

Put You On Game

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let me put you on game Don't you know that I run this place
And I've begun this race
Must I rerun this pace
I'm the reason it's become this way
And their love for it is the reason I have become this praised
They love my darkness, I make them heartless
And in return they have become my martyrs
I've been in the poem of many a poet
And I reside in the art of many a artist
Some of your smartest have tried to articulate
My whole part in this
But they're fruitless in their harvest
The dro grows from my footsteps
I'm the one that they follow
I am the one that they march with
Through the back alleys and the black markets
The Oval offices, crack-houses, and apartments
Through the mazes of the queens
The pages of the sages and the chambers of the kings
Through the veins of the fiends
A paper chaser's pager, yo, I'm famous on the scene
One of the oldest, most ancientest things
Speak every single language on the planet, y'kna mean?
I am the American dream
The rape of Africa, the undying machine
The overpriced medicine, the murderous regime
The tough guy's front and the one behind the scenes
I am the blood of this city
Its gas, water, and electricity
I'm its gym, and its math, and its history
The gunshots in the class
And you can't pass if you're missin', G

I taught them better than that
I taught them aim for the head and hope they never come back
I'm glad your daddy's gone, baby, hope he never comes back
I hope he's with your mother with my hustlers high in my trap
I hope you die in his trash
I can't help it all I hear when you're crying is laughs
I'm sure somebody find you tied up in this bag
Behind the hospital, little baby crack addicts had
Then maybe you can grow up to be a stripper
A welfare-receiving prostitute and gold digger
You can watch on TV how they should properly depict you
The rivers shall flow with liquor, quench your thirst on my elixirs
I am the safe haven for the rebel runaway and the resistor
The trusted misleader, the number one defender
And from a throne of their bones I rule
These fools are my fuel, so I make them cool
Baptize them in the water out of Scarface pool
And feed them from the table that held Corleone's food
If you die, tell them that you played my game
I hope your bullet holes become mouths that say my name
Cause I'm the

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