

# I'm Beamin'

## Lupe Fiasco

[Intro] Today, nobody cares  
But tomorrow, they will, they will  
Today, nobody cares  
But oh tomorrow, they will, they will

[Chorus] They said my future was dark, see me now?  
Just look around, I'm beaming  
They used to talk, when I wasn't around  
You see me now? I'm beaming

[Verse 1] I get my energy, from my inner G  
I be in outer space, but I got inner peace  
So tell my enemies, that they can't injure me  
I know that irritates, you have my sympathies  
Well you should protest, yeah you should picket me  
I'm on a losing strike, I'm on a winning streak  
I'm out at left field, I'm speaking mentally  
But that's a better place, then where the benches be  
I'm feeling really good, me and my different beat  
Me and my different drummer, he play the timpanis  
See that's what got me here, you hearing me  
Me on my black man in the future shit, call me Billy Dee  
See I'm just forward looking, that's how I really see  
See while you Valentines, I'm thinking Christmas trees  
And that's happens to be, even at Mickey D's  
Semi-colon, close parentheses

[Chorus][Verse 2] Do you remember me? The guy from verse one  
Failures my last name, nevers my first one

You see I hood a lot, and yeah I nerd some  
Hoods where the heart is, nerds where the words from  
Don't represent either, because I merged them  
There's kids who want to leave, and I encourage them  
Go out and see the world, never return from  
Yeah you don't come back, unless you learn some  
And baby girl, what does it matter where your purse from?  
Your hair done, your nails did, your ass fat, but you're dumb  
Mix Melyssa Ford, with Maya Angelou  
Become a Top Model, and Sojourner too  
I try to follow this, what Muhammad do  
It's such an old soul, inside this sonic youth

Swear I'm Ferraried up, and I'm conscience too  
I don't prophesize, I promise you  
[Chorus][Verse 3]Yeah it's me again, the guy from verse two  
But it's the last one, it's almost curfew  
It's almost night out, so turn your lights on  
Where all my 760's, with your brights on?  
Yeah they are the ones, to keep your eyes on  
Like how we used to do, to keep the house warm  
Now those the type of eyes, I not cry from  
You see the tears of fire, run out my crying songs  
Now the world's shoulders, is what we crying on  
The world's fast lane, is what I'm driving on  
What am I driving at? I'm trying to drive it home  
I'm in the driver's seat, but you can ride along  
It's never Cyclops, it's never I alone  
I'm telling your story, wherever I perform  
Now if they looking for me, you tell them I've gone  
Out in the bright lights, right where I belong  
[Chorus]

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