

Clean

Lupe Fiasco

Yeah, Lupe
Commissioner, Chi-Town, F and F, collaboration
Do it like this here, that's right, that's right
Come on, yeah, come on come on
Come on come on, yeah

Now I ain't tryin' to toot my horn but look what I'm on
Man, look what I bought here, look who I taught here
Look how I fought here, For what I sought here
For everywhere I go, though, they be throwin' salt there
But it's cool though, I'mma keep it cool Joe
I'm as cool as cool Joe
Now look at my shoes, Joe
Now look at these shoes, yo
You can't find that
Unless you flyin' to Singapore
Homie you ain't buyin' that
All I'm tryin' to do is bringin' that time back
It was written, man, bring those rhymes back

Life after death homie, bring those lines back
Malcolm X, too tryin' to bring that shine back
It's my thing, I spit it like Sean King
It's more than just rhyming, I'm doin' 'bout nine things
The aforementioned executive board
Sittin' representin' the world famous
Grammy Award-winnin' (F&F?)
That's right, homie, Grammy Award winnin'
Could have been puttin' it in your face
But that's the poor in 'em
See, what I gotta front for
Who I gotta front for
Everythin' you doin', homie, is over and done for

But you can catch Lu chillin' in his one off's
If y'all dont know what that means, homie
Then y'all understand thots mean, homie
That means, homie, these jeans on me are only pale
After sewing machines, homie

Yeah, I'm just showin' you're mean, homie
Like a dictionary
Just listen clearly to the clean, homie
And this ain't fair, I'm barely on my lean, homie
I put my all like into a washing machine, homie
Double loader, you just watchin' me clean, homie
Wait til' I sod you in dirt
Oops, I spilled some 1st & 15th on me
And that stained Maine
You can try Canada Dry
Or you can try pouring Oxy Clean on me
Homie, it won't work clean
Chicken head resistant
Lady, you can't curse
God willin', we got the album comin' out, though
Ha ha, church