

Lupe Fiasco f/ Gemini

"Dumb It Down"

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* second single; send corrections to the typist

[Lupe Fiasco - Intro]

Guerrera...("Dumb it down!")
Coolest nigga, what? ("Dumb it down!")
F-N-F, up! ("Dumb it down!")
...("Dumb it down!")

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse One]

I'm fearless, now hear this, I'm earless (less)
and I'm peerless (less), that means I'm eyeless
which means I'm tearless which means my iris
resides where my ears is, which means I'm blinded
But I'ma find it, I can feel it's nearness
But I'ma veer so I don't come near
Like a chicken or a deer, but I remember
I'm not a listener or a seer so my windshield smear
Here you steer, I really shouldn't be behind this
Clearly cause my blindness; the windshield is min-strel
The whole grill is roadkill, so trill and so sincere
Yeah, I'm both them there
Took both pills, when a bloke in a trench coat
and the locs in the chair had approached him here
And he clear as a ghost, so a biter of the throats in the
mirror
The writer of the quotes for the ghosts
who supplier of the notes of the living
Riveting is rosy, pockets full of posies
Given to the mother of the deceased
Awaken at war, 'til I'm restin' in peace
(peace...peace...peace...)

[Chorus 1 - Gemini]

You goin over niggaz heads, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
They tellin' me that they'on't feel you ("Dumb it down!")
We ain't graduate from school, nigga ("Dumb it
down!")
Them big words ain't cool, nigga ("Dumb it down!")
Yeah I heard "Mean and Vicious", nigga ("Dumb it
down!")
Make a song for the bitches, nigga! ("Dumb it down!")

We'on't care about the weather nigga ("Dumb it down!")
You'll sell more records if you ("Dumb it down!")

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse Two]

And I'm mouthless, which means I'm soundless
Now as far as the hearing, I've found it
It was as far as the distance from the earring to the ground is
But the doorknockers on the ear of a stewardess in a Lear
She fine and she flyin, I feel I'm flying by 'em
'cause my mind's on cloud nine and in a mine at the same time
Pimps see the wings on the underground king
Who's also Klingon, to infinity and beyond
Something really stinks, but I Sphinx like Leon
or lying/lion in the desert
I'm flying on Pegasus, you're flying on the pheasant
Rider of the white powder, picker of the fire flowers
Spit, "hot fyah" like Dylan on Chappelle's skit
Yeah, smell it on my unicorn
Snort the white horse, but toot my own horn - sleep

[Chorus 2: voice imitating record label executive]

You've been shedding too much light, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
You make 'em wanna do right, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
They're gettin self-esteem, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
These girls are trying to be queens, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
They're trying to graduate from school, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
They're startin to think that smart is cool, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
They're trying to get up out the hood, Lu ("Dumb it down!")
I'll tell you what you should do ("Dumb it down!")

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse Three]

And I'm brainless, which means I'm headless -
like Ichabod Crane is
Or foreplay-less sex is, which makes me saneless
(less)
with no neck left to hang the chain with
Which makes me necklace-less, like a necklace theft
and I ain't used my headrest yet
They said they need proof like a vestless chest
'bout the best, fair F-F jet in the nest
Who exudes confidence and, excess depth
Even Scuba Steve would find it hard to breathe

Around these leagues...my snorkel is a tuba
Lu the ruler around these seas
Westside Poseidon, Westside beside 'em
Chest high and rising, almost touching the knees
of stewardess and the pilot, lucky they make it
flowered
Personal floating devices, tricks falling out of my
sleeves
David Blaine, make it rain...
Make a boat, I make a plane
Then, I pull the plug and I, make it drain
Until I feel like flowin and fillin it up again...
Westsiiiiide

[Chorus 3: Gemini]

You puttin me to sleep, nigga ("Dumb it down!")
That's why you ain't poppin in the streets, nigga!
("Dumb it down!")
You ain't winnin no awards nigga! ("Dumb it down!")
Robots and skateboards, nigga?! ("Dumb it down!")
GQ Man of the Year, G? ("Dumb it down!")
Shit ain't rockin over here, B ("Dumb it down!")
Won't you talk about your cars nigga? ("Dumb it
down!")
What the fuck is "Goyard" nigga ("Dumb it down!")
Make it rain for the chicks ("Dumb it down!")
Po' CHAMPAGNE on a bitch!! ("Dumb it down!")
What the fuck is WRONG WITH YOU?! ("Dumb it down!")
...How can I get on a song with you? ("Dumb it down!")

[Gemini - Outro]

Look B, here's my man, my two-way...
Uh...what should I...ah - here take this
That right there, fuck if my boys'll talk about me, nigga
Nigga, you hot to me! I like you! ("Dumb it down!")

[Lupe - sampled from 'Ignorant Freestyle' then slowed
down]

Bishop G, they told me I should come down cousin
but I flatly refuse I AIN'T DUMB DOWN NUTTIN...

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