

# Put You on Game

## Lupe Fiasco

Let me put you on game Don't you know that I run this place  
And I've begun this race  
Must I rerun this pace  
I'm the reason it's become this way  
And their love for it is the reason I have become this praised  
They love my darkness, I make them heartless  
And in return they have become my martyrs  
I've been in the poem of many a poet  
And I reside in the art of many a artist  
Some of your smartest have tried to articulate  
My whole part in this  
But they're fruitless in their harvest  
The dro grows from my footsteps  
I'm the one that they follow  
I am the one that they march with  
Through the back alleys and the black markets  
The Oval offices, crack-houses, and apartments  
Through the mazes of the queens  
The pages of the sages and the chambers of the kings  
Through the veins of the fiends  
A paper chaser's pager, yo, I'm famous on the scene  
One of the oldest, most ancientest things  
Speak every single language on the planet, y'kna mean?  
I am the American dream  
The rape of Africa, the undying machine  
The overpriced medicine, the murderous regime  
The tough guy's front and the one behind the scenes  
I am the blood of this city  
Its gas, water, and electricity  
I'm its gym, and its math, and its history  
The gunshots in the class  
And you can't pass if you're missin', G  
I taught them better than that  
I taught them aim for the head and hope they never come back  
I'm glad your daddy's gone, baby, hope he never comes back  
I hope he's with your mother with my hustlers high in my trap  
I hope you die in his trash  
I can't help it all I hear when you're crying is laughs  
I'm sure somebody find you tied up in this bag

Behind the hospital, little baby crack addicts had  
Then maybe you can grow up to be a stripper  
A welfare-receiving prostitute and gold digger  
You can watch on TV how they should properly depict you  
The rivers shall flow with liquor, quench your thirst on my elixirs  
I am the safe haven for the rebel runaway and the resistor  
The trusted misleader, the number one defender  
And from a throne of their bones I rule  
These fools are my fuel, so I make them cool  
Baptize them in the water out of Scarface pool  
And feed them from the table that held Corleone's food  
If you die, tell them that you played my game  
I hope your bullet holes become mouths that say my name  
Cause I'm the

Songwriters

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