

Be Somebody (ft. Lupe Fiasco, Holly Brook & Tak)

Fort Minor

Mike:

This is a story of them against us, win or lose
Forcing your feet into someone else's shoes
Everybody's got something to say, that we ought to
Live their way, what we're doing's not okay
In this world everybody's got a chip on
Both sides of the neck, got no respect
Wait up a sec
You ever feel like the pressure is
Too much to take, too much weight?
Ladies and gentlemen
If anybody can hear me right now please shout back
We're not the only ones feeling so trapped
In the dream of somebody else, in fact
They got their heads full of some overblown scheme
Opportunity they missed back when they were sixteen
And all they want to do is push you to be that
And all you want to do is scream backHolly / Tak / Mike:

Gonna be somebody

(For anybody telling me I can't)

Gonna be someone

(For anyone who told me I had no chance)

Gonna be somebody

(I'm telling you the time has come)

Gonna be someone

(And maybe you'll get it when I'm finally done)We don't sleep to dream, we sleep to build stamina

Energy to do our thing, get your camera

Cause this ride is about to begin

Sit down and buckle it in, lemme say it again

In this world everybody's got a chip on

Both sides of the neck, got no respect

Wait up a sec

When I was young they said the

Odds of making it were slim to none

Ladies and, fuck it

I'm tired of them saying the dream you have

Doesn't exist, telling you you're worthless saying you should quit

Basically telling you that you'll never be shit

Really they're pissed cause they'll never achieve some

Opportunity they missed back when they were sixteen
And all they want to do is push you to be that
And all you want to do is scream back
Lupe Fiasco:
They're gonna think you're crazy
Mumblin' to yourself in the basement all day
Uh-uh-uh-ing and to yourself
My pops didn't dig it with shoveling it to myself
My boys used to get it they dug it because they felt
My undertaking took me I was making in my stealth
A wealth of rhymes of crazy I would chuckle to myself
Then they went into the mental rolodex
See I knew 'em by heart like a brain in my chest
Then I took 'em to school where subjects were getting felt
Books under my seat notebook laying on my desk
My teacher's like, "Mr. Jaco?"
"Yes?"
"With all that knowledge, you ain't trying to college
Be a lawyer or a doctor, get a whole lot of dollars
Rather degrade woman and glorify violence?"
Well the work that works for me might not work for you
No homework, I got work to do

Songwriters

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