

Fort Minor f/ Lupe Fiasco, Holly Brook "Be Somebody"

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[Verse 1: Mike Shinoda]

This is the story of them against us
Win or lose
Forcing your feet into someone else's shoes
Everybody's got something to say
That we ought to live their way
What were doing's not okay
In this world everybody's got a chip on
Both sides of their neck
Got no respect, wait up a sec
You ever feel like the pressure's too much too take
Too much weight
Ladies, and, gentlemen
If anybody can hear me right now
Please shout back
We're not the only ones feeling so trapped
In a dream of somebody else, in fact
They got their heads full of some overblown scheme
Opportunity they missed back when they were sixteen
And all they want to do is push you to be that
And all you want to do is scream back

[Chorus: Holly Brook (Shinoda)]

Going to be somebody
(For anybody telling me I can't)
Going to be someone
(For anyone who told me I had no chance)
Going to be somebody
(I'm telling you the time has come)
Going to be someone
(And maybe you'll get it when I'm finally done)

[Verse 2: Shinoda]

We don't sleep to dream, we sleep to build stamina
Energy to do our thing, get your camera
Cause this ride is about to begin
Sit down, and buckle it in
Let me say it again
In this world
Everybody's got a chip on
Both sides of the neck

Got no respect, wait up a sec
When I was young
They said the odds of making it were slim, to none
Ladies, and, fuck it
I'm tired of them saying the dream you have doesn't
exist
Telling you you're worthless, saying you should quit
Basically telling you that you'll never be shit
Really they're pissed cause they'll never achieve
Some opportunity they missed back when they were
sixteen
And all they want to do is push you to be that
And all you want to do is scream back

[Verse 3: Lupe Fiasco]

Uh

They gone think you're crazy mumbling to yourself
In the basement all day Uh-uh-uhin to yourself
My pops didn't dig it, was shoveling to myself
My boys used to get it, they dug it because they felt
My undertaken took me, I was making in my stealth
a wealth of rhymes of crazy, I would chuckle to myself
Then they went into the mental rolodex
See I'm know I'm bout heart, Like a brain in my chest
Then I took them school where subjects was getting felt
Books under my seat, Notebook laying on my desk
My teacher's like, "Mr. Jaco?" "Yes?"
"With all that knowledge, you ain't trying to go to
college?
Be a lawyer or a doctor, get a whole lot of dollars?
Rather degrade women and glorify violence?"
"Well the work that works for me might not work for you
No homework, I got work to do."

[Chorus]

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