

Mumble Rap

Lupe Fiasco

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ay
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yay
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-waking up with a song on the heart (Heart)
To make it clear, I think that we should take it to the start (Take it to the star)
Walked past the No Man laying in the park
He was talking to himself, but he was saying something sharp
She found herself drawn to the vibe of his remarks
The resonations called her like blood to a shark
But as she got closer, she felt something dark
Knew she made a mistake, but before she could depart
He reached up and grabbed the scent of post off the charts
Said "Everything you do would, now, be in another art"
Then vanished, like Superman abandoning the planet
But this was similar to finding land in the Atlantic on the low
But she didn't really know (She didn't really know)
But what's she gonna do? (What's she gonna do?)
And everywhere she go (Everything she felt)
(Yeah, yeah)

I got what you got and these are the song way
I know the things, evidence has its own ways
I got what you got and these are the song say (What the song say?)
You got what you say and I want that old way (The old way)

The definition of possession
The state of being completely under the influence of an idea or emotion
Broken open, to let the ghosts in and go [?] with extra [?]
Now, let's return to the scene (Scene)
Surreal and sent to chill and kinda burned at the seams (Seams)
It seem that real life had really turned to a dream (Dream)
But what exactly has she learned from the ling
That's from Earth (Earth) or maybe from not (Not)
Maybe she just received the curse (Curse) or maybe the plot (Plot)
Maybe there's something like a birth (Birth) or maybe adopt (Adopt)
Or maybe not a baby at all as that falls into realms of being intimate
But this feels more significant than that even, and that evening
She really felt a difference in the facts speaking
Had definitely changed in his design
'Cause everytime she went to chat her mouth begat a rhyme

I got what you got and these are the song way (Let the song play)
I know the things, evidence has its own ways (Yeah, it's own way)
I got what you got and these are the song way (Do what the song say)
You got what you say and I want that old way (Yeah, the old way)

Yeah, yeah
Now, everything's a verse (Verse) and everything's a line (Line)
A lyrical, non-stop onslaught of rhymes
The hardcore, roughneck, bomb-drop, divine
Sound that is found when the tom tops combine with the bass and the snare and the kick
They fill you with a feeling that just make you wanna spit (Spit)
Rap a couple bars, move your arms like— this!

Your hand is a gun and your arm is a clip
Let 'em rip, don't get hit by the split-
second Smith & Wesson lips full of hollow tips
Please, tell the best on your list: That is death with a kiss
And they gotta swallow fire if they tryna follow this
With a style similar to ridin' around look for an arrest to resist
Ain't no rest for the wit, no recess for the gift
It's like I don't do it for the check or the chip
I protect and predict what the next going to flip
I address, then I rip
Get respect, then I dip
I don't live in the past, I finesse and forgive (Peace)
(Peace, peace) (Bars)
But don't make me resurrect up in this

I got what you got and these are the song way
I know the things, evidence has its own ways
I got what you got and these are the song say
You got what you say and I want that old way, yeah

Ay-yo, ay-yo, whose mans was that?
Yo...
Yo, he got killed, yo
Yo, she wan' murder that
Ayo, where she come from? Yo, like
Ay, Freedo back
You, hey shawty!
Ayo, hold up, let me talk to you