

# Southside

## Common

And everybody say, say  
I know you, I know you  
I know you're thinking, thinking that it must be  
I'm a raw flow 'cause it never get rusty  
I ain't gotta say it, man, dawg, trust me  
Bust somebody head, TLC, where was we?  
Still rock the Prada 'fore that, rock the Starter  
Niggas out in Georgetown, and Magic way harder  
Thinking back to the projects and they way they tore 'em all up  
Like when I do a project and come back and tear the mall up  
We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside, south  
Side of the broads, the cars, the half moon, the stars  
I'm like Jeff Fort, the way I get behind bars  
Burn CDs with no regard for the stars  
Come to the grip with conflict diamonds and the arts  
Back in '94 they call me Chi-Town's Nas  
Now them niggas know I'm one of Chi-Town's gods  
We even yo, you still talking no cops  
A conscious nigga with mac like Steven Jobs  
We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside, southside side of the Chi  
Your fly is open, McFly  
The crowd is open, I think I know why  
I'm back from the future, seen it with my own eyes  
And yep, I'm still the future of the Chi  
Back in college I had to get my back up off the futon  
I knew that I couldn't cop a coup with no coupons  
Look at that neutron on his green like two dimes  
People asking him, "Do you have any gray poupon?"  
We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside, southside, side of the Chi  
You in the building but the building's falling

You wouldn't be balling if your name is Spalding

My mind get flooded, I think about New Orleans  
Back in school, y'all niggas, you should call him August

I'm the sun that goes down but I'm still revolving  
Southside 'bout to walk it out, I still get crawling

If rap was Harlem, I'd be James Baldwin  
With money in the bank like G Rap, we're calling

We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside

Southside, southside, southside of the Chi  
With niggas masked up like Phantom of the Opera  
Dreaming of the day they push a phantom to the operas  
Can't wait 'til they say, "Yeah, he ran up at the Oscars"

Poppa, I heard his life is like a movie  
Like when Em' played him and Mekhi played a rasta  
Mexicans don't love it like it was for La Raza  
But this is for the mobsters, holla

We some true Chi-Town legends, accept no imposters

We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside

Southside, southside, southside of the Chi  
The un-American Idol, Tower like the Eiffel  
'Lean Wit it, Rock Wit It', black like the Disciples  
Know when to use a Bible and when to use a rifle  
You rap like you should be on the back of a motorcycle  
Caught a case of robbery and 'Beat It' like Michael  
Your career is a typo, mine was written like a haiku

I write to 'Do the Right Things' like Spike do  
Through conflicts is crucial and trauma is psycho

We coming from the  
Southside, southside  
Southside, southside

Southside, southside, southside of the Chi

We're coming from the  
[Incomprehensible] spice it up  
You might have to spice it up  
Spice it up, spice it up, take your life and  
Yo, we're coming from the  
We're coming from the

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