

Indio

Lupe Fiasco

Yeah yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh-uh, uh
Yeah

Blessings over blessings got they feelings mixed
Niggas out here checking do you still exist
Single punches get a million clicks
Then the trunk is where my ceiling sits
Stripper women think I'm really callous
I stopped throwing money one night out in Dallas
I just wanna get up out of there
In the club playing solitaire
I ain't pretentious, I'm just past it
Wipe your pussy juice off of my pants leg
Casualties of a lap dance
She dropped the bomb on me like the Gap Band
Happened out in Houston
Like Trae they let the truth in
Naked yellowbone said her favorite song
Was "Sunshine", man I hope they play it for her
Gon' get a ho a record player to her
Drop the needle, dedicate it to her
Let it play 'til ain't no bars left
Cartier look like the ground around a car theft
Gyalchester in the aux cord
Your suggestion, that's what the suggestion box for
I take my wagyu on the top floor
Then I take it slow like I'ma Wock four
What's the point if we ain't poppin' off?
Gunshot residue, that shit ain't washing off
I ain't worried 'bout your top speed
Give you the Martin, want the Luther or the Lockheed?
I be chilling 'cause I'm traumatized
Dropping riddles, fans tryna solve 'em like they homicides
Dealing with the villain in us
Media twist my words like Adrenaline Rush
Fuck it, gon' head nigga, do ya thing
At the very least, at least the niggas knew your name
And they be coming out the woodwork
Telling wolves that a brick ain't how a wood work
Lowkey I been on a sweep
'Cause my predictions won't let me just go to sleep
Coachella next, weekend going back to that
Erwin's backstage, coming back to back
I ain't at your table, I ain't relevant
Periodically I get up out your element
I was there but you ain't even know me though
Complex a part of my investment portfolio
So when you win then I win too
And I ain't even in what you into
Ten out of ten, I ain't intend to offend you
Tell my friends, "You ain't gotta defend what your friend do"
You're not my friend if my number not in your phone
Let me speak my peace and then get back to this warzone, yeah

You got what they want
Don't you ever doubt yourself young wise guy
From the West Side
They comin' after you