

Blur My Hands (feat. Guy Sebastian)

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

From the floating death, to the fire of death
To a flower outside my grave and oh man
Were you just being polite with your hands? Take time to learn me like court appointed attorneys
Restore the order, we either join or adjourning
Less you join I'm up performing the journey
In all earnest, I go so Bernie
Takes another nigga to turn me
Get it straight, I ain't late on states
I'm just sternly stating
How what I do, with grace takes another nigga to turn mean
My return means like blockbuster with a tick
And I ain't kind but I don't hit
So you starting at the end, that's the part where you begin
I skip the bullshit so we can start it where we win
Yeah, spoiler alert
I can hear you all saying "boy you're a jerk"
But it's cool though, know we gotta rule yo
Get in, then we win and do it all again, ho
From the floating death, to the fire of death
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man
Were you just being polite with your hands?
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one
Now me and words, we made a deal, that I'm gon' keep 'em
real
And they show me their secrets, I can even cop a feel
Victorious, can't match wit, with warriors
I match wig with wits, similarly can't mix matchsticks with forests'
Only you can prevent what I do
Only due can prevent what's my view
I match matchsticks with wicks
Wicker man, take a sip of liquor and

Spit the lip off warriors
And spit flames, nigga get in the gang ahFrom the floating death, to the fire of death
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man
Were you just being polite with your hands?
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
I think you're number oneIt's road rage, without a roll cage
Takes courage to run on these roadways
I know you like "no way", but I'm a full race
All so every soccer Terry Fox moulding, go ahead
Don't stop, go ahead
Sitting in your car, just listening to the bars
And there's traffic all around and you feel like falling down
And the music that I'm spewing out, enough to calm him down
'Fore you know you watch your car with your briefcase walkin' round
And them dollars from the budget that went to S1 Production
And Sebastian on the hook, like being dug by Michael Douglas
So don't start that walk through Echo Park
My life's a one-on-one and you caught up in the jam
Just show some love back to your number one fanFrom the floating death, to the fire of death
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man
Were you just being polite with your hands?
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too
I think you're number one

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