

Fort Minor

"Spraypaint and Inkpens"

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This is an invasion! Fort Minor!

Fort Minor...

Fort Minor...

(Chorus)

Uh! Spraypaint and inkpens,
I use to write in every color I think in,
To paint a picture with every rhyme I speak in,
Yeah, the gallery is the beat and I..

I...

I...

I...

[Mike - Spoken]

Yeah ladies and gentlemen, we have a special guest
for you this evening,
Ghost you ready?

[Ghostface]

Yo, I verbally paint pictures I'm the hood's best
storyteller,
This about a young boy, dealin with the older fellas,
Promised him the lives, he see on TV,
He ran packs across town, like rhyme CDs,
And big chains, new clothes, Nike's and Reebok's,
Stacking too much loot to squeeze in a shoe box,
Saving, he promised his mom'z a crib in Atlanta,
And his pops got killed through debt, he was a
gambler,
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 screamed "This is a
bust",
"Is it a set up?" it seemed 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?"

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2 - Mike]

Lemme begin by saying...
SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Let me 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 while he's working the lock,
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'd been hustlin' 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 the 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 her 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..

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3 - Lupe Fiasco]

Uh!

He knew that he didn't have enough power in his
thrusters,
To muster warp 5,
Plus if he pushed it the fuel cells could rupture,
And 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 his escape pod and kissed it,
And told her goodbye, she started to cry,
But he knew if he could distract them he could buy her
some time,
And she could make it out alive,
He turned the suit around and got prepared for the
stand off,
Space mine had blew one of the hands off,
Damaged laser cannons, and he got the system
jammin',
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 all she heard was a blast like...

[Chorus]

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[Outro - Mike]

Yeah, ladies and gentleman this has been a Fort Minor
production!
Ghostface, Fiasco..

[Outro - Sample]

"It's an expression coming out of a simple can of
paint."

"Look, its the easiest way for a kid to get famous using
himself as the medium!"

"You're going to get into that gallery real soon man."

"Word. I'm going to be famous one day..."

"Why do you always say that?"

"'Cause it's true!"

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