Pick Up the Phone

Lupe Fiasco

Uh, I just need a minute to replenish who I am
And who I am is so dependent on exactly where we stand
I stand in any pose, anything but tippy-toes
But don't want you to feel smaller, always taller
Now I'm a cheerleader, she a baller
The difference in height isn't aight, I left my ego at the alter
Now every ring's a sting and everything I taught ya
Is coming back around to me, just like revolvers
And every single click is just hammering it home
Who knew Russian roulette involved answering the phone?
Until my signal dwindles or my channel is in roam
Or my cellphone dies or it's cancer in my dome
And dear nix the tone, as I pull my fuckin' pain out
One of your short nodes, might blow my fuckin' brains out
But you ain't even pick up
Talking to myself, exactly what you sick ofFeeling kinda restless
Did you get my message?
It's swirling around and so
No, don't tell me that you care
When I know you're standing there
I left the story of my life on your answering machineHello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the phone?
Hello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the fuckin' phone?We were like, if a tree falls in the forest and
No one is around, does it really make a sound?
That's romantic and profound, but now
We're like lumberjacks holding the axes that brung it down
So I'm now on your message, talm 'bout "Remember?"
Silence in return, that sound like 'Timber!"
There's some that can't see the forest because they're liars
But I can't see the forest cause of the fire
And in our prehistorics, the flowers was rooting for us
Brontosaurus ate the flowers, T-Rex ate the Brontosaurus
And then the T-Rex turned around and ate the florist
That's why I lost my FTD endorsements
But that's really not important
My sadness' a snitch, my melancholy informant

Despair wears a wire, my longing rapping a song
My worry is a rat, my lonely tapping the phoneFeeling kinda restless
Did you get my message?
It's swirling around and so
I wanna give you reasons
Tell you what I'm feeling
But none of these lines are secure
No, don't tell me that you care
When I know you're standing there
I left the story of my life on your answering machine
My tears run off your shoes
Like waters from a goose
You try to wash off all the dirt
But your hands aren't getting cleanHello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the phone?
Hello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the fuckin' phone?The make-believers on receivers as you sit back and observe
As the rubber curly cord just absorbs all my words
Will you collect us then connect us or neglect us on the whole
Into the wall, then cross the wires on the telephone poles
Then bounces off the towers, then up into the satellites
Then falls down back to Earth to bring a broken heart back to life
Happens all the time, lost an appetite and lack of sleep
If it's dead and flatten line, I'll leave a message at the beepHello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the phone?
Hello, can you hear me?
Hello, are you there?
Hello, would you pick up the phone?
Would you pick up the phone?
Would you pick up the phone?
Hello, would you pick up the fuckin' phone?

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