

Popular Demand

Lupe Fiasco

It's Hirst/hearse verses and Murakami/murder coming rhyming
All my raps is (superflat), all your raps is super wack
Tell him that the future's back, DeLorean rolling down the block
You can call it shooting craps, and my roof is back
And my wings is up
Kingda Ka without Kahlua, so you ain't got to pour the king a cup
Young Yakuza but, none of my fingers cut
So I can still sip Red Zinger with my pinkies up
Made/maid man, you can call this cleaning up
I'm OCD, I never think it's clean enough
That's what defines me, I never think it's mean enough
Lines deeper than those waiting on a sneaker, cuz
You gone need two heads like the King of Clubs just to figure out the meaning of
I'm just achieving buzz so stay out of son/sun way like you're drinking blood
This is what it feels like to be in love

I mean come on, I mean look at what I'm dropping here
Do this for the block and the blogosphere
No, you ain't ready for the heavy, so I'll keep it light as jogging gear
I don't want the throne, I want the helicopter rocking chair
Jay gave me a co-sign like I was RocaWear, but be clear I'm not the air/heir
I'm the water, fire and the earth
That means I'm doing dirt, spitting flames and quenching thirst
And plus the real God has been on my side since birth
I hope that he forgives me, I hope I do his work in every single verse
Now I might do a dance, I might even jerk, tell them niggas don't hate
Only God is great, Enemy Of The State