

## Now And Then

Pete Rock

We do it now, oh yeah  
Now, now, this time, every now and then I step to the now  
We do it now, oh yeah  
Now, this time, every now and then I step to the now

The holy matrimony of rap music is stony  
On the mic, I'm nice, niggas think that they know me  
Meet you where you are, let God speak through these bars  
Whether Rakim or Rashid, I guess the world is ours  
Wrote eighteen letters to the rap gods  
Hopin' I could be better, they said, "Find Forever"  
I just wanna be, killers wanna swarm  
The world is kinda jaded, I just keep willin' on  
Like Packard or Smith, rap is a gift  
I stay present 'cause I'm rappin it with  
Truth to power  
It's like the man who thought it was his time  
But didn't know the day or the hour  
Ain't no second guessing, this is the second resurrection  
I write in that direction, striving towards perfection  
In a land where the rivers flow, we've been blue indigo  
If we gon' ball then it gotta be a give and go  
I live to know the meaning of existence  
I'm learning like Sha'Carri, so I can go the distance  
Long nails in our bodies, they try to crucify us  
Don't know if Lake Michigan can purify us  
The outliers, southsiders  
Tryin' to get rich without priors, get rich without dyin'  
I admire young messiahs from the theories of the low end  
Enter like the dragon, braggin' when I go in

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The holy of holies, told me to speak soley  
Truth when it's boldly, goldly for the lowly  
Extoll thee and let my glow be the glory  
My name is Common, though I tell a different story  
I've been on the block with the wizards of the OZ's  
Ten men tried to scarecrow me  
But the OGs show me how to throw these  
We used to watch 'em box in they Dobbs and they Fortis  
While we was drinkin Old E'ase on down the road  
Started to see gold like Kobe  
I left the beef behind me, divinely, remotely  
Yes men, acting like they no me  
The road gets rocky, you ain't my Adrian, Brody  
Piano lessons, they came from key players  
I was barely rushin' then became Gale Sayers  
I could see the lies, I could see the layers  
I emcee with vibes, like I'm Roy Ayers  
On the streets, I cross young boy saviors  
What destroyed the player  
The bullet or the favor?  
I'm the Spike Lee Majors

Got six million ways to  
Get our forty acres  
As the Lord remake us, the owners  
The own us is on us  
To take the four corners of the Earth and harvest its worth  
I'm from the windy city where we blow trees to get our souls ease  
Reality falls like gold leaves

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