

## My City

Common

This the city of Chicago  
The state of confusion  
This style I'm using is free  
Or prolly it would be if my mind was  
Peep I'm behind cause  
I didn't handle my function while in high school  
Although I was cool  
The hood I live in ain't that proper  
Cause a cop a stop ya  
And have you at a hundred and eleventh before you can say not guilty  
I'm not filthy  
Nor am I rich  
Ain't that a bitch  
Like life is  
Not your wife is  
See that your butter halve  
Do your math  
And peep that two halves make a whole  
And all I have to hold  
Is my self pride  
So these here streets I strive  
Like a Black Pantha  
Asking can the  
situation get much worst  
All I do is try to appeal to the masses  
As the phrase keep it real passes  
The teeth of too many phoney individuals  
Snakes, that smooth like criminals  
They create chemicals  
That the Earth hate  
Doing their damndest to decrease my birth rate  
I'd settle for lesser knowing I'm worth wait  
Or worth my weight in precious gems  
So I'm steadily steadily steadily  
Trying to lose my religion, like R E M  
Created in His own image so am i we him?  
And in the middle of this crises  
Shit I wonder where Christ is  
Well he damn sure not in K town or in the wild hundreds  
Where they broadcast G.D. till the world blow-up  
And Stone run it  
Hunted by police for display in state vile cages  
Come out to receive minimum wages  
Plus with a desiese that's contagious  
It is fucking outrages  
The amounts of Black and Brown they lock up  
But the Most High encourages me to put the glock up  
And Stock up on do for self knowledge  
A brother couldn't afford to go to collage  
So I went to the school of hard knock  
On the hard blocks of the Chi  
Even I, think about moving out to River Oaks  
As my liver soaks  
In mad Hennesy  
Cause I have a bad tendency  
To do a lot of drinking  
But now I do a lot of thinking

Blinking, was your third eye  
When you heard I  
was one of the chosen  
Industry doors keep closing  
(sing) Watch the closing doors  
But bothas still want a record deal  
But can they deal with a record?  
Cause once they get rich  
They tend to switch  
Like a sissy  
Please miss me  
With all that bullshit you popping  
This science I'm gonna keep on droppin'  
And me I won't be stoppin'  
Even if you had one of them red octagon  
Folks say Mylik how you make your living?  
I say by breathin' oxygen