

# Book of Life

## Common Sense

I got so much trouble on my mind  
So I take time  
Out my day  
To pray and I say  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
Hopin' that I keep  
My soul  
Peep, I'm gettin' old  
And it's a cold cold world  
And I ain't even got a bomber  
Livin' with my momma  
It's the same routine  
Keep my room clean  
I'm lookin' to do some new things but ain't shit to do  
I'm twenty-two, catch  
In the prime of my life  
I have no time for a wife  
I funnel through the tunnel  
Disgruntled, tryin' to find me some light  
In the rim of darkness  
Alright you sing, I may not be the darkest  
Brother  
But I was always told to act my age and not my color  
Knowin' that my color was that of the original  
So now I sing the new negro spiritual  
It goes get up stand up,  
It's like how can you understand the pain  
When you never had to stand under the rain  
When it rains it pours, and it's about to come down hard  
Thank God I found you  
As I walk down the road of existence  
I get resistance  
From all angles  
I tangle  
For cash  
Hopin' it'll last  
Til the end of the week  
But all I eat is fast food  
And you know how junk food goes right through ya

So I return to the arab  
And on the way back  
I stop and the liquor store  
Grab me a six pack  
Knowin' that once I'm done with that I'll be back  
To get some more  
Once I get started I don't want to stop  
And I can't turn around  
Brew, I can't turn it down  
Ironically I turn it up  
My liver I burn it up (Fat line) It's my life I live it up  
The cup I gotta give it up  
One day  
I'm cruisin' down a one way street and I done passed fun day  
Three blocks ago  
It itself life is an obstacle  
As I maneuver through the manure I try to be responsible  
I want a job but I ain't lookin' how come  
I ain't tryin' to degrade myself bein' nobody's Calvin  
But I'm a couch bum what makes it bad I had incentive  
But I disintegrated  
To a state that's stagnated  
I procrastinated  
I can't recall a day without bein' intoxicated  
Or blowed  
Ain't dealin' with a full deck and any day I could fold  
What makes it bad, I wasn't dealt that bad a hand  
And I had a plan  
But things didn't go through  
The way they were supposed to  
Thank God I found you  
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder  
How I keep from goin' under, I ponder  
And try to keep my concentration  
In this idiotic nation  
They say become I doctor, but I don't have the patients/patience  
Adjacent  
To that situation  
I want an occupation  
That I'm into  
'Cause yet if I begin to  
Live to my potential  
I went to  
School for fourteen years and my best teacher was experience  
I reminisce and wish

I could go back in time to eighty-nine  
When there was just sunshine  
But now it's like I'm gettin' older to so much strain and stress  
I don't think I'll ever be happy until I rest  
In peace  
Of mind  
And find  
Who I am  
But thank God I found you

Songwriters

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