

ITAL (Roses)

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Black panther, black panther, what do you see?
I see a dream ITAL watching over meBack nigga
Yeah, hey, can we get a little break
From the cocaine and the kilos
Aight nigga, we know
Aight nigga, we know
Can we get a break from the strippers on the pill
Aight nigga, we know
Okay nigga, we knowHey shawty, ain't no future in no gang-bang
And ain't no manhood in no bang-bang
Ain't no honor cleanin' interstates inside a chain-gang
Know some rap niggas put that shit inside your mainframe
Pills make you stupid and liquor do the same thing
'Raris too expensive and they way too hard to maintain
Get yourself a Camry, "nigga said a Camry?"
Watch that ho depreciate and then you'll understand me
It's called being fiscally responsible
Don't let these lying images up in hip-hop here conquer you
The TV's not your father fool, that video's not your momma
Try your best to be a man and your worst to be a monster[Chorus]
May we have some roses for the ladies
A little appreciation for the gentlemen
And here's some kisses for the babies
Some peacenality for the whole wide-wide-wide world
More patience to the youth, sympathy for the poor
Empathy for the old, more justice for the down and pressed
Treat no liar ITAL, ah yaa!I know you're sayin', "Lupe rappin' 'bout the same shit"
Well, that's 'cause ain't shit changed, bitch
And please don't excuse my language
'Cause I would hate for you to misrepresent
The true expression of my anguish
And by this far I ain't shocked, upset, or appalled

I'm ashamed, bitch
I can't listen if you ain't sayin' shit
And recognize all this emptiness is dangerous
Ain't buildin' up they confidence, we teachin' 'em that they ain't shit
If they ain't got the latest that they saw on someone famous
Mercy of the Lord on this double-edged sword
Instead of askin' where the hoes is
Maybe maybe we could ask for roses
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Called the president a terrorist
Corporate sponsors like, how the fuck you gon' embarrass us?
Ain't my fault, I was just repeatin' this
Professor Emeritus from America
But my tone was like an Afghani kid without a home
Blew that bitch up with a drone
An Iraqi with no daddy, Palestinian throwing stones
The fuck you think they call him, I'mma leave that all alone
'Cause this, the focus on this new shit is that hopeless
Place that I was born into systematic brokenness
Took that downpression and developed it to dopeness
It's that great American rap-rap ferocious
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