

Home (feat. Bilal)

Common

A man who's genius and freedoms and --
Ability to communicate and --
To talk, and to touch chords --
A man who has the ability and the audacity
And the -- of God to stand up, to stand up
Heard the sound of the trumpets, the voice from the throne
Seen the twenty-four elders and I knew I was home
I was told to write songs for the people
Take the original Hebrews on an Exodus of Black Excellence
Tell them to invest in us and make testaments about each other
Or how we sisters and brothers
Cover the land in corners of poems and stone
Go hard with it, let em know you God with it
Even though I authored it, let no one margin it
And make it all about paper or first weeks sales
Though this is from Heaven give 'em verses from Hell
Those that fell off the path, bring them back to the Mass
The staff can be your microphone
Your name is Common
You was born to fight the norm
Take house niggas outta darkness till they lights is on
I'mma put a hyphen on your name
Rapper-actor-activist
You the one that can reach into the black abyss
Stars this asterix, show em what a classic is
Freedom riders need passengers
And your lyrics use scriptures and passages
To make them rise like Lazarus
And resurrected again, they'll put disrespect on your name and respect it again
Every section you in, bless em and keep bussin'
If they don't like it, shake the dust and say 'fuck em'
Until you get home, I'm the one you trust in
I'm happy to be in any place
Where God's name is remembered
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world
Trouble of this world, trouble of this world
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world
Going home to live
Going home to live
Going home to live
Go into the wilderness like Mussa on a pilgrimage
Streets are villages, speak with diligence
And authority to fake god of pharisees and sadducees
Give them that Gardley free from the Black Odyssey

Yo pardon me, you the God bodily
Functioning on earth as a part of me
That's why I gave you artistry
Go into the hoods with the shooters and the strippers
Forget the New World Order, New Jerusalem is with us
Tell sisters they earths and goddesses
If they got bottom, don't get caught in a bottomless
Pit, there's a lot of us fit for the kingdom is near
You can tell by the wars and how the seasons appear
You'll appear in circles in Hollywood, I birthed you
And Chicago, you know how to parlay good
You'll get Oscars, Emmys, and Grammys
Give those to your family, don't get caught up in the vanity
Or the world's insanity
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world
Trouble of this world, trouble of this world
Soon I will be gone with the trouble of this world
Going home to live
Going home to live
With God To those of you who are unfamiliar with those words
They mean, in English, 'Peace, be unto you'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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