

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 thats 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