

# Just Might Be O.K. (feat. Gemini)

## Lupe Fiasco

Food & Liquor, G Bo, we here, man  
Gemini, you know how we do, FNFAffirmative, no further furnishin' is needed  
I believe we are completed, dig?  
We all in agreement on the wallpaper  
Happy with the color scheme, welcome to the crib  
A two family habitat for humanity with a view  
Of where the insanity liveMy vida loca was built like Bob Villa, villa gone  
He architected, I authored what I harbored  
Jimmy Carter from Chicago's westside  
Finished my construction, now behold  
The coming like contraceptsI'm conscious 'cept the cons I kept  
From conversations held with the Satan on my shoulder  
Which led to steps that kept me lookin' over the shoulder  
Like chauffeurs, where my angels at?  
Painful, yet merry, I ain't Jerry Garcia, ma here  
But I'm grateful, churchWe just might be ok after all  
Sun gon' shine on these daysIt's finna get heavy as heaven  
I am Atlas at this, manage to balance massive masses  
Upon my back, without tiltin' my glasses  
This was not pilfer from passes of O.G.'s  
This is so me, ask usMini-mansion, little homie, little Boney  
But the rhymes is phat  
In fact, yeah, just like a Rochester customer  
God blessed the mothers and younger brothers of hustlas  
'Cause she don't wanna sob at his wake  
But he wanna follow in his steps  
Bend his hat, learn his shakesMaster his swagger in the bathroom mirror  
Cop a Chevy, steady mob in his place  
Yeah, it's just the problems we face  
Look his moms in tha face and promise she straightWe just might be ok after all  
Sun gon' shine on these daysThen he leaves the house that love built  
That her renovated, that section A pays for  
Well, let's pray for him, let the beat play for him  
Put his struggles on display for him'Cause he gotta go and face the drama  
With a different face from the one  
That he used to face his mama  
If you look close, you'll see it consist  
Of a smile that hurts, a ice grill and a trace of trauma  
Little bit of his father, another criterion

That's no different from a young Liberian  
In Mecca delirium, weary of livin' in the inner city  
Out of his mind literally, re-conciliate  
I'm cool, I don't foretell best  
I ain't nicest emcee, I ain't Cornel West  
I am Cornel Westside, Chi-town Guevara  
Malcolm exercised the demons, gangsta leanin'  
He traded in his Kufi for a New Era  
Chose a .44 over a mortar board  
I ain't an accredited instituted graduate  
I ain't from Nazareth  
My conception wasn't immaculate, I ain't master no calculus  
A good addition to the rap audience  
I back-flipped on the mattress they slept on, me on  
Without Joe, knowin' is half the battle  
Fightin' temptation, have a apple  
Shake the snakes, pimp the system  
Let's get into it, tabernacle  
We just might be ok after all  
Sun gon' shine on these days  
We just, just might be ok  
We just, just might be ok  
We just, just might be ok  
We just, just might be ok  
We just, just might be ok  
We just, just might be ok after all  
Sun gon' shine on these days  
We just, just might be ok, ok

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