

## Body of Work

Lupe Fiasco

Closet full of bones  
Just don't try to put'em back together  
(Try to put'em back together)  
And I'll just bite my tongue  
So wear it like a scarlet letter  
(Wear it like a scarlet letter)

(I really loved you)  
Quiet in the court for the courtship  
Marriage of the dork and the gorgeous  
Took her from the king of the corpses  
He [?] off the wall of the fort with the horses  
This is foretold, bojangles was tapping in morse code  
At least to the mad man genius, tap top secrets and more gold  
From the guts of the mother, [?] should move her undercover  
With a \$3,000 son she just want a lover  
And somebody else that come and try and drug her  
Take her off the grill, she done  
Pills celebrating, "we won"  
In the system of the women, never knew he had it in him  
This condition when the world that they make him become  
Cocaine and new high tech way smuggle whole things  
From the control range that make radio heads with gold brains  
Depart 84' Jags on gold chains  
Developing niggas from a whole name  
God is great, but it's snakes on my soul plane

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Anatomy (skin), will be the death of me  
Anatomy (skin), that's just my anatomy  
Anatomy (skin), will be the death of me

(Tell me what to do)  
Limo to the limit, fill it till the brim get in it  
You can't get it, if you gotta ask  
In that case I want two masks  
Bottom class, dollar cast  
Poppin' tags, droppin' trash in shopping bags  
Till Hakeem take our pocket cash  
(Am I beautiful?)  
Write it in lights, molly in the body of Christ  
Drop me to the lobby from heights  
Then over the threshold to redeem the doorway  
Fourteen broads like the king of Norway  
Fourteen broads having dreams of foreplay  
Fourteen arm Shiva  
If the government get it I'm a fool

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Sanskrit dance on the page of the dead book  
Don't leave the restroom with the left foot  
Flags of Tibet, to bet, to bed, to death, flesh  
Release the leash on a fast car  
Feed on the keys, fall asleep in a Jaguar  
The tip of thy sword is white  
Am I night, am I black, am I light?  
Have I been this?  
Realize my begin when I find where my end this  
Oedipus wrecks, motherfucker this better than sex  
Material potion the love of my martyr  
Currency soaked in the blood of my father  
(Will you cry for me?)  
Sky burial, let the wind carry you, father  
That I could  
(live forever)  
An anatomy, not of me, knotting me to it, nodding me to it  
Eyes of the eye and others, watching me do it  
Adapt in each rubik  
Kubrick in plot and tone  
Lots of bones, scolds to the top of the tone  
Skim through it is just skin to it  
You're so thin you see the sin through it

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