

# The Food

## Common

Tonight's musical guest  
Two of Chicago's finest emcees  
Give it up for Common and Kanye West  
It's common sense  
Yeah! Common sense  
It's Common Sense, yeah well  
On the Dave Chappelle Show  
Everybody gotta eat right? It's the food, baby  
I walked in the crib, got two kids  
And my baby mama late  
So I had to did, what I had to did  
'Cause I had to get  
I'm up all night, getting my money right  
Until the blue and white  
Now the money coming slow but at least a nigga know  
Slow motion better than  
You love to hear the story again and again  
About these young brothers from the City of Wind  
Like juice and gin in the city, we blend  
Amongst the hustle, titties and skin, fifties and rims  
Y'all know the Sprewells and trucks that's detailed  
Heartless females that wanna ride in 'em  
Felt the South side venom in raw hides and denim  
Pimp minds collide with 'em, a system that tries victims  
We living in, my man in the fast lane pivoting  
On the block white is selling like Eminem  
On the block it jump off like Kim and them  
On the block it's hot, you can feel it in your skin  
And then shorties get the game but no instructions to assembling  
Eyes bright, it seem like the fight is dimming them  
Call my man cuzo like I'm kin to him  
He trying to stay straight, the streets is bending him  
I walked in the crib, got two kids  
And my baby mama late  
So I had to did, what I had to did  
'Cause I had to get  
I'm up all night, getting my money right  
Until the blue and white

Now the money coming slow but at least a nigga know  
Slow motion better than  
It's all good in the hood like raps and gems  
Throwbacks and Timbs, blacks and rims  
Whether on ball courts, attires of all sorts  
We never fall short, with us it's our Force like And I's  
Some waves, some air guns, the days of the fair one is over  
For cats is colder than four below, with self, I go toe to toe  
Wondering if it's for the art or for the doe  
Though I know to grow a nigga, I gotta learn to let go  
Though I know to doe, I gotta bring back to the ghetto  
Arrows on Terot cards pointing to the grind  
Po' livin' in more prisons, pointing to my mind  
Shine the light up, clench my fists tight, holding the right up  
Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter  
Situations and jobs get tighter  
My man trying to get his weight and height up, c'mon  
I walked in the crib, got two kids  
And my baby mama late  
So I had to did, what I had to did  
'Cause I had to get  
I'm up all night, getting my money right  
Until the blue and white  
Now the money coming slow but at least at nigga know  
Slow motion better than  
I, I know I could make it right  
If I could just swallow my pride  
But I can't run away or put my gun away  
You can't front on me  
I, no, I can't let it ride  
No, no, not tonight  
See, I can't run away or put my gun away  
You can't front on me

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