

Lightwork

yaya instrumentals

[Hook: Ellie Goulding] I had a way then

Losing it all on my own

I had a heart then

But the queen has been overthrown

And I'm not sleeping now

The dark is too hard to beat

And I'm not keeping up

The strength I need to push me

You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone

You shine it when I'm alone

And so I tell myself that I'll be strong

And dreaming when they're gone

Cause they're calling, calling, calling me home

Calling, calling, calling home

You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone

You shine it when I'm alone

[Verse 1 - Lupe Fiasco] So, what are you going to stand for?

Dreads in the sky, I and I

2 new Vans on a land for

Take that back, make that 2 new shoes on the van floor

Me and my band out on that road

On a never-back-down-from-my-stance tour

Touch more souls than a dance floor

While they touch less floors than a hand or

Ceiling fan or - wait, let me tell ya slower

Lift my fans up to the ceiling

And you'll never touch the floor

Now if Noah need a rower

I'll be there with my oar

Til we get back to the shore

Dad made me a soldier

GI Joe to these Cobras

Tryna FBI my Panther

CIA my Sankofa

Infiltrate my Carter

Illuminate my culture

While they watching through that buckle

But I stay up on my hustle

Turn that belt back on they self
Now I watch them scream for help
Like Africa need aid, or black women as maids
Uncover undercovers turn those maids to Bubba's mothers
Take the hero out the Nino
Keep it real as trouble trouble huh?
Or maybe cartoon Martin on The Boondocks
Flip the script on chicks who think their shit smells like perfume shops
Help them girls find beauty
Without a magazine or movie
She Delilah with them .45s and Keisha with that Uzi
Now I know that's contradiction
Wants and needs in competition but
It's hard to stay on point with such extremes in opposition
While we waiting on that compromise
Proceed with that conscious eye
New gang alert: hashtag occupies
Repper 'til the death of it
FnF, what's left of me
All my hate is for the fake recipes for wrestling
Only time I wrestle's when I'm wrestling with settling
Only way I settle if we wrestle over everything
I know that don't mix like ecstasy and ketamine
Funny how I'm only sick if you never catch a thing
Argue with your friends over what really the record means
Back and forth about its course, with professor's refereeing
Why he so rebellious? Up-front with his realness?
They wanna be fiascoes, reproduce his failures
Emperor is his alias, but not Marcus Aurelius
This is more like Sparta: kick you down a well, kid
And on my last check, I copped the NSX, just like Pharrell did
Well did, better doings to come
My only promise is I'll never ruin the young
I'll never human the sung lyrics in a spirit that's
Superhuman to some, keep you pursuing the sum of
Slums, plus, get up out of them, plus, never forget
Just where you from, plus
Make sure you ballin' when you come back up in them, plus
We don't die, multiply, every single come-up
Rum-pum-pum-pum..

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