

Nag Champa (Afrodisiac For The World)

Common

Excite-ting, enlight-ning, invite-ing
I'm writing shit that I feel
Raps are black steel in the hour of commotion, the motion of Com
Is like that of a ocean devotion cause I'm
The earth, wind, and fire
Of hip hop, by Rakim and Short, I been inspired
My shit knocks environ

ments

Of cats with seventeen's tint, time is money
The mind is funny, how it's spent on getting it
It's sitting with descendants of Abraham
Who say the jam is "money, cash, hoes"
I went from bashful to asshole to international lover-self
Word to the mother on my last record cover, it's felt
Now deal with it

I wanna get into it
Letâ€™s do this
I wanna see you move it
So move it
So letâ€™s just get into it
Letâ€™s do this
Can you feel the music?
The music oh ah, can you feel the music, the music

In this never-ending battle to please
Niggas, magazine writers, emcees
Who request hot shit, I freeze
And tell them where I was rose, we always said cold
Hold your horses and your carriages
This never-went-gold nigga rocks shows care-less
You not gon' respect self, at least respect the heritage
Affecting lives is where the wealth and the merit is
I realize what I portray day to day, I gotta carry this
And beats, rhymes and life is where the marriage is
Had dreams of fucking R&B broads, it came true
Journalist I wreck, shared the same view
Picked up a fallen angel on the path that I emcee

Familiar voice, come to find out the angel was me
Some say "You changing, Rashid"
Times are, we still close
I rhyme far, away away away
From what you accustomed to hearing everyday, uh-ah
You know the dope-choppin, gun-poppin, homies dying
I'm amongst it, save the war stories for Private Ryan, INI

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Women cry, children laugh, men dance
I refuse to lose self and try to win fans
Over, weight on my shoulder fluctuates like Oprah's
My refrigerator poetry's magnetic like ultra
You couldn't hang if you was a poster
Posing like a bitch for exposure
It's rumors of gay emcees, just don't come around me with it
You still rockin hickies, don't let me find out he did it
Got my eyes on the tiger, eyes on the prize
Eyes on the thighs, of Mary J. Blige
Imagining how good the cat must be
Stop eatin meat, lost weight, but I still rap husky
My verse depth, is that of a baby's first step
Or the old lady who died and the nurse wept
I flow like cursive writing, inviting you and yours to my openness
Shows allow me to cop range like a vocalist
But man does not live on bread alone
What good is a range when it's time to head home?

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We be that, we be that
Afrodisiac, 'disiac

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written by LYNN, LONNIE RASHID / YANCEY, JAMES DEWITT
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