

S.L.R. 2

Lupe Fiasco

[Intro]

For real though, like for real though

Like for real

You know what I'm sayin', I don't even

It's like, niggas must forget who the fuck

Did what the fuck

When the fuck

When niggas was still, not the fuck

Or whatever

Fine then, I say [Verse 1]

Dear Lord, have mercy on my banana clips

Give 'em half, call it that banana splits

But my halves is really like a banana 6

Do these bananas have any idea who they on the planet with?

Apes, yeah you bananas to the grapes

That mean your bitch got a banana in her face

And wine on her chin, get these heathens off of my trunk

And all of these swine up off my rims

Tryin' to take the shine up off of my Benz

SLR, nigga please

Niggas 'bout to go to work so these bitches gon' have to leave

Gon' roll around with that B-Y, nigga just roll up my sleeve

Got body plans, so I karate stance so I could open up my chi

Lu the boy, too Bruce Lee boy to destroy

Doo doo beat like two T-boys with one freak one me

But I can DP like it's three more

Three rewards for me or me or me or me or me or me

Team me is like meat eating animals meeting a meteor

Dinosaurs, I'm fine with all kinds of wars

Knives and swords, lions, tigers bitin' boars

Lightening striking Viking hordes

Fighting heightened, violence soars

[German-sounding nonsense]

That was Adolf, reacting to my new shit

Translation: how come he can't be as evil as Lu get?

Well that's cause you ain't Lu, bitch

Took two sips of the holy grail

Then I backed up and I turned around

And I bent over and pittoo'd shit

I love Jay, that's my nigga
I feel sicker than a cruise ship
I ain't competition, I don't move shit
The only opposition is this new shit
These new niggas rappin' like they 2
They be actin' like they you, man that's-- wheeeeeew shit
What happened to the game?
Niggas think they Jappin' cause they rappin' like they Wayne
Rappin' like they Chainz
I ain't matchin' them in platinum
But I'm rappin' like I'm flames
Like smackin' them in the back of him and my antonyms is on 'cain
And my heroin is on metaphors and my metaphors is on brains
My left foot is in LA but my right foot is in Spain
Now we all heard what he said, but what he said means we dead
And that shit is insane
He's so crazy, look at the little baby
Nigga you ain't Nas, nigga you ain't Jay-Z
You will respect me, you will reject me
But I've done so much, no matter how far you go, you will reflect me
SLR, nigga please
These niggas 'bout to go to work so these bitches gon' have to leave
And when the bitch gone, knee shots disabled
Your DVD of Dick Jones in your TV and a grenade all on your table.
And my punch bowl's like an ocean
And I lay it on by the ladle
But it's so strong, when I pull it out, I'm only hangin' on to a handle
Satan on my ankles while I'm hangin' on to an angel
Ain't hatin' on that you hatin' wrong, cause you can't hang on to my angles
It's hard being a Lupe fan, go to Harvard to be a Lupe stan
I ain't sayin' that I'm harder, it's just harder when it's in Lupe's hands
Welcome nigga, Lupe Land, SLR
Here we go, FL bars
Hold up, go back to the hard part
Would say pause, but I was talkin' 'bout my own balls
Nigga

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

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