

# The Neighborhood

Common

Thousand lives ago  
We were young and we didn't know  
We were trading our crowns for our souls  
Made the sacrifice  
Headed back to the light  
But be careful don't drown in the gold  
I know it glows but it's cold

I'm from the other side of town  
Out of bounds  
To anybody who don't live around  
I never learned to share or how to care  
I never had no teachings about being fair

Have you ever heard of Black Stone around Black Stones?  
And Four Corner Hustlers, Vice Lords, Stony Island on Aces  
The concrete matrix, street organizations  
They gave violations, hood public relations  
It was the basics to get big faces  
Stay away from cases, bad broads, good graces  
The hustles was the taste makers and trend setters  
They the ones that fed us hopin' that the feds don't get us  
The era of Reagan, the terror of Bush  
Crack babies, momma's a push, we were the products of Bush  
I'm wishin' for a Samurai Suzuki and a little Gucci  
A bad ho to do me, you heard of flukey?  
Stokes it was folks and coke and dope  
Fiends choked off of smoke, herringbones and rope  
Rare jewels of a generation  
Diamonds, blinding us so real shit we facin'  
Forties wasted on seats, Dion makin' the beats  
When they air it out on at the parties we escapin' the heat  
I could break it down like whatever you need  
He squinted his face and rolled the weed

You know they don't see sometimes  
That in the neighborhood  
It's the exact same thing  
It's the same thing over and over again  
Feel me?

Have you ever heard of no limit, three hundred, six hundred?  
Folly boy, O block, eastside  
Where it ain't no conversation they just let them heats ride  
Can't nobody stop the violence, why my city keep lyin'?  
Niggas throw up peace signs but everybody keep dying  
Used to post up on that strip, I look like a street sign  
I've been out there three days and I got shot at three times  
Felt like every bullet hit me when they flew out each nine  
I be happy when I wake up and I have a free mind  
I know haters wanna clap me up, watch the morgue grab me up  
But they can catch me later, I been cool, chasin' paper  
Where I come from ain't no hope if you was claimin' that was major  
Small crib, big fam, mom was workin', grammy raised us  
No food in the refrigerator, I was bangin', pullin' capers, that's real shit  
Same niggas from day one boy, yeah I'm still with  
Better watch out for that jump shot cause they will hit

Homie take your shorty lunchbox, and won't feel shit  
I came from a place where it's basic but you won't make it  
Feds buildin' cases, judges who racist and full of hatred I mean  
You ain't never seen the shit that I seen

Coming inbound

Forty six minutes from 355

Jim Bryant's twenty eight out, thirty two in

Lake Shore Drive's heavy south

North Avenue to Chicago, jammed north through Grant Park

Tri State heavy south to the Bensenville Bridge and St. Charles to the Steve  
nson Ramp

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