

## Common Ground

Jack Harlow

Will I see you?  
Just talkin' 'bout what I see  
It's not opinion based, it's just, just shit I see (Uh)

The suburbs are filled with ebonics and trap sonics  
Frat boys saying "no cap" "put racks on it"  
The dialect got a lil splash of some black on it  
Cap and gowns bought by the money in Dad's pockets  
White girls squattin', tryn get that a- poppin  
Caught back talking to their Mom and Dad's often  
Reciting rap lyrics about murder and cash profit  
Get to feel like a thug but don't have to act on it  
Local homicide rates got em astonished  
Reading bout it on a laptop in pajamas  
Microsoft office to complete their assignments  
Never seen the hood still can't help but have comments  
Never had a convo with a kid from that climate  
That really has trauma, that really got taught to survive by an  
y means fuck bitches, stack commas  
Common ground ain't that common  
The festivals are filled with Larry Bird jerseys  
College students in a hurry to jump to a 4 count  
And say the n word  
Business interns taking molly then percs  
Trampling on top of bodies in dirt  
Condescending suburban kids growing up to be rap journalists  
Writing urban myths about who they think is the best urban kid  
And who the worst is  
And whos authentic  
And what the real hip hop is and who's all in it  
Thrift shopping for articles and garments that feel like they c  
ame from a foreign environment  
Second hand Bape Supreme and  
Gallery department  
Anything to feel less harmless  
Adderall dealers, carrying round guns just to make it feel real  
er  
House with white pillars  
No rough just diamonds, The education private  
It's all by design and  
Common ground ain't that common