

S.l.r. (super Lupe Rap)

Lupe Fiasco

[Intro]

I said think about your future
You can't do that tomorrow
But you don't hear a word, you see that SLR[Verse 1]
O ye tormented souls
My goal is to sit on the globe like North Poles
And thats the top mang, going hammer like a Glock can't
All flow and grammar, no shot drank
I'm so sober when I speak
I call it catchin bullets with my teeth
You can feel it in your chest
Like Bruce Lee jumpin on your vest
But I can't feel yours through my Superman 'S'
Yes, Im Superman'd-out
Rare Cartier look like Superman house
Inshallah to my plan hope it super pans out
My life is like Italia doin 100 miles
And the top open like the roofer ran outta tiles
Walk right into Philippe's when I ran outta Chow's
Next up is crustaceans and fast food halals
The beef is all the same, its just how they kill the cows
Somebody tell Malcom X that I'm tryna steal his style
And tell Cornel West that I'm tryna steal his fro
Go back in time, take the slaves plows, shovels, and the hoes
The masters get the "It Was Written" intro
SLR 10-4
SLR 10-4
Soundtrack let the beat go
Soundtrack let the beat roll[Hook]
In this world I'm so alone
In a category all on my own
Cause I tell the world what I want to
Yea I tell the world what I want toMan I feel so alone
They treat me like an outcast
Cause I tell the world what I want to
But you can't tell me what you gon do[Verse 2]
Cause nigga, I don't believe that
Like 9/11 came from Iraq
Mayweather on the speedbag

Automatic weapons keep the same rhythm he has
That's how the hood sound
Grew up in the hood town
West side ghetto, Windy City Cook County
Black skies lookin' up, crack pipes lookin' down
Accused of not lookin back, blind nigga look around
City on my back, so the CHI go errywhere I'm at
Presence so shiny, Mercedes so matte
Cop that from Platinum, the color of my plaque
I memorize "Color's" off of Yo! MTV Raps
A nightmare walking in a psychopath's nap
Defeat your purpose like a weed stash in the rehab
Guess who's sneaking in the weed bags
That be me with my me ass
Not tryna be anything but free as
Flow is so nuts, the track is gettin teabagged
Just wanna rap nice, that ain't me - tag
If you wanna be mean, then you wanna be me bad
Call it being Pretty Lyrically Swag
Soulja call it Super Lupe Lyrical
You can't understand me nor mimic my miracles
All I see is me and I'm a mother lovin' mirror-full
Bein' dope is all in the muscle
It's more than just a pause and a chuckle
I bench press elephants, and bowlin ball juggle
So don't be scared to take the Super Lu route
Top 5 alive and I only got 2 out!
School ya on your history, I tell ya what you 'bout
Fight for all the right things and let the Huey New out
Pharrell what these niggas talkin' 'bout?
2 man Big Pun, a 1 man Slaughterhouse
A 2 album Jay-Z, a 1 nigga Wu-Tang
Young and hungry Mos Def, a conscious rappin Lil Wayne
I don't care for similarities
Cause I'm a pioneer, not a parody
These ain't bars, this is barbarity
SLR... Clarity[Hook][Verse 3]
Holy Shock and awing cattle prods
All up in the action with a fraction of the catalogue
Of my peers, I ain't doin' numbers like Anbesol
But I'm here, and I'm revered
Lyric boy, Based King, Master Chef, All City Chess moves Mickey down and Diggy, CRS fool
Carrera Era, Panamera, F-Tool, Emperor, Free Chilly nigga, FNF RULES!!!
'Ye, what these niggas talkin' 'bout?
A Jesus in the desert walking, Dundee walkabout

A self imposed exile, learn to let the awesome out
Even if I was homeless I would still have an awesome house
Cause the world is mine, Lupe to the rescue, the world is fine
Words and lines of mine, I feel. are better than every rap in the world combined!!
And that's how you do it
E'rything flow, errything fluid
Stupid with the raps, but the raps never stupid
Trakk on the music, SLR ruthless
And the next whip is that Ferrari cart
Game over - body parts[Hook]

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