

Say Something

Lupe Fiasco

Uh, we just gonna keep it goin' and goin',
Until I feel completed and happy about it... You know?
Uh, Opus of a ghetto boy who grew into a project man
Brewster Place, he used to stick his scissors in his sockets damn,
Clear that Project Runway, 'cause this is where my rocket lands,
Ain't got no problems, Houston, I A.K.A. then rocket land.
Events recent that lit a fire under him like pots and pans,
Rockets and I (eye) up in the sky like helicopter cams...
And you down there in the traffic jam
From here I've seen a bunch of fake shit like avid wrestlin' fans...
Came up from the bottom of the eye exam ZOOM
Now I'm like the biggest G up in the room,
Still hard to see me like the truth on TV
Or the roof from the sidewalk, I don't flo' (floor), I ceiling
My mama said they need me...
'cause, I'm made from the best stuff on earth like Snapple Tea Leaves,
They glass is half full so I spit into them like Celie,
No longer G, now you can see me
But your letter's still under my sea like seaweed
C and G but nothing bout me C-
G, It's all real, none of this is green screen...
"Shut Up and Let Me Go" just like The Ting Tings,
I'm feelin' like a Mac, standing around a bunch of PCs.
I've rocked it from the shouters to the soccer moms,
Try to stop what's going on...
You'll see the back of my hand like the tops of palms,
I'm balling like the tops of pawns,
Circle of influence getting bigger like the ripples on the tops of ponds.
Short-footed and War Headed like the tops of bombs,
Domino-in n****'s, delivery is Papa John's, Little Ceaser's, uh,
Burning down your Pizza Hut...
Plaque collection building 'cause, I don't brush my teeth enough,
Yeah, Crack is wack and reefer sucks, you might think this deep as fuck
But this like my weaker stuff,
They ask "Is this his day-to-day 'cause this is like a week to us? "
Mic is shy and speakers blush, I is shy (Chi) and he is up,
I correct, me is up - no we is up - cause it's like two of me
And each of us, rappin' acid, eat this up,
A-Town down, peace is up, New York to East Coast is tough,
West Side ridin', lot of n****'s salty 'cause,
'cause I be overseas and tough.
Everything seamless, WorldStar never seen this,
NahRight gotta stream this, motherfuckin' genius!
Brave and fly, you backbone-less and wingless,
Bunch of chickens on the strip, I'm coming for they fingers...
Till what they throwin' up is meaningless...
Chilly Chill you seeing this? This didn't make MTV's list...
Finish fingers, eating wrist, feedin' frenzy and shit,
Succotash stuffing, Chicken-Frikasee'en this...
A beat eatin' media blitz,
Pace is getting feverish, pain is growing Seaver-ish,
These the peppers Peter picked,
Things are at their easiest, Real Compton city G'in it
But I'm from Chicago... house lights, bravoos!

... Yeah, I'm just playin'... Internet, check!

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