

Bone

Lupe Fiasco

Bone
Come play with it baby
Uh
You know what I'm saying?
Yeah you already know

She's feeling herself a little too much
Come play with it, you can stay in it
She's killing her self, why you gotta be so rough?
You done worked your fingers to the bone
She's feeling herself a little too much
You stay in it, so play with it
She's killing her self, why you gotta be so rough?
You done worked your fingers to the bone
Yeah, their bones

You can talk to us, you can walk to us
But you still lost to us
Worth your worth wait in waiting
But that ain't how much you cost to us
You don't know, worth your weight in weight
Borderline fine, but you can't get back across to us
Your dime bags ain't freeway
And you're Ross to us, your cartel, you ain't barball
You a Barbie, you can't maintain that
That's why your bar fell
And your pussy whack
From letting all them niggas push it back
Nasty nostalgia from all the places you took it at
Flashbacks are where you looking at
Now what? You clear cut
Switching heels, and your hair up?
You know how many bills been inside your pudding pack?
You done clicked up with some lame
We got to see in a different frame
You the same picture to the same
Niggas that came all inside of your brains
Self approved but don't stunt
Switch it up but don't front
Just to return back to getting turned out
And fucking for what you want
Sucking for what you need
But you don't even really need that
You just suck for love
But you don't even really believe that

You feeling yourself a little too much
Stayed up all inside you, self
She's killing her self, why you gotta be so rough?
You done worked your fingers to the bone
Their bones
She's feeling herself a little too much
She played with it, but she can't stay in it
She's killing her self, why you gotta be so rough?
You done worked your fingers to the bone
Yeah, their bones

You gonna break your back tryna be like these televised hoes that you see on
TV
Tryna keep up with a magazine cover, living unreal lives that they heard on
CD's
Fake ass, fake face, fake titties, that's great shape
They don't make sense, let's make papes, that's real food but saying fake gr
ace
But we don't care cause it tastes great, this bullshit on these great plates
But who am I to say what's what? But if God real then we fucked up
If God real then we fucked up, if God real then we fucked up
And I can only blame myself in BET uncut
So many shades of gray, in the new generation, they young sluts
Has it always been this way? Squirrels only happy when they nut bust
You can take a look at the animal kingdom if you don't agree
They be going hard just to get a mate, then get the pussy then leave
And lions be having like four hoes with no clothes, that's so cold
That justifies what's in a nigga mind, they do the same shit for the homos
[?] up girl be like, oh no J. Cole got her looking for a J. Cole
She gon pass up somebody way cool and end up on some pimp nigga pay roll
Cause

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Their bones
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She played with it, but she can't stay in it
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I'm sorry I'm just being emotional
I just wanted to get really close to you
But you was being so unsociable
Played this game, it's being so uncoachable
Or is it me and you're really approachable?
But I don't know cause I'm too intimidated
I overcompensated and started roasting you
From afar, and I don't even know who you are
Or maybe I do
But you ain't impressed by my car and that shit ain't cool
Luxury clothes equals fucking hoes, and those are the rules
But you breaking it, these frame change ring, watch, bracelet
This champagne, tasting it, we've been talking like five minutes
Ain't you already supposed to be naked bitch?
But you feeling yourself?
You feeling yourself?
You feeling yourself?
You feeling yourself?
You feeling yourself?