

Fall Out Boys f/ Kanye West, Lil Wayne, Lupe Fiasco, Travis "This Ain't a Scene"

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[Travis] Travie! (Uh-oh) Pete, thought I told you What up, Hemmy I see you! I've had the world at arm's length from the get-go This ain't an arms race, it's Apocalypto The industry's a target, I suggest these labels get low On top of that, this track is cracked like burnt brillo (damn) Consider me the beast of Easter leavened VIP, all day, AK47 If words is weapons, then get to steppin' My arsenal's enough to send Hell's Angels to Heaven I'm cool as the Fonz, and deadly as Charles Bronson I'm Gonzo, you can call me Travie S. Thompson Go 'head, and you can choose a similar path But don't cast yourself up like Sylvia Plath, jeez Watch Travie take the title with ease You want a verse, please, I wouldn't bless you if you sneezed (achoo!) Pardon me, I'm allergic to bullshit Got a god complex with a full clip (pow!) [Chorus: Patrick] This ain't a scene, it's god-damn arms race! (sing it out loud!) This ain't a scene, it's god-damn arms race! I'm not a shoulder to cry on, but I digress I'm the leadin' man! and the lies I weave are oh so intricate! oh so intricate! I'm the leadin' man! and the lies I weave are oh so intricate! oh so intricate! [Kanye West] Now I don't know what the hell this song is talkin' bout Do you? She said Yeah, I been spendin' all day tryin' to figure that out You too? The arms race made 'em raise they arm and race straight to the top Who knew? (who knew?) Right now they got that number one spot, do you want that? (want that?) Me too One thing I gotta call out, boy, take a look at Fall Out Boy Since they ain't black, when they get money, they don't ball out, boy They just buy tight jeans till their nuts hang all out, boy They figure 'Ye dress tight so we gonna dress tighter He dress white so we gone dress whiter So in spite of Anything you might've Seen or heard This scene occurred Word [Chorus] [Lupe Fiasco] There's an arms race, like I'm runnin' on my hands A dance marathon on my napalms And Drop mine's first so that they bombs can't And glocks, lasers, missiles, beat rocks, paper, scissors I built mine's big, better build yours bigger Built mine's quick so I could kill yours quicker The number one supplier, the world's largest equipper The second

smallest dier, best non-coexister I pledge allegiance to
gasoline and bulletproof limousines And leans on the
property of the poor And every night, I pray to the
Lords Of War Every man and mac eleven That all good
child rebel soldiers go to AK-47 heaven And a
landmine in every playground that they step in And you
took the footage from the camera on the tips of our
bullets And record like former Darfur [push it] [Chorus]
[Lil Wayne] Yeah It's Weezy, baby! I am your arms
dealer I'm more like an armed dealer Liter- -rally
Really, I don't get this song neither But I'ma figure it
out like a palm reader And Since I be on TV I turn it on
to see me! Hey, I'm so cool, even I wanna be me That
was totally off the subject But for me, every song is like
pussy so fuck it Like Fresh You dug it (you dug it, you
dug it)

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