

Cold War

Lupe Fiasco

At my brother's Janazah
Tears stained sunglassses
A Salat with no bows
Pallbearer carry you to the car now
Chilly day, Mosque on 96 and 3rd
New York City way, me and Jay never left my side
Rest like that picture with your pride
Who look just like,
Now the city looks less bright
Brooklyn looking less special
Don't carry the same weight
As when you were on this level
You: work in progress from 40 projects, God bless
An inspiration and a king
They won't know what I mean but this one 'bout to spring
Protect it with every feather on the wings
So even when it hurts, you'll never feel a thing

Said it's a cold cold war
Ain't nobody wins like the government
In the U.S.S.R
Cause this is all for shares
Nobody cares
Who you think you are
And you can fight it, but there's no defence
For what things are
Baby grab a jacket
It's a cold, cold

Let me clarify the chorus
And what my cold war is
Cause the complexity is enormous
Using one of my greatest losses with eyes like faucets
To reinforce every single word that I talk with
Something about losing things, human beings
That reduces things to their most elementary
Find yourself where you never meant to be
With the energy of memories
That's the soul force of what's behind killing me
Finding pleasure in the pains
Like finding desert in the rain
Twisted: how this world can drive you masochistic
Question if I'm over it
Or if I'm numb because I'm closureless
Or my closure's that we all gotta go and shit
Rendered emotionless but moving at the speed of running over it
Still happy that I opened it

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In the studio writing these words, one after another
In memorial of my brother
As you listen to the album with
Nothing on the cover
I imagine that he hovers
In the back of his chair
Floating right there in the air
Nodding his head to the music, I slightly lose it
Ask why do I put myself through this
Crack a smile, look up at the file
The waveforms on the screen of me tryna tell you what I mean
But I feel that it's all lost, or maybe that it's all gotta cross
Happy with his dedicated song
But now he's all gone
But he was never there, cause
He was everywhere, nowhere and down here
Maybe on that judgement day, rise up
We'll both open our eyes up, climb up
Hoping God forgives us for our tendencies
Wipes away our cool young histories

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Ride around, you know what I'm saying
All over the world right? I mean, everywhere
I mean we just disappear and just come back
I feel like we can just put him anywhere
He'd find his way back home, y'know'm saying
Another random thing's that consequence to me
But maybe to you, not much
But with that said, the reason behind me
Why I do what I does, love
Just riding around bumping that, uh
Either Jay or Nas, or me
I used to tell him like "yeah you alright"
But you ain't fucking with my man
It was always like that, so
Drop a little for you, let it bump
This that Esco music, it's that Esco music
Bumping with my Esco music, that raw
See you on the other side, As-Salamu Alaykum