

Lightwork

Lupe Fiasco

I had a way then, losing it all on my own
I had a heart then but the Queen has been overthrown
And I'm not sleeping now
The dark is too hard to beat
And I'm not keeping up the strength I need to push me
You sure the lights don't stop me
Turn to stone shining when I'm alone
And so I tell myself that I'll be strong
Dreaming when they're gone
Cause they're calling, calling, calling
Calling, calling, calling
You sure the lights don't stop me
Turn to stone shining when I'm alone

So, what do you bunches stand for?
Dreads in the sky, I and I
2 new Vans on a Land 4
Take that back, make that 2 new shoes on a van floor
Me and my band out on that road
On a never-back-down-from-a-stance tour
Yeah, touch more souls than a dance floor
While they touch less tours than a hand or
Ceiling fan or wait, let me tell ya slower
Lift my fans up to the to the ceiling
And you'll never touch the floor
Now if Noah need a rower, I'll be there with my oar
Til we get back to the shore
Dad made me a soldier, GI Joe to these Cobras
Tryna FBI my panther, CIA my sankofa
Infiltrate my Carter, illuminate my culture
While they watching through that bunker
But I stay up on my hustle
Turn that belt back on theyself
Now I watch them scream for help
Like Africa need aid, or black women as maids
Uncover undercovers turn those maids to Bubba's mothers
Take the hero out the Nino, keep it real as treble trouble huh?
Or maybe cartoon Martin on the boondocks
Flip the script on chicks who think they shit smells like perfume shops
Half them girls find beauty without a magazine or movie
She Delila with them 45 or Keisha with that Uzi
Now I know that's contradiction, wants and needs and competition
But it's hard to stay on point with such extremes in opposition
While we waiting on that compromise, proceed with that conscious eye
New gang alert: hashtag #occupies
Repping to the death of me, FnF what's left of me
All my hate is for the fake recipes for wrestling
Only time I wrestle's when I'm wrestling with settling
Only way I settle if we wrestle over everything
I know that don't mix like ecstasy and ketamine
Funny how I'm only sick if you never catch a thing
Argue with your friends over what really the record means
Back and forth about its course, with professor's refereeing
Why he so rebellious? Up-front with his realness?
They wanna be Fiasco's, reproduce his failures
Emperor is his alias, but not Marcus Aurelius
This is more like Sparta: kick you down a well, kid

And on my last check, I copped that NSX just like Pharrell did
Well did, better days to come
My only promise is I'll never ruin the young
I'll never human and sung lyrics in a spirit that's
Super human to some, keep you pursuin' the sun of
Slums, plus, get up outta them, plus never forget
This is where you from plus
Make sure that you ballin when you come back up in them, plus
We don't die, multiply, every single come-up
A Rumpa-pum-pum-yup