The Emperor's Soundtrack

Lupe Fiasco

I told you I would show up screaming FNF
Till the world, blow up, they said I was so finished
I told 'em its show business
Meaning it's no business, since Fiasco's in it
Disrespect the dress code; wear my street clothes in it
Measured, sold, and clothed in it
Opened up clones, after I entered and drove in it, like unh

Only fear God
Know the weapons of the weak
The weakness of the hard
And never fall asleep

Roll in it, let music bumpin, windows tinted
Through they neighborhoods and all of the wolves in it
It's already controlled in it
Seen it come and go, sellin they soul in it
Diamond and gold plated
Fountain of youth, dippin my toes in it
Bounced in the booth, spit it, like skoal in it
Putting my heart and my soul in it
Cause

I only fear God
Know the weapons of the weak
The weakness of the hard
And never fall asleep

Once upon a time, not long ago
Where the pushaman creep, where they live life po'

With fifteen in the clip and one in the hold
Hallway wall full of bricks, only some of us know
None of us know the makers of the toast
Like the bottom of the stove, that was used in the murderin' of the scroll
Heart colder than EDs
Won't let the CD's city defeat me
Rub me out like genies; smoke a sweet to my graffiti
Nigga what

I only fear God
Know the weapons of the weak
The weakness of the hard
And I will never sleep

Marvin Billups said wasup to the reaper
Hell met like Riddell and high water hello
To the five year old gunshot killer, I hear ya
Clearer than the invisible man in the mirror
Cheer up, I'll put in on the bars like beer nuts
Put a bug in they ear, so from here up, they hear us

Then we only fear God
Know the weapons of the weak
The weakness of the hard
And we will never sleep

Once upon a time, not long ago
Where the pushaman creep, where they live life po'

I put it on my grand mama's daughter
My microphone control of the soul of slave hummin "Wadin in the Water"
I author like PW brother, like a hustla
God place me in ya armor, I prescribe no partnas
I do it for the hood like a parka
And tell my niggaz not to shiver
Only time we quiver like a archer is

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Here we are now, entertain us
Change don't change us
Ever since the game trained us
We came up like worms in the rain
I dream my chain became a loose noose that was used to hang us
So now, my insane brain, my 32 teeth
And two feet creep like its Elm Street
Cause

I only fear God
Know the weapons of the weak
The weakness of the hard
And I will never sleep

Once upon a time, not long ago
Where the pushaman creep, where they live life po'
He said...

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