

Dots & Lines

Lupe Fiasco

You look just like how I'ma be
Sacred geometry
In a line, in a line, in a line, in a line, in a line
Three angels in kind, on time, go straight, don't sign
You look just like how I'ma be
Sacred geometry
In a line, in a line, in a line, in a line, in a line
Three angels in kind, on time, go straight, don't sign
With a platinum plaque
She like Robin, George, and Jack
The mind fears what the blinds hide
But I'm here on the blind side
Hanging up till the line dies
Then off the hook for the crimes try
Get awful looks from tribe tribe unlawful jux we can climb skies
That's Robin Hood, arrows of the rich'll steal
In Hollywood and featherweight I step by step let it escalate
Till you get it, we'll tell you if I hit it
When you make pie if you don't fidget
Xzibit Pimp My Ride exquisite
We G's coach us back if we die in business
My Lord is my chemist, my sword is some Khemet
Egyptian fonts and ankhs
Scottish write with Montblancs let us stomp
I walk as my father walk, master builder is what I thought
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Yeah
Where the golden means, so the overseer gets overseen
And the over here's are the older things
Can see the bell but don't know the rings
The rings are not sounds, but circles
Wear these on your virtues
See through these circles just live Steve Urkel
Till it's all universal
And it harmonize and like the Porsche into the larger size

And it's dynamic in the high standard
So each degree has a part to price
See big worlds have little worlds that feed on their velocity
And little world have lesser worlds and so on to viscosity You look just like how I'ma be
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In a line, in a line, in a line, in a line, in a line
Three angels in kind, on time, go straight, don't sign The applause and patience of the laws in nature
Override lies and the laws of nations
Pilgrims bear witness at all the stations
Sun positions overcome traditions
Numbers govern our young religions
Dead levels making plum decisions
Perpendicular to the undivision
That's bad curricular to the unconditioned
Any love less than unconditional is so under Christian it's unrepentant
The physical part of my church emits the invisible arts of my work
To make gold from garbage is not the unchemical part of this map
But truth be told it's the pursuit of gold
That turns the goal of men into trash
The souls gold and they turning gold into cash
And your reflection is your connection to more collections of more directions and paths
If your reflection is a mask, then you're reflective of mass
To see yourself just look at me then split your reflection in half You look just like how I'ma be
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