Lupe Back

Lupe Fiasco

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse 1]Yield, to the forces of darkness
I bring you the torches of our shit
Reinforced with hardness of Wolverine's
Arms with the harshness and overall sharpness
Now how far do the arms get?
My nigga, from the stars to the starfish
From the baby to the bomb
It's a whole lot of light and a whole lot of armlift
My arms long, but I'm lawless
A strong arm, I can lift up all this
You gon' have to build a bigger farm for us
To keep them wolves out of Old MacDonald barn, bitch
Yeah, Team Jacob
We're long armed, put my arms on a lear
Everytime I put my hands in the air
Watch the throne as I dance in the chair
Throw my crown in the crowd, hope it lands on the heir
The weak niggas like to pass interfere
Spend a lot of lint over jams in the year
That act like the man up in here
That don't count when your only real fan is a mirror
That's subliminal to any nigga that he feel he is too
But you don't stand a chance, playa
I am there, Chi-Town, fan of the Bears
Love where they dance in the square
Yeah, Yankees too, but only cause Granderson there
And now wears khaki pants on La Brea
We all friends, why your man lookin' scared?
Turning whiter than Anderson hair
Came out the garage like he saw a phantom in there, huh
[Verse 2]Oh shit alert, Louis clothes
Callin women bitches, Louboutin and Gucci shows

Well, I guess there goes my Louis shows
More o shit, if your role model's a movie role
And if you live your life like it's a studio
Talkin' to us like we mics, a bunch of you ain't do befo'
Electric fences for a urinal
Also keep a toaster in my jacuzzi, yo

Shock-a-zulu, call me Wasalu II
Oh shit, man these record labels prostitute you
Strap them to sushi bars, and feed em lots of fugu
Catch a bad piece
You can stick that 360 between your asscheeks
Artists let's mobilize and unionize like the athletes
Radio is making our craft weak
Forced to repeat the same dumb shit that work
Only as hot as your last beat
And rappers, they relating to that last piece
Album never leave they desk if you don't got no B.D.S
Sacrifice your publishin', they said you really need a hook
And they ain't gon' pay you, said that you received a look
And what's stupid real, is what producers feel
Twenty placements or you stuck in that producer deal
And R&B chicks so get it the wildest
All they money goes to hairdressers and stylists
Gotta keep up with that image
Label lose they mind if they ever see a blemish
ProActiv impeals, airbrushers and trainers
Managers suggest you fuck a nigga to be famous, huh
But it's all entertainment
Wonder when Cobain blew out his brains, did he blame it?
And if those snakes in the industry helped him aim it
Started pressing up records before the bullet left the chamber
I fight evil, everyday I'm livin'
Rest in peace to men, women and the children
And middle fingers to the Pilgrims that killed 'em
Friend of the People, happy Thanksgiving

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