

Life, Death And Love From San Fransisco

Lupe Fiasco

She said love is a hard thing
Somewhere between golfing and gardening
Or parole board pardoning
But she was still down for a hard swing
Flowers she would pick like guitar strings
For a real good whiff
Of how life behind par seems
Until then she a bar-teend
And poor hot lead shots out of carbines
If an inmate ever even think about departing
Before it's time for the theft of a hard thing
Wanna see why a bum had hard dreams
Before he get gunned down, cause some sharp scene
Saw it all on the way to the art scene
Around the time they kicked us out, they had a park cleaned
She ain't living in a car she just RV-ing
Life on ice like the San Jose Shark team
Hard times, tryna duck em like Darkwing
Known for burning clothes and petty car-keying
And other less harmful skylarking
Bought a bag out of American Rag
A small Chinese-made American flag
Took a dollar bill then split it in half
The picture that she bought wouldn't fit in the cab
On a train trying her best not to live in the past
A bum probably asked could he spit in her ass
And that was it, fits, tantrums random
Helter-Skelter, a world gone Manson

And I'll spare you the details
Dinner is ceviche out of seashells
Annoyed cause her date really can't speak well
But she forced to press on like Lee nails
Next table was abhored by the weed smell
She was done at the moment that the tea fell
A thick wool jacket on a cool night
Unimpressed by poems or the moonlight
Doesn't satisfy like a game of pool might
Thinking "what if Fantasia had a broom strike?"
Tune right out of that school life
Soon as reality became a camera crew and a boom mic
So what do you do like?
She said "absurd last words from a dude off a Zoosk site"
And then left him
Like the Roots left Geffen
And the state Howlin' Wolf left Chess in
Stop to watch flows have an unpaid session on the steps of a Westin
She really need to check in
And to apologize to her best friend
New bras to put her chest in
Love life or deathin...