

# Chi-City

## Common

And ya say Chi-City  
(We don't stop, naw, we don't quit)  
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(We don't stop, naw, we don't quit)I rap with the passion of Christ, nigga, cross me  
Took it out of space and niggaz thought they lost me  
I'm back like a chiroprac' with b-boy survival rap  
It ain't ninety-fo', yo, we can't go backThe game need a makeover  
My man retired, I'ma takeover  
Tell these halftime niggaz, "Break's over"  
I'm raw, hustlas get your baking sodaToo many rape the culture  
Leave rappers with careers and they faith over  
It's a war goin' on, you can't fake bein' a soldier  
In the basement, listening to tapes of Ultra-Magnetic  
To the fact the messiah is blackI'll turn the TV down, we can take it higher than that  
I wonder if these whack niggaz realize they whack  
And they the reason that my people say they tired of rapInspired by black Muslims and Christians  
Pushin' cutlasses, dope and other traditions  
In the conditions of the city, the city  
The city, the city, the city, the city, come onAnd ya say Chi-City  
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(We don't stop, naw, we don't quit)A black figure in the middle of chaos and gunfire  
So many raps about rims, surprised niggaz ain't become tires  
On the street you turn cold and then go screech  
I tell 'em, "Fuck 'em" like I do to policeThe beast is runnin' rampant  
I'm in between sheets tryin' to have sex that's tantric  
For the ghetto, tryin' to make a get-up stand-up anthem  
You spit hot garbage, son of Sanford  
What you rappin' for, to get fame or get rich?I slap a nigga like you, and tell him, "Rick James bitch"  
With your Hollywood stories on porches  
We polly hood stories about who became rich  
And whatever light they hit, we wanna hit the same switchYou didn't know where to aim it, you still remain  
bitch

I'm forever puttin' words together  
Some'll sever mothers from daughters and fathers from sons  
The name Com' has never been involved wit' runUnless its DMC, or runnin' these broads to bein' free  
I'm harder than the times, you hardly scary  
Hopin' God's inside you, God is Halle Barry  
They ask me where hip-hop is goin', it's ChicagoanPoetry's in motion like a picture now showin'  
It's the city, the city y'all, the city  
Uh, the city y'all, come onAnd ya say Chi-City  
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Common Sense, from the city of wind

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