Put Em Up

Lupe Fiasco

[** Beat: All the Way Turnt Up by Roscoe Dash:][Lupe Fiasco:]Microphone check, I make em all bounce
Every teller in Bank of America, make em all count
You gone need the whole staff to add up the amount.
It?s gonna take to pay me off to keep me out your house
To keep me in my zone so that I don?t zone out
I?m Rich and Po? like Zone 4, thoughts is deep like Tone Loc
Walk with me like old folk, cross your street a score?s goal?ed
I don?t rap, I hockey rink cause my flow is so cold
I am on my ?mmhmm,? they are on they ?Oh, No!?
I am really in here, they ain?t real like Soul Glo
Don?t you know I?m so sho, them n-gga?s got no Glow
Find a master ?fore you can come back into the dojo
Lupe got his mind right, n-gga this is my mic

And I?ve come to take it all back like Miller High Life
He must not be tied tight, back against the wall,
He will throw a ball, like he playin? Jai Alai
I?ll do the register, you just get them fries right
I don?t trust America, after watchin? Zeitgeist
Take a look at my stripes, chest looks like a tiger arm
and I?m hot as tiger balm, fire like a five-alarm
And it?s set onto ya barn, Get ya fire-fighter on.
I ain?t worried ?bout you hoes, I don?t even need to roll
I turn down your ex like how you put your tires on
Once I get these tires on, I buy a bomb and tie it on
And ride this around the entire song, find a line to drive it on
Park it near a metaphor, wait for it, the timer?s on
You can turn your hydrants on, I?ll just turn my wipers on
Wipe it off then wipe me down but don?t forget about my bomb!

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