

# Thorns & Horns (feat. Ab-Soul)

## Lupe Fiasco

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Read my lips, clarinet, talk that walk, pair of steps  
Two shots, parachutes, two drops, pair of troops  
New drops, wearin' roofs, full bloom, bearin' fruits  
Full moon put the where in wolves', apparently put it in the air and shoot  
Heirlooms that's what I leave, heirlooms that's how I weave  
They don't care to you and that's hair to you, this what I breathe  
I'm the heir apparent from a pair of parents  
Taught me that sharin's carin' so I spread the bread out  
That's what I need  
To get in heaven that's when I bleed, get in hell when I breathe...  
Get it? Inhale, when I breathe  
Maybe you'll get it when I breathe, there's levels to this shit  
And there's devils on the level of this bitch  
We all ball even the devil gotta pitch  
You fly so that's red bull and a fish  
You can have that, that's complimentary  
True story, documentary  
Ninja Turtle, sewer side  
Though continentally West Side[Hook]  
I'm just riding around town crown of thorns on my head  
Living till I'm dead, yeah  
Show your respect (x5)  
(Bow down to the nigga with the horns on his head)  
(Everything red)  
(Show no respect (x5))[Verse 2: Ab-Soul]

I'm King James with a blunt lit, my name ring like a phone call  
It's only right that you meet defeat, I guess that's protocol  
Soulo ho, oh God, Lord knows like you never said yes  
Success, I'm on the verge-in, like I never had sex  
You upset as fake breasts, but don't stress, it looks good on you  
He couldn't get it understood, so I stood on him  
Food and liquor, in my belly, of the beast but you knew already  
I used to complain until planes I flew already  
Now I'm ready, amen, like one guy I'm so heavy  
Let's say tons, that's blasphemy, with eight guns, keep your machete  
Young mind, fuck the world, that's an orgy with an OG  
Ironically, when you're high as me you, won't need floor seats  
This flow here for King Rich I won't stop 'till my team's richer

Mind, body and spirit on top of the dollar, spinnin'  
My optimism is why I'm in this position  
You pray, I prey, it's just that I'm a lion bitin' his victim[Hook][Verse 3: Ab-Soul/Lupe Fiasco]  
Pay homage, I ain't gotta plan it to play with comets  
Save your comments, trigger finger make you vomit  
Egghead just makin' omelets to move the chickens like Reaganomics  
This world so damn ugly I won't put make-up on it, just bein' honest  
Keys on us like dope dealers, open doors for the lost souls  
Ring on keys like Swizz Beatz, to make sure a nigga never lost those  
Amateurs get locked out, we janitors with the mops out  
Clean house, I used to wanna be the GOAT but I'm the Ox now  
Rap like I went to Oxford with bastards, threw Glocks on 'em  
Red and blue, now the cops on 'em, ayy nigga  
Hell yeah, you, with them dots on him, infraredin' you  
Intellectual like Inspectah Deck, protect your neck from Lu  
Cause we the children of the night!  
Of the livin' dead lookin' for some light  
I got some lean up in my Sprite  
I call it the Jesus Juice, Lu, what would Jesus do? Whoo![Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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