

S.L.R.

Lupe Fiasco

[Intro: Pharrell Williams] I said think about your future
You can't do that tomorrow
But you don't hear a word, you see that SLR [Lupe Fiasco]
O' ye told 'en in the souls
My goal is to sit on the globe like North Poles
And that's the top mane; goin' hammer like a glock can
All flowing grammar; no shots strayin'
I'm so sober when I speak
I call it catchin' bullets with my teeth
You can feel it in your chest
Like Bruce Lee jumpin' on your vest
But I can't feel yours through my Superman "S"
Yes, I'm Superman'd-out
Red Cartier look like Superman's house
Inshallah to my plan hope it super pans out
My life is like Italians doin' 100 miles
And the top open like the roofer ran outta towels
Walk right into Felipe's when I ran outta Chow's
Next up is crustaceans and fast food halals
The beef is all the same, it's just how they kill the cows
Somebody tell Malcom X that I'm tryna steal his style
And tell Cornell West that I'm tryna steal his fro
Go back in time, take the slaves plows, shovels, and they hoes
The masters get the "It Was Written" intro
SLR 10-4
SLR 10-4
Soundtrakk let the beat go
Soundtrakk let the beat roll [Hook]
In this World I'm so alone
In a category all on my own
Cause I tell the World what I want to
Yeah I tell the World what I want to Man I feel so alone
They treat me like an Outcast
Cause I tell the world what I want to
But you can't tell me what you gon' do [Verse 2]
'Cause n-gga I don't believe that
Like 9/11 came from Iraq
Mayweather on the speed bag
Automatic weapons keep the same rhythm he has

That's how the hood sound
Grew up in the hood town
West side ghetto, Windy City could count
Black skies lookin' up, crack pipes lookin' down
Accused of not lookin' back, blind n-gga look around
City on my back, so the CHI go everywhere I'm at
Presence so shiny, Mercedes so mack
Cop that from Platinum, the color of my plaque
I memorize colors off of Yo! MTV Raps
A nightmare walkin' in a psychopath's map
Defeat your purpose like a weed stash in the rehab
Guess who's sneakin' in the weed bags
They be me with my mean ass
Not tryna be anything but free as
Flow is so nuts, the track is getting' teabagged
Just wanna rap nice, that ain't me tagged
If you wanna be mean, then you wanna be me bad
Call it bein' Pretty Lyrically Swag
Soulja call it Super Lupe Lyrical
You can't understand me nor mimic my miracles
All I see is me and Im a mother lovin' mirror full
Bein' dope is all in the muscle
It's more than just a pause and a chuckle
I bench press elephants, and bowlin' ball juggle
So dont be scared to take the Super Lu route
Top 5 alive and I only got 2 out!
School ya on your history, I tell ya what you 'bout
Fight for all the right things and let the Huey New out
Pharrell what these n-ggas talkin' bout?
Two man Big Pun, a one man Slaughterhouse
A two album Jay-Z, a one n-gga Wu-Tang
Young and hungry Mos Def, a conscious rappin' Lil Wayne
I don't care for similarities
Cause I'm a pioneer, not a parody
These aint bars, this is barbarity
SLR... Clarity[Hook]
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But you can't tell me what you gon' do[Verse 3]
Holy shock and awe, cattle prods
All up in the action where the fraction of the catalog

All my peers, I ain't doin' numbers like Amazon
but I'm here, and I'm revered
Lyric boy, Based King, Master Chef, All City Chess moves makin' Donnie Diggy CRS fool
Carrera Era, pan Amara, F-Tool, Emperor, Free Chilly n-gga, FNF Rules
'Ye, what these n-ggas talkin' bout?
A Jesus in the desert walkin', Dundee walkabout
A self imposed exile, learn to let the awesome out
Even if I was homeless I would still have an awesome house
Cause the World is mine, Lupe to the rescue, the World is fine
Words and lines of mine, I feel are better than every rapper in the World combined!
And that's how you do it
Everything flow, everything fluid
Stupid with the raps, but the raps never stupid
Trakk on the music, SLR ruthless
And the next whip is that Ferrari cart
Game over - body parts[Hook]
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In a category all on my own
Cause I tell the world what I want to
Yeah I tell the world what I want to Man I feel so alone
They treat me like an Outcast
Cause I tell the world what I want to
But you can't tell me what you gon' do
[End]

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

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