

Pops Rap III . . . All My Children

Common

[Pops]
Hey, hey old bean
And you to baby sweetness
Yeah, this is Pops, and I'm back in the studio
And I didn't have to break in this time
I'm back as a special guest by special request
And I want to thank my son for loaning me this microphone once again
They may have to wrestle to get it back
You know, as a result of my son Common touring the world
Pops has acquired a wonderful extended family
From around the globe
He has returned with positive messages to my earlobes
From all my children From Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Japan
And of course in the motherland
Even in the orient, they know what I meant
Nanaan, tanaan, tinaan, hanchinaan
So I didn't come in here to give any shouts out
I came to give praise and honor and to identify my children
Who've been saying and doing the right things
You know they sat on those nines of 1999
And kept them from turning upside down
And teaching the babies
To love, to be able to give love
And to enter the new century with their own prophecy
The century of amends
You see I deal with the premise that all children are ours
And that we all travel the same path
It's just that we don't get there at the same time
(See you next lifetime) See you next lifetime
And to my children running around here
Talking about how nice is they ice
That they've already paid for twice
What karat is they gold
That was yours before you were done in the hole
Or that crew from 1629, buy some land
Think agriculture; beat that neighborhood
Which you claim you love so dear
Are you mankind or what kind of a man?
See, Pops is straight out of the garden

From when the world was starting brand new,
Hip Hop, Hip Hop, the language of the underground railroad
In it's purest form
Yeah true hip hop is just like the Underground Railroad
If the message is not for you
It can sit on your nose and your brain remain froze
So when you see me traveling on a spiritual high
I'm flying high with Cee-Lo
Or maybe watching my long's heart dancing to a De La flow
Everybody knows there's no fruit on the tree with The Roots
And Black Star said we are what we are
The Knowledge Of Self Determination
And my little homie KG
Up there in Minnesota milking 10000 lakes
Keep the heat on em', we got to be kind to the growing mind
So if your heart is real
You will hear Big Will and Ms. Lauryn Hill
If your love is true, you will hear Badu-ism
And you can't go right until you go left
And get some ingredients from the music chef Jazzy Jeff
Children, I've traveled this globe
North to south, east to west
And whenever my soul appears lost
I turn to the musical stylings of a Tribe Called Quest
Okay, we ready to get out of here
We ready to take it home now
Just so everybody knows
When Pops get ready to say something good
I mean when it's time for me to lay it on the wood
And it ain't no time for no shecky shecky
That's when I turn to a Black Girl Named Betty
Y'all looking for the only truth and it doesn't even exist
I just come to give love and peace and honor to all my children

Songwriters

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