

Common Sense

D Smoke

Uh, hate ain't worth a dollar, and a lie ain't worth a cent, so...
Who you workin' for, who you represent?
Hate ain't worth a dollar, and a lie ain't worth a cent, so...
Who you workin' for, who you represent?

What if what you believe don't agree with what you perceive
On a beach with bikinis, butt shots and lust
Havin' trust is a reach, like Abdul Kareem
Life on your heels, a pair of Louboutins
Louboutins make good fuel for things
Project livin,' gov-ment assistance
Knife on your sheath, won't cut through the cheese
Made to blaze trails and cut through the leaves
Stuck to my dream, like, fuck you beneath
Missionary, it's a scary leap
Prison carry many buried seeds
Mother Mary, son done made a vision-nary
Outta had to kick her belly, see feet
Past is black and out of stock
'Cause bound to stock,
Could put fruit upon family tree
Preach

I keep some weed for all my visitors
I keep some drank too, too
They roll that leaf and slur their sentences
That shit be dank too
But what's the price we pay for common sense?
What's the price we pay for common sense
Or that grain we go against?
What's the price we pay for common sense?
What's the price we pay for common sense?
Ain't common...

That's why I don't fuck with humans
Swear all I need is me, some tree, and you know
A little bit to sip on
And I know, it's small doses of poison
But I swear if I listened to people, I wouldn't have peace

These niggas sound like the Feds
Still there's a price on my head, for playing my position
Half of my heart been misled, the other half get depression
But I halfway listen
Do-re-mi, faithfully
But lately, I hate to see the patience it be takin' me to sit still
Would it kill me to follow his will
Apologize, spoke too soon
That rose aimin' at an open wound
That rose aimin' at an open wound
December rain, in the heart of June

I still got weed for all my visitors
I got some drank too...
We rollin' leaf and slurrin' sentences
That shit be dank too
But what's the price we pay for common sense?

What's the price we pay for common sense
Or that grain we go against?
What's the price we pay for common sense?
What's the price we pay? Ayyy-eeee

Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh (Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)
Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh (Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)

It seem like
The more sane I try to be, the more in-sane I feel, but...
The more I embrace how different I am
The more everything makes sense