

Resurrection

Common

I stagger in the gathering possessed by a patter-in
That be scattering
Over the global my vocals be traveling unraveling my abdomen
It's slime that's babbling grammatics that are masculine
I grab the men, verbally badgering broads
I wish that Madeline was back on Video LP
I went against all odds and got a even steven
Proceed to read and not believing everything I'm reading
But my brain was bleeding, needing feeding and exercise
I didn't seek the best of buys, it's a lie to textualize
I analyze where I rest my eyes
And chastise the best of guys with punchlines
I'm Nestle when it's crunch-time
For your mind like one time
If poetry was pussy I'd be sunshine
Cause I deliver like the Sun-Times
Confined in once-mines on dumb rhymes I combine
I'm hype like I'm unsigned, my diet I un-swine
Eating beef sometimes -- I try to cut back on that shit
This rap shit is truly outta control
My style is too developed to be arrested
It's the freestyle, so now it's out on parole
They tried to hold my soul in a holding cell so I would sell
I bonded with a break and had enough to make bail
A Mr. Meaner fell on his knee for the jury
I asked No for his ID and the judge thought there was two of me
Motion for a recess to retest my fingerprints
They relinquished Sense, cause I was guilty in a senseI ride the rhythm like a Schwinn bike when in dim light
I use insight to enlight devices hit the skin tight
Words of wisdom wail from my windpipe, imagination's in flight
I send light, like Ben's kite I've been bright
Get open like on gym nights and in fights I send rights
Don't hook with skins my friends like I spend nights up in dykes
In spite, I've been indicted as a freak of all trades
I got it made
I bathe in bass lines, rinse in riffs, dry in drums
Come from a tribe of bums hooked on Negro and mums
Had to halt with the malt liquor
Cause off the malt liquor, I fought niggas, now my speech and thoughts quicker

Cruising Southside streets with no heat and no sticker
UAC got my back and we don't get no thicker
UAC got my back and we don't get no thicker
UAC got my back and we don't, now check it
I'm a ho but not a ho nigga, ain't scared of no nigga
But it's my turn to go I gotta go
And I'm gone with the storm

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