

Dumb It Down (feat. GemStones & Graham Burris)

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Carrera (Dumb it down!)
Coolest nigga, what? (Dumb it down!)
F-N-F, up! (Dumb it down!)
(Dumb it down!) I'm fearless, now hear this, I'm earless
And I'm peerless, that means I'm eyeless
Which means I'm tearless, which means my iris
Resides where my ears is, which means I'm blinded
But I'mma find it, I can feel its nearness
But I'mma veer so I don't come near
Like a chicken or a deer, but I remember
I'm not a listener or a seer so my windshield smear
Here you steer, I really shouldn't be behind this
Clearly cause my blindness; the windshield is menstrual/minstrel
The whole grill is roadkill, so trill and so sincere
Yeah, I'm both them there
Took both pills, when a bloke in a trench coat
And the locs in the chair had approached him here
Made it clear as a ghost, so a biter of the throats in the mirror
The writer of the quotes for the ghosts
Who supplier of the notes to the living
Riveting as Rosie, pockets full of posies
Given to the mother of the deceased
Awake and at war 'til I'm resting in peace You going over niggas heads, Lu (Dumb it down!)
They telling me that they don't feel you (Dumb it down!)
We ain't graduate from school, nigga (Dumb it down!)
Them big words ain't cool, nigga (Dumb it down!)
Yeah I heard "Mean and Vicious", nigga (Dumb it down!)
Make a song for the bitches, nigga! (Dumb it down!)
We don't care about the weather nigga (Dumb it down!)
You'll sell more records if you (Dumb it down!) And I'm mouthless, which means I'm soundless
Now as far as the hearing, I've found it
It was as far as the distance from the earring to the ground is

But the doorknockers on the ear of a stewardess in a Lear
She's fine and she's flying, I feel I'm flying by em
Cause my mind's on cloud nine and in a mine at the same time
Pimps see the wings on the Underground King
Who's also Klingon, to infinity and beyond
Something really stinks, but I Sphinx like Leon
Or lying/lion in the desert
I'm flying on Pegasus, you're flying on the pheasant
Writer of the white powder, picker of the fire flowers
Spit, "hot fiya" like Dylan on Chappelle's skit
Yeah, smell it on my unicorn
Don't snort the white horse, but toot my own horn
Sleep You've been shedding too much light, Lu (Dumb it down!)
You make'em wanna do right, Lu (Dumb it down!)
They're gettin self-esteem, Lu (Dumb it down!)
These girls are trying to be queens, Lu (Dumb it down!)
They're trying to graduate from school, Lu (Dumb it down!)
They're startin to think that smart is cool, Lu (Dumb it down!)
They're trying to get up out the hood, Lu (Dumb it down!)
I'll tell you what you should do (Dumb it down!) And I'm brainless, which means I'm headless
Like Ichabod Crane is
Or foreplay-less sex is, which makes me saneless
With no neck left to hang the chain with
Which makes me necklace-less, like a necklace theft
And I ain't used my headrest yet
They said they need proof like a vestless chest
About the best-fed F-F jet in the nest
Who exudes confidence and, excess depth
Even Scuba Steve would find it hard to breathe
Around these leagues; my snorkel is a tuba
Lu the ruler around these seas
Westside Poseidon, Westside beside 'em
Chest-high and rising, almost touching the knees
Of stewardess and the pilot, lucky they make ya fly wit
Personal floating devices, tricks falling out of my sleeves
David Blaine, make it rain
You make a boat, I make a plane
Then, I pull the plug and I, make it drain
Until I feel like flowing and filling it up again
Westside! You putting me to sleep, nigga (Dumb it down!)
That's why you ain't popping in the streets, nigga! (Dumb it down!)
You ain't winning no awards nigga! (Dumb it down!)
Robots and skateboards, nigga?! (Dumb it down!)
GQ Man of the Year, G? (Dumb it down!)
Shit ain't rocking over here, B (Dumb it down!)

Won't you talk about your cars nigga? (Dumb it down!)
What the fuck is Goyard nigga (Dumb it down!)
Make it rain for the chicks (Dumb it down!)
Po' CHAMPAGNE on a bitch! (Dumb it down!)
What the fuck is WRONG WITH YOU?! (Dumb it down!)
How can I get on a song with you? (Dumb it down!)Look B, here's my main, my two-way
Uh, what should I, ah, here take this
That right there, fuck what my boys'll talk about me, nigga
Nigga, you hot to me! I like you! (Dumb it down!)Bishop G, they told me I should come down, cousin
But I flatly refuse: I ain't dumb down nothing!

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