LightWork

Like

[Hook: Ellie Goulding]I had a way then
Losing it all on my own
I had a heart then
But the queen has been overthrown
And I'm not sleeping now
The dark is too hard to beat
And I'm not keeping up
The strength I need to push me
You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone
You shine it when I'm alone
And so I tell myself that I'll be strong
And dreaming when they're gone
Cause they're calling, calling, calling me home
Calling, calling, calling home
You show the lights that stop me, turn to stone
You shine it when I'm alone
[Verse 1 - Lupe Fiasco]So, what are you going to stand for?
Dreads in the sky, I and I
2 new Vans on a land for
Take that back, make that 2 new shoes on the van floor
Me and my band out on that road
On a never-back-down-from-my-stance tour
Touch more souls than a dance floor
While they touch less floors than a hand or
Ceiling fan or - wait, let me tell ya slower
Lift my fans up to the ceiling
And you'll never touch the floor
Now if Noah need a rower
I'll be there with my oar
Til we get back to the shore
Dad made me a soldier
GI Joe to these Cobras
Tryna FBI my Panther
CIA my Sankofa
Infiltrate my Carter
Illuminate my culture
While they watching through that buckle

But I stay up on my hustle

Turn that belt back on they self
Now I watch them scream for help
Like Africa need aid, or black women as maids
Uncover undercovers turn those maids to Bubba's mothers
Take the hero out the Nino
Keep it real as trouble trouble huh?
Or maybe cartoon Martin on The Boondocks
Flip the script on chicks who think their shit smells like perfume shops
Help them girls find beauty
Without a magazine or movie
She Delilah with them .45s and Keisha with that Uzi
Now I know that's contradiction
Wants and needs in competition but
It's hard to stay on point with such extremes in opposition
While we waiting on that compromise
Proceed with that conscious eye
New gang alert: hashtag occupies
Repper 'til the death of it
FnF, what's left of me
All my hate is for the fake recipes for wrestling
Only time I wrestle's when I'm wrestling with settling
Only way I settle if we wrestle over everything
I know that don't mix like ecstasy and ketamine
Funny how I'm only sick if you never catch a thing
Argue with your friends over what really the record means
Back and forth about its course, with professor's refereeing
Why he so rebellious? Up-front with his realness?
They wanna be fiascoes, reproduce his failures
Emperor is his alias, but not Marcus Aurelius
This is more like Sparta: kick you down a well, kid
And on my last check, I copped the NSX, just like Pharrell did
Well did, better doings to come
My only promise is I'll never ruin the young
I'll never human the sung lyrics in a spirit that's
Superhuman to some, keep you pursuing the sum of
Slums, plus, get up out of them, plus, never forget
Just where you from, plus
Make sure you ballin' when you come back up in them, plus
We don't die, multiply, every single come-up
Rum-pum-pum-pum..

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