

## I Used to Love H.E.R.

Common

I met this girl, when I was ten years old  
And what I loved most she had so much soul  
She was old school, when I was just a shorty  
Never knew throughout my life she would be there for me  
ont he regular, not a church girl she was secular  
Not about the money, no studs was mic checkin her  
But I respected her, she hit me in the heart  
A few New York niggaz, had did her in the park  
But she was there for me, and I was there for her  
Pull out a chair for her, turn on the air for her  
and just cool out, cool out and listen to her  
Sittin on a bone, wishin that I could do her  
Eventually if it was meant to be, then it would be  
because we related, physically and mentally  
And she was fun then, I'd be geeked when she'd come around  
Slim was fresh yo, when she was underground  
Original, pure untampered and down sister  
Boy I tell ya, I miss her

Now periodically I would see  
ol girl at the clubs, and at the house parties  
She didn't have a body but she started gettin thick quick  
DId a couple of videos and became afrocentric  
Out goes the weave, in goes the braids beads medallions  
She was on that tip about, stoppin the violence  
About my people she was teachin me  
By not preachin to me but speakin to me  
in a method that was leisurely, so easily I approached  
She dug my rap, that's how we got close  
But then she broke to the West coast, and that was cool  
Cause around the same time, I went away to school  
And I'm a man of expandin, so why should I stand in her way  
She probably get her money in L.A.  
And she did stud, she got big pub but what was foul  
She said that the pro-black, was goin out of style  
She said, afrocentricity, was of the past  
So she got into R&B hip-house bass and jazz  
Now black music is black music and it's all good  
I wasn't salty, she was with the boys in the hood  
Cause that was good for her, she was becomin well rounded  
I thought it was dope how she was on that freestyle shit  
Just havin fun, not worried about anyone  
And you could tell, by how her titties hung

I might've failed to mention that the shit was creative  
But once the man got you well he altered the native  
Told her if she got an energetic gimmick  
That she could make money, and she did it like a dummy  
Now I see her in commercials, she's universal  
She used to only swing it with the inner-city circle  
Now she be in the burbs lickin rock and dressin hip  
And on some dumb shit, when she comes to the city  
Talkin about poppin glocks servin rocks and hittin switches  
Now she's a gangsta rollin with gangsta bitches  
Always smokin blunts and gettin drunk  
Tellin me sad stories, now she only fucks with the funk  
Stressin how hardcore and real she is

She was really the realest, before she got into showbiz  
I did her, not just to say that I did it  
But I'm committed, but so many niggaz hit it  
That she's just not the same lettin all these groupies do her  
I see niggaz slammin her, and takin her to the sewer  
But I'ma take her back hopin that the shit stop  
Cause who I'm talkin bout y'all is hip-hop