

I'm Beamin'

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro]

Today, nobody cares

But tomorrow, they will, they will

Today, nobody cares

But oh tomorrow, they will, they will[Chorus]

They said my future was dark, see me now?

Just look around, I'm beaming

They used to talk, when I wasn't around

You see me now? I'm beaming[Verse 1]

I get my energy, from my inner G

I be in outer space, but I got inner peace

So tell my enemies, that they can't injure me

I know that irritates, you have my sympathies

Well you should protest, yeah you should picket me

I'm on a losing strike, I'm on a winning streak

I'm out at left field, I'm speaking mentally

But that's a better place, then where the benches be

I'm feeling really good, me and my different beat

Me and my different drummer, he play the timpanis

See that's what got me here, you hearing me

Me on my black man in the future shit, call me Billy Dee

See I'm just forward looking, that's how I really see

See while you Valentines, I'm thinking Christmas trees

And that's happens to be, even at Mickey D's

Semi-colon, close parentheses[Chorus][Verse 2]

Do you remember me? The guy from verse one

Failures my last name, nevers my first one

You see I hood a lot, and yeah I nerd some

Hoods where the heart is, nerds where the words from

Don't represent either, because I merged them

There's kids who want to leave, and I encourage them

Go out and see the world, never return from

Yeah you don't come back, unless you learn some
And baby girl, what does it matter where your purse from?
Your hair done, your nails did, your ass fat, but you're dumb
Mix Melyssa Ford, with Maya Angelou
Become a Top Model, and Sojourner too
I try to follow this, what Muhammad do
It's such an old soul, inside this sonic youth
Swear I'm Ferraried up, and I'm conscience too
I don't prophesize, I promise you[Chorus][Verse 3]
Yeah it's me again, the guy from verse two
But it's the last one, it's almost curfew
It's almost night out, so turn your lights on
Where all my 760's, with your brights on?
Yeah they are the ones, to keep your eyes on
Like how we used to do, to keep the house warm
Now those the type of eyes, I not cry from
You see the tears of fire, run out my crying songs
Now the world's shoulders, is what we crying on
The world's fast lane, is what I'm driving on
What am I driving at? I'm trying to drive it home
I'm in the driver's seat, but you can ride along
It's never Cyclops, it's never I alone
I'm telling your story, wherever I perform
Now if they looking for me, you tell them I've gone
Out in the bright lights, right where I belong[Chorus]

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