

The National Anthem

Lupe Fiasco

Lupe Fiasco]

Check!

One, Two

Ahh. Naw![Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Your attention please, your attention I need it

So I can sit you in a position from which I see it

Where Im seated is scenic

Heavy-weighter, slim as the Machinist, so bulimic

Which means you somewhere in between it

I take it back for you like the Wild Stallions (Wyld Stallyns) of San Dimas

Im in the market for low-mile 360 Medinas

And a good organic cleaners

My car always a winner

Your cars always pity

We should call it Stanley Steamers

Most of my friends in gangs

My new nickname is Ghengis Khan

But without the Ye, but his last names my side

I ride with the demeanors (the meanest)

Im armed to the teeth

Youre Venus and youve never been to the Dinas (dentist)

School of Hard Knocks, I dean it

I done it, as well as a celebrated alumnus

I donate to the campus and my names on the arenas

But you cant bring it to my court

Not even with subpoenas

Cause you cant play my sport

But you can still cheer-lead us

And you cant sit there

That sections for the seniors

And the sexy senioritas

So just move up to the bleachers

How you gonna school me when I grew up with your teachers

I know that you cant hear me

Cause I blew up all the speakers

And the power line is hanging

Cause I threw up all the sneakers

I ate up the imposters

And I chewed through all the pizzas

I blacked out with a black card
And I maxed out all the Visas[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]
UhhAccreditation so prestigious
Just walk across my stage
Your life will be completed
Dont need financial aid
Cause this is just some free shit
You been properly prepared
Throw your hats up in the air
Im red hot, Chilly, (Red Hot Chili) Im Anthony Kiedis
My spirit smells teenage
And Chi-towns feelin excellent
We hit them with the President
See we set the precedent
I dont feel Im best
I just feel Im better than[Chorus: Thom Yorke/Radiohead]
Everyone Everyone Around Here
Everyone is so near
So alone So alone[Verse 3: Lupe Fiasco]
See I dont disagree
This is just a grievance
This aint dissin
This is civil disobedience
How you gon make hip-hop
Without all the ingredients?
Lot of mouths to feed
Plus a lot of greediness
And that greed, outshines the neediness
What n-ggas need is some question they authority
And tune out all the TV sh-t
And we be this
So I give em more
You see I did it for[Chorus: Thom Yorke/Radiohead]
Everyone Everyone is so near
Everyone has got the fear
So alone So alone[Verse 4: Lupe Fiasco]
Yeah I am back up on the airwaves
Feelin like a Soldier, and I aint talking where the Bears play
Flair, look how I Fred Astaire (further stair) down the staircases
Finna be a hair-raisin tortoise versus hare race
So you should hang around here (hair) like some earrings
I know attentions all about how you pair things
So when I want them to hear me out
I just sit them next to some pictures of Rosa splitting with her titties out
And whats written on her titties is what its really about

Then her vagina is some poor kids from China
Nipples nuclear missiles
Ass is a daughter without a dad
Back is like Afghanistan, Iraq
Health care hair
Drive by thighs
Education lips
HIV eyes
Environment feet
Justice get her so wet, brains get you brains
You can f-ck her if you protest
But before you bust in her face, finish listenin to the tape
Enemy of the State
[End]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>