

I Got a Right Ta

Common

Yeah! Ha! Yeah, we got, come on
Why y'all cats know the abstract nigga with the attitude
Pass the booze, and let's build on it
I'm rolling in a Cadillac with the grill fronted
I ain't even smoke no mo' but I feel blunted
Yo I'm toking on the freedom
Stepping to the A.M., cats be taking in the P.M.
Tell the players I'm the G.M.
Told my team let me get my plays straight, I'ma feed them
They need me like I need them
See the streets is bleeding
Had to meet with my mind on how I could divined
Stay on my climb
I'm grinding, 'til I get blue balls
Everyday, same shit new star
Don't make me act like where I come from because he grew tall
There's a place that to run from it if you neutral
Hustlers and vogues, customers and smokes
I kiss the sky feeling high off the stuff that I wrote I want to ride in my car, smoke my shit
Keep my head high, let the chrome spin
I got the right to feel high
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I got the right to feel high I'm the only cat in hip hop that can go into a thrift shop
Connect, get up to the ghetto and get props
If you gonna get that kick-a-box
Make sure that bitch knock
If you gonna get that glock don't be scared to big shot
Hip Hop is changing, why y'all want me to stay the same?
Sorta like Barkley on how I see the game
I recognize game like a scout
Hey yo, I'm bound to wreck your lady as I turn your lady out
I ain't about that
Messing with no other man's women

Because of jealousy then a man go under
Understand a man and his mental
Listening to Joan Mitchell
With the fan and the window
Can it be so simple then?
I rock Rockports, you rock Timberland's
I want a Rover, but I'm thinking long range
I ain't switch over, I just made my own lane I want to ride in my car, smoke my shit
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I got the right to feel high Like a pimp to a hoe I connect to the track
I feel it in my neck and my back
A thug came to me, said it changed his life
Said the love of his life, he used to bang to the light
I'm trying to do better
I ain't claiming Mister Right
I'm a grown man, I'm too old to fist-fight
I stay on point like trick dice
Tweaking like the sound man who need to switch mike
Sounding bitch like
I know the block is hot, but we just can't get ice
When our children's children sit nice?
I sing the song to make the fiend's strong
King Kong ain't got shit on me
I train days to rip emcees, I'm peaking
But I still gotta get that cheese
You on some monkey ball damn chimpanzees
Mobbing through the Chi-Town to feel the breeze yo I want to ride in my car, smoke my shit
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