

Hip-Hop Saved My Life

Lupe Fiasco

Dedicate dedicate

Uh this one right here goes out
To my homie with the dream
Know what I mean

He said I write what I see
Write to make it right
Don't like where I be
I'd like to make it like
The sights on TV
Quite the great life
So nice and easy
See now you can still die from that
But it's better than not being alive from straps
Agreed
A mead notebook and a Bic that click
When it's pushed and a wack beat
That's a track that's weak
That he got last week
'cause everybody in the store
Was like that's that heat
A bass heavy medley with a sample from the 70s
With a screwed up hook that went
STACK THAT CHEESE
Something something something
STACK THAT CHEESE
Mother sister cousin
STACK THAT CHEESE
He couldn't think of nothing
STACK THAT CHEESE
He turns down the beat writers block impedes
Crying from the next room a baby in need
Of some pampers and some food and a place to sleep
That plus a black Cadillac on D's
Is what keep him on track to be a great MC

Reps Northside so he rocks them braids
Eleven hundred friends on his myspace page
Stack that cheese got seven hundred plays
Producer made him take it down
Said he had to pay
Open mic champ 2 weeks in a row
Ex boy with a boy flow
Glow like Leroy you should see boy go
Got a daddy serving life and a brother on The Row
Best homie in the grave
Tattered up while in the cage
Minutemaid got his momma work like a slave
Down baby momma who he really had to honor
'cause she was his biggest fan
Even let him use the Honda
Drive up to Dallas went to open up for amateurs
Let him keep her debit card
So he could put gas in it
Told her when he get on
He's gonna take her to the gallery

Buy her everything but the mannequins your dig

His man called said "your time might be now"
They played your freestlye over "Wipe me down"
They played it two times
Said it might be crowned
As the best thing out the H-TOWN in a while
He picked up his son with a great big smile
Rapped every single word to the newborn child
Then he put 'em down and went back to the kitchen
Put on another beat and got back to the mission
To get his momma out the hood
Put her somewhere in the woods
Keep his lady looking good
Have her rolling like she should
Show his homies there's a way
Other than that flipping Yay
Bail his homie outta jail
Put a lawyer on his case
Throw a concert for the school
Show this that's it cool
Throw some candy on the cad
Chuck the duece and act a fool
Man it feels good when it happens like that
Two days from going back to selling crack, yes sir

Hip hope has saved my life [4X]