

# Intro

## Lupe Fiasco

Food and liquor stores rest on every corner  
From 45th and State to the last standin hymn Nuhana  
J&J's, pale chicken, good finger lickin  
While they sin, gin, sin, sin at Rothschild and Lynnwood Liquors  
The winos crooked stagger meets the high  
stride of the youth  
Searchin for the truth  
They rebel and raise hell across alleyways  
And in classroom settings  
They get high off that drum bass and 20/20 rims  
They rock braids, Air Force Ones and Timbs  
They drink Hennessy, Hypnotiq and 40's  
They call they women hoes, bust downs and shawties  
They keep funeral homes in business  
And gunshot wards of hospitals full  
Prisons packed, bubblin over in brown sugar  
They keep empty, Westside lots crowded, hype's powdered  
The well is runnin dry, the days of Malcolm and  
Martin have ended  
Our hope has descended and us to the side  
Waitin for the re-installment of the revolution  
Because we are dyin at the cost of our own pollution  
But God has another solution that has evolved from the  
hood  
I present the one who turns, the Fiasco to good  
A'uzu billahi min ash shaitani r rajimi  
Bismi 'llahi 'r-rahmani 'r-rahim  
Its dedicated to my grandmother  
Peace and much love to you  
Yeah, and it start  
1st and 15 proudly present, you know what it is  
See I got this philosophy right  
I think the world and everything in it is made up of a mix of two things  
You got your good, you know and your  
bad  
You got your food and your liquor, that's right, chilly chill  
You already know, it's a long time comin  
I give you my, I give you my heart, my soul  
My mind, my thoughts, my feelings, my experience  
Nothin more, and nothin less  
Yes, FNF, uh huh, so with no further adieu  
Lupe Fiasco's Food and Liquor

Lyrics provided by

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