

Common Dust

The Roots

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust (8X)Chorus: Black Thought (4X)It's Common Dust y'all, and you don't stop

For you to trust y'all, with real hip-hop[Black Thought]

Thought be the ? of the styles of speech

A dusty head brother mighta saw the bleach

Teach I aims not, just to talk my sense

Damn I gives not, 'bout the consequence

Funk the stylistics, and jazz the vibe

Laughs at e-tudes cause I'm stayin alive

Time I grips not, so it limps along

Dust you, collect if you digs my song

Paid and black braids what I aims to ease

Connection L-7 throwin out the breeze

Cool breeze to blow up cause I bust the shit

I'm just a sun child rollin in a dustin ship

It's like that y'all[Kid Crumbs]

Thought's a Black miss you wanna catch the Crumbs

When I hums a fat song, with derelicts and bums

Smoke gems with the folk from the cellar when they come

Mouth be like cotton, got sticks of gum

Common spear-a-mint, it's like sense is Dust

Accumulation much cause naps I got nuff

Funk feeds the dome see the trees they wanna rise

Out sprouts the ?, free to vocalize

Old school highs I got, for your eyes

Circulize never even though we lock together

Ask the set I'm clever cause I'm severed and I'm pooped

But anyway the wind blows, the Dust you gotta goChorus[Kid Crumbs]

It's like Crumbs stay at a mic, comes to and from the ashes

Pass the what kid? L-7, we massive

Jazz the funk, slow-be-poke, baby she be glass

Puff the stuff you have now I recline and make you laugh

Roots can boost knot and off the docks I rocked your riches

The Edgar shit is locked, that's, if the force is with us

Yeah, deeps pon the streets I reach, be the sound

A pouch full of ouch, soon the freaks is freakin out, uhh

Threes that make you shout, 'bout, ruckus on the corner

Black, ?uest and Rubber, we did it in the summer

Now the po' folk is near, they say I'm not a Square

But when the circle's Root, Black see if I'll be there

It's like that y'all[Black Thought]
Dig it, cool for me I'm glad when I springs from pad
To those with mad Dust I be just a lad
Rock me rocks not cause my Thoughts is Black
Sports the A-di-das plus my proton pack
Accumulatin Dust as my trail mix crush
Digs the naturale, baby flush the blush
Yeah, when it roams, find your way back home
And dig it with the kids with the Dust-y dome
Soon your zigs roam when you brooms the scene
Dust you gots not, cause your rooms is clean
Trust I knows much cause I blows the horn
It's Common Dust y'all, you go on and onChorus w/ variations to end

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