

## Luny Tunes

# "Just Might Be Okay"

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[Talking: Lupe Fiasco]

Ohhh... woaaahh

Food and Liquor...G Bo we here man

Gemini... you know how we do

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Affirmative, no further furnishing is needed

I believe we are completed

We all in agreement with the wallpaper, happy with the color scheme

Welcome to the crib

A two family habitat for humanity with a view of where the insanity...live

uh, my vida loca

Was built like Bob Villa be thy God

He architected, I authored what I harbored, Jimmy Carter

From Chicago's west side, finished my construction

Now behold the coming like contracepts

I'm conscious '

cept the cons I kept

With conversations held with the Satan on my shoulder

Which led to steps that kept me lookin over the shoulder

Like chauffeurs, where my angels sat

Painful, yet merry

I ain't Jerry Garcia mort here

But I'm grateful, church

[Hook: Gemini]

We just might be okay, after all

Sun gone shine, on these days

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

It's fixin to get heavy as heaven

I am Atlas at this, manage to balance massive masses

Upon my back, without tilting my glasses

This was not pilfer from passes of OGs

This is so me, ask us

Mini-mansion, little homie, little boney, but the rhymes is fat

In fact, yeah, just like a Rochester customer

God blessed the mothers and younger brothers of hustlas

Cause she don't wanna sob at his wake  
But he wanna follow in his steps, bend his hat, learn his  
shakes  
Master his swagger in the bathroom mirror, cop a  
Chevy, steady mob in his place  
Yeah, it's just the problems we face  
Look his moms in tha face and promise she straight  
[Hook: Gemini]  
We just might be okay, after all  
Sun gone shine, on these days  
[Verse 3: Lupe Fiasco]  
Then he leaves the house that love built  
That HUD renovated, that section 8 paid for  
Well let's pray for him, let the beat play for him  
Put his struggles on display for him  
Cause he gotta go and finish the drama  
With a different face from the one that he use to face  
his mama  
If you look close  
You'll see it consist of a smile that hurts, an ice grill,  
and a trace of trauma  
Little bit of his father, another criterion  
That's no different from a young Liberian  
In Mecca named Miriam, weary in the inner city, out of  
his mind  
Literally recon ciliate  
I'm cool, I don't foretell best  
I ain't nicest emcee, I ain't Cornel West  
I am Cornel Westside, Chi-town Guevara  
Malcolm exercised the demons, gangsta leanin'  
He traded in his Kufi for a New Era  
Chose a 44 over a mortar board  
I ain't an accredited instituted graduate, I ain't from  
Nazareth  
My conception wasn't immaculate, I ain't master no  
calculus  
A good addition to the rap audience  
I back-flipped on the mattress they slept on, me on  
Without Joe - knowing is half the battle  
Fighting temptation, have a apple  
Shake the snakes, pimp the system  
Let's get into it, tabernacle  
[Hook: Gemini]  
We just might be okay, after all  
Sun gone shine, on these days  
[Gemini]  
We just, just might be okay

