

# PRECIOUS THINGS

Lupe Fiasco

These precious things  
All these things that we love  
All these precious things  
How they turn, how they turn  
All these precious things  
All these things that we love  
All these precious things  
How they turn, how they turn  
On me

Never bite the hands that feed  
But when those same hands grab the gats and up their sleeves  
They gather traps and apparatus for your grave  
They catch you lackin', rap around yo' hatch and squeeze  
I swear my hands were pure, I gave 'em manicures  
Became my adversaries, became my sabateurs  
I put karats on them just like rabbit lures  
My middle finger's like, "Fuck this nigga, what happened to us?"  
Used to be clappin' for us, thumbs up and then snappin' poets  
Now they be dappin' fo's and grabbin' Moet  
And they know that I don't drank  
At least I don't think  
I asked for peace signs, they gave me Leon Spinks  
I asked for "Okays", I got, "Uh, yours" and "Go aways"  
Shoe gestures and throat slicers, the motion's made  
Give me a sign when we can talk through a plan  
But my hands was like "Fam, you can talk to the hand," damn

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On me

Who put the arms in arms?  
I put arms in palms  
We was hand in hand, Allstate  
Pinky speaker, thumb receiver how we used to call make  
All shakes  
Now it's fingers crossed over small stakes  
No taller than the crawl space  
Give scissors to my paper, we not on the same page  
We was back catcher and pitcher, now you don't even wave  
We used to throw the shock at Honolulu from the stage  
Now you just wanna throw hands and technicals on my plays (Goddamn)

And these precious things (Yeah, yeah)  
All these things that we love  
All these precious things (These precious little things)  
How they turn, how they turn  
All these precious things (Yeah, yeah)  
All these things that we love  
All these precious things

How they turn, how they turn  
On me

It's like you could've done more to try and keep us out those handcuffs  
It's like we only matter when fans is putting they hands up  
You got popular, treated us like the Yakuza  
You was Vampire Hunter D, now you Alukah  
See that's the thing 'cause we was praying for you  
Air guitar and playing for you  
You turned a deaf ear to what we was saying to you  
We was here, can't go back to before  
The problem is you don't use us to right the raps anymore

Yeah (Yeah)  
Precious, precious, precious, precious  
Things that we love  
They love, they love  
Yeah, yeah  
Precious things  
Love, love