

Kara Walker

Lupe Fiasco

All blood
Trip and get the power stripped from the small plug
All black everything, throwaway, wall rub
Head on my shoulder 'til its all shrug
Play the whole role, golf ball to a golf club
Get that
If you bit fat with the chit chat
Listen to Ab-Soul 'til you six-pack
That's Kit Kats, now you [?] clean
Take head off shoulders just to place them on guillotines
I'm from an era where they picked us up in limousines
Still I persevere, network like tennis teams
In modern day
But now it's Jets though
Age can be a klepto, apologize for my retro
That textbook F flow if let go can turn little hubs to X O
In one swipe of a Metro
That's a champagne train of thought
Talk a awfully Kara Walker off-the-wall author
With no competitors, I play both sides
I'm a Wall Street bet, Reddit editor
Plus the secretary of treasury, et cetera, et cetera
God Bless the United States of America
Goodnight