

Paris, Tokyo

Lupe Fiasco

Let's go to sleep in Paris
Wake up in Tokyo
Have a dream in New Orleans
Fall in love in Chicago
MayneI love her
And I hate to leave her lonely
Ring ring went the iPhone, it was my homie
He said, let's hit Japan
If we can make 'em jam
We can make a hundred grand
Spend it in the south of France
Nothing further, I jumped
Grabbed my Goyard trunk
Got ready to 'Walk it Out' like Unk
In my John Lennon chucks
That's when I heard Murder
You're killin me, you're fillin me
With sorrow, sunrise, goodbyes
And missin you tomorrow's
I turn to see
My dream love supreme queen, meanest thing on the scene, cry
I drop my bags in a flash
That's faster one 180 on that dash sir
To dry her tears
And wipe the rain from my dear like Dasher
You's the dame who's the user name to all my passwords
The reason I get fly is Ivan Jasper
I even keep your picture in my passport
Love, LoveLet's go to sleep in Paris
Wake up in Tokyo
Have a dream in New Orleans
Fall in love in Chicago
MayneThen we can land in the motherland
Camel back across the desert sand
Take a train, to Rome, or home
Brazil, for realWherever I go she goes
Wherever I go she goesSo let's keep it, real
All in together, free Chill
Tell the stewardess to throw a movie on the reel

Heat up my kosher meal, exchange my dollar bills
Lean back in my first class seat, and sleep
Don't wake me till I land, when they barely understand
What I speak, but they nod to my beats
I tell my fans who I am, and they stand, and they clap
They applaud. They love me, my God
Otsukaresama deshita or maybe au revoir
A spree on Saint Henri, then back to Charles de Gaulle
So I can get home and tell her everywhere that I been
And, everything that I done, and
Tell her that she's the one, and, umLet's go to sleep in Paris
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Brazil, for realWherever I go she goes
Wherever I go she goesGuess who's back in the, house
With a bunch of souvenirs and a smile for your mouth
I really missed you, each and every night I kissed ya
In my dreams fore I went to sleep to lala land to count them sheep
I swear you're lookin' prettier than ever
It's got to be a prophecy for us to stay together ever more
For better or, less or poor, or worth our weight in buried treasure
X's on the shore
I know my world tour's like war to ya
But Ian said: Aloha, and Harley said: Cheers
Julian said: Bonjour!, Big O was like: Yeah
Amanda and Le Messie want to know when we goin' there
Edison sends his love, so does the rest of the club
Of the international playboys and playgirls
But I revoke my membership, all for My Tenderness
She said, Pursue your interests, cause even If
I'm ticket less, I'll be there, by your side
In your heart and, on your mind
So, as I taxi down another runway
I Gotcha, who loves you bay
Now bring it back, nowLet's go to sleep in Paris
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