

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 saboteurs
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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All these precious things
How they turn, how they turn
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