

## New Wave

Common

Yeah! The war zone. Who you fighting for?

It's funk to rhythm and punk to rock  
Loud like shot that come from a glock  
Pick up your mind, run from the spot  
Revolution jumping in the parking lot  
Shit is so hot that the sun watch  
Children by the window with the gun cocked  
They could get robbed and stop the luck (?)  
Monkeys dance around for MTV spots  
I lock into a....  
Rock into a rhythm of street and ancient wisdom  
Experiment in stereo loud so crank the system  
For the humble on the path I paint a vision  
How far will a nigga go just for attention  
And to be remembered, you forgot the mission  
Listen!

All traces of life  
In our gats we carry  
That's used to dress humanity  
(it's a New Wave, Come on!)

All traces of life  
In our gats we carry  
That's used to dress humanity  
(it's a New Wave, Dig it!)

This life is precious  
It's goddamn? marvelous  
Before it ever ends  
(it's a New Wave, Come on!)

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It's goddamn? marvelous  
Before it ever ends  
(

I lay terror in this era like Che Guevera  
For the people to make or wait it's better  
In a room called real I stay forever  
Everyday I lose something I gain forever  
Meditate on how I can change the weather  
My brainstorm for some it's like (?) umbrella  
Where bullets and lies both spray together  
My mind scream like Al Green "Let's Stay Together"  
How could a nigga be so scared of change  
That's what you hustle for, for the currency exchange  
Ya'll rich, we could beef curry in the game  
Out your mouth, ain't nobody hurrying my name  
You seen what happened when the Com go BANG  
Wouldn't have a shot, even at a gun range  
Seen hype become fame against the grain become main-stream  
It all seems mundane in the scope of thangs

From a land of shit talk, boy stars and pitch forks  
Didn't really see white until I went North

Getting bent on backyards, wishing in the air for a black god  
Where people fix cars and clap hard  
And look to the stars for rap jobs  
I walk through the black fog with reflectors on my boots  
Smelling war near, I'm connected with the troops  
That master anger and ain't afraid to shoot  
Through poured liquor fallen angels they salute (Whew! Whew!)  
Feel the wind blow  
A new wave- people with their hair trimmed low  
It's two ways living in this world of techno  
This age can't really save the ghetto  
I pause for the rebels who rock heavy metals  
And tell them that they're pharoh so let go  
Come on!