

Fort Minor

"Spraypaint & Inkpens Ft. Lupe Fiasco & Ghostface K"

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Fort Minor, Minor
Fort Minor, Minor, Minor...

Uh, spraypaint and ink pens
I use to write in every color I think in
To paint a picture with every rhyme that I speak in
Yeah, the gallery is the beat then I... I... I... I...

Yes, ladies and gentlemen
We have a special guest for you this evening
Ghost, you ready?

Yo, I verbally paint pictures, I'm the hood's best
storyteller
This about a young boy dealing with the older fellas
Promised him the lives you see on TV
He ran packs across town like rhyme CD's
And big chains, new clothes, Nikes and Reeboks
Stacking too much loot to squeeze in a shoe box
Saving, he promised his mom a crib in Atlanta
And his pops got killed through debt, he was a dealer
So he staged jazz, fox jump off the suit cases
No more cross-town, now he's crossing them states
and
Seeing new faces, not knowing who to trust
So when the door kicked open they scream "This is a
bust"
"Is it a set up?", it seems funny, a scuffle broke out
He got hit, dropped the cases spitting blood out of his
mouth
He walked four blocks to die trying to survive
And now all that's left is his mom screaming "God
Why?"

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Yeah, the gallery is the beat then I... I... I... I...

Yeah, yeah, let me begin by saying "Shut the fuck up!"
Let my begin by saying I don't think this man knew what

he had in store
He opened the door and found the bag under the floor
Not a peep, always working a lot, get the flame, aim,
pop
Open the box and take off out the back of the pawn
shop
Scoping the lot, hoping the cops hadn't seen the plates
on his car
He felt like he been hustling so hard like a demon he
pumped a cold heart
Play it cool like Humphrey Bogart, put the rings on his
chain attached by both parts
He did the drop, one ring in a bag, envelope, all the
money he had
Left the money and the ring in a slow exhale
Two weeks went by, got a box in the mail
In the box was a bullet made of gold
Melted down from the ring, recast with two rings and a
band
And he stared at it sitting in the palm of his hand
And sat down next to a picture that sat on the
nightstand
It was his wife in the picture on his side
With the ring on the finger on the week that she died
As he looked in the reflection, at those eyes so red
He put the bullet in a gun and put it right in his head
like that

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Uh, yeah, uh

Fiasco!

You know he didn't have enough power in his thrusters
to muster Warp 5
Plus if he pushed it, the fuel cells could rupture then
they would die
Then the galaxy would suffer but he knew he had to try
But he couldn't risk it, put the cure in the escape pod
and kissed it
And told her goodbye, she started to cry, but he knew
if he could distract 'em
He could buy her some time and she could make it out
alive
Turn the suit around and got prepared for the stand off
Space mind had blew one of the hands off
Damaged laser cannons and he got the system
jammed

And he faced the whole fleet, blood seeping through
his teeth
The final saga in the seven planet wars
Unsheathed the sword and then he charged forward
His eyes flashed behind the cracked cockpit glass
He let out a laugh and then all she heard was a blast
like

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Yeah, ladies and gentlemen
This has been a Fort Minor production
Ghostface! Fiasco!

Uh, spraypaint and ink pens

It's an expression coming out of a simple can of paint
Look, it's the easiest way for the average kid to paint
things using himself as the meaning of it
You gonna get into the gallery there soon, man
Why? I'm not gonna be famous one day
Why do you always say that?
Cause it's true

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