

# Lightwork

## Lupe Fiasco

[Hook: Ellie Goulding] I had a way then  
Losing it all on my own  
I had a heart then  
But the queen has been overthrown  
And I'm not sleeping now  
The dark is too hard to beat  
And I'm not keeping up  
The strength I need to push me  
You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone  
You shine it when I'm alone  
And so I tell myself that I'll be strong  
And dreaming when they're gone  
Cause they're calling, calling, calling me home  
Calling, calling, calling home  
You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone  
You shine it when I'm alone  
[Verse 1 - Lupe Fiasco] So, what are you going to stand for?  
Dreads in the sky, I and I  
2 new Vans on a land for  
Take that back, make that 2 new shoes on the van floor  
Me and my band out on that road  
On a never-back-down-from-my-stance tour  
Touch more souls than a dance floor  
While they touch less floors than a hand or  
Ceiling fan or - wait, let me tell ya slower  
Lift my fans up to the ceiling  
And you'll never touch the floor  
Now if Noah need a rower  
I'll be there with my oar  
Til we get back to the shore  
Dad made me a soldier  
GI Joe to these Cobras  
Tryna FBI my Panther  
CIA my Sankofa  
Infiltrate my Carter  
Illuminate my culture  
While they watching through that buckle  
  
But I stay up on my hustle

Turn that belt back on they self  
Now I watch them scream for help  
Like Africa need aid, or black women as maids  
Uncover undercovers turn those maids to Bubba's mothers  
Take the hero out the Nino  
Keep it real as trouble trouble huh?  
Or maybe cartoon Martin on The Boondocks  
Flip the script on chicks who think their shit smells like perfume shops  
Help them girls find beauty  
Without a magazine or movie  
She Delilah with them .45s and Keisha with that Uzi  
Now I know that's contradiction  
Wants and needs in competition but  
It's hard to stay on point with such extremes in opposition  
While we waiting on that compromise  
Proceed with that conscious eye  
New gang alert: hashtag occupies  
Repper 'til the death of it  
FnF, what's left of me  
All my hate is for the fake recipes for wrestling  
Only time I wrestle's when I'm wrestling with settling  
Only way I settle if we wrestle over everything  
I know that don't mix like ecstasy and ketamine  
Funny how I'm only sick if you never catch a thing  
Argue with your friends over what really the record means  
Back and forth about its course, with professor's refereeing  
Why he so rebellious? Up-front with his realness?  
They wanna be fiascoes, reproduce his failures  
Emperor is his alias, but not Marcus Aurelius  
This is more like Sparta: kick you down a well, kid  
And on my last check, I copped the NSX, just like Pharrell did  
Well did, better doings to come  
My only promise is I'll never ruin the young  
I'll never human the sung lyrics in a spirit that's  
Superhuman to some, keep you pursuing the sum of  
Slums, plus, get up out of them, plus, never forget  
Just where you from, plus  
Make sure you ballin' when you come back up in them, plus  
We don't die, multiply, every single come-up  
Rum-pum-pum-pum..

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