophecy

The century of amends

You see I deal with the premise that all children are ours

And that we all travel the same path

It's just that we don't get there at the same time

(See you next lifetime) See you next lifetime

And to my children running around here

Talking about how nice is they ice

That they've already paid for twice

What karat is they gold

That was yours before you were done in the hole

Or that crew from 1629, buy some land

Think agriculture, beat that neighborhood

Which you claim you love so dear

Are you mankind or what kind of a man?

See, Pops is straight out of the garden  
From when the world was starting brand new,  
Hip Hop, Hip Hop, the language of the underground railroad  
In it's purest form  
Yeah true hip hop is just like the Underground Railroad  
If the message is not for you  
It can sit on your nose and your brain remain froze  
So when you see me traveling on a spiritual high  
I'm flying high with Cee-Lo  
Or maybe watching my long's hear  
T dancing to a De La flow  
Everybody knows there's no fruit on the tree with The Roots  
And Black Star said we are what we are  
The Knowledge Of Self Determination  
And my little homie KG  
Up there in Minnesota milking 10000 lakes  
Keep the heat on em', we got to be kind to the growing mind  
So if your heart is real  
You will hear Big Will and Ms. Lauryn Hill  
If your love is true, you will hear Badu-ism  
And you can't go right until you go left  
And get some ingredients from the music chef Jazzy Jeff  
Children, I've traveled this globe  
North to south, east to west  
And whenever my soul appears lost  
I turn to the musical stylings of a Tribe Called Quest  
Okay, we ready to get out of here  
We ready to take it home now  
Just so everybody knows  
When Pops get ready to say something good  
I mean when it's time for me to lay it on the wood  
And it ain't no time for no shecky shecky  
That's when I turn to a Black Girl Named Betty  
Y'all looking for the only truth and it doesn't even exist  
I just come to give love and peace and honor t  
Oh all my children

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by LYNN, LONNIE RASHID / WILSON, ERNEST DION

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, CHRYSALIS MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>