

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.
Its gonna take to pay me off to keep me out your house
To keep me in my zone so that I dont zone out
Im Rich and Po like Zone 4, thoughts is deep like Tone Loc
Walk with me like old folk, cross your street a scores goaled
I dont 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 aint real like Soul Glo
Dont you know Im so sho, them n-ggas 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 Ive 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
Ill do the register, you just get them fries right
I dont trust America, after watchin Zeitgeist
Take a look at my stripes, chest looks like a tiger arm
and Im hot as tiger balm, fire like a five-alarm
And its set onto ya barn, Get ya fire-fighter on.
I aint worried bout you hoes, I dont 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 timers on
You can turn your hydrants on, Ill just turn my wipers on
Wipe it off then wipe me down but dont forget about my bomb!

Songwriters

JACO, WASALU / BROWN, CHRISTOPHER STEVEN / DOPSON, LARRANCE LEVARPublished by

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