

# Mean And Vicious (Ft. Naledge)

## Lupe Fiasco

(Intro)

That's him over there, I can't really stand him

I don't like him at all

He's a mean...(Verse 1)

He's mean... and vicious!

I can't believe he's that rude

To those stories, those rhymes, that Jew

Then he put 'em on the floor like cat food (meow)

Then put 'em on the track like glue

Then put 'em on ya head like hat

Hey back to you, Lu

Black power, I'm just runnin' wit a barrel full of black powder

Wit a hole in it, holdin' it, wheezin' deep, breathin'

Runnin' from the fire on the trail I keep leavin'

I can't shake it I swear, it's heat-seekin', I keep seekin'

Somewhere to hide from it, Duck and dive from it

But it keep, keepin' up just when I think that I've done it

It keep, sneakin' up. Oh leakin' barrel of black powder

How that flame keep reachin' us?

Just one of the long rendered extended metaphors of Lu's

This time I use the example of a fuse to demonstrate

How I can't lose, I would put it down but I can't

Due to the glue that I use to fuse everything together

Well I spill some on my hands and god damn!

I might have to carry this forever

Well I'm crazy to the game 'til they bury me, insane!(Chorus)

There once was a boy that grew up on the west side

of Chicago liked his hat to the left side

Wasn't in a gang but he was prone to bang

Doin' his thang, doin' his thang

There once was a boy that grew up on the west side

of Chicago liked his hat to the left side

Wasn't in a gang but he was known to bang

Now he's doin' his thang, doin' his thang(Verse 2)

Truthfully I have trouble with second verses

'Cause the first one be so intimidating

It be bullyin' pickin' on it instigating

Pointin' out all the second one's limitations like,

You ain't nothin' but an imitation like

bits of bacon then he gets the chorus and the beat to get together  
Then they all gang up on 'em and get to hatin'  
But then around that 8th bar he tires of it  
so they conspire and commiserate  
and then he finds his inspiration  
To spar, he takes a few seconds of Judo lessons  
Gets back on beat, then punches the guitar  
They stand in awe like,  
When did you write that?  
They even right black  
First verse already happened so he don't have a chance to fight back  
I like that!  
Abignail Junior, check me  
You gon' respect me, aight track?  
Listen to 'em, feelin' himself  
Swagger up! And a few ad-libs to back it up  
Let's back it up  
I think you've had enough  
Gimme my mic back  
You ain't even write that  
Oh it's like that?  
Track stop pumpin' til this nigga stop frontin'  
Yeah, yeah now write back(Chorus)(Verse 3)  
Oh my God! My perils and my odds!  
I ain't really here what you hear is a mirage!  
This ain't the delivery baby, this is just Lamaze  
The ice cream and pickles, the tickle and a massage  
The King Arthur rhythm of the Knight, El DeBarge  
The camouflaged water in the distance,  
loggin' a camel to get there with a quickness, mean and vicious  
Grinch who stole Christmas, and hid it in the garage  
That was a collage, a barrage abroad all things that seem keen  
To help this thing start  
Jump jump! My battery charged  
I'm bout my green like string beans and beings from Mars  
It's a mean thing to be seen with ours  
Got that F and F on me, I'm a young lil thrilla  
I will resurrect homie, come back for my killa  
In some disheveled apparel with that same leakin' barrel, it's on!(Chorus)He's mean... and vicious!

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

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