

Lupe Fiasco "Accept The Troubles"

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[x2 - Accept the troubles, '?????']

Yeah... Uh huh... There's a lot of things in this world you got to accept, you know? Especially... Me! Listenn...

A lot of nigga's... be playing the fool
And I ain't having that shit like prayin' in school
I'm gonna keep more two's than true values
That I know how to use I don't need "how to's"
Nigga's don't believe they can bleed or bruise
That's why solo niggas always leave in two's
Weed and booze I'll-have nigga's leaking from wounds
Ain't no coming back home Mom's leasing your room
Nigga's will lose their grins when it's Lupe and friends
And them orange juice Timb's in a foregin coupe that swims
Now and days.. Emcee's be wildin' and my mic check
be betta than they whole album
They wonda why they can't touch it cause my shit stay
over there head - like carry on luggage
I'd give it to any performer on any budget - the rhyme
in the I am niggas want nothin' of it

You got to!..... NIGGA!
[Accept the troubles, '?????']
{Yeah no choice but to..... uh huh Nigga}
You got to [Accept the troubles, '?????']
You know you got to [Accept the troubles, '?????']
{Accept the troubles nigga}..... Live with it
You got taa [Accept the troubles, '?????']
Yeah.. {Listen}.. Yeah..

I'm never blunted cause table's can turn like twelve
hundreds
But I keep a 'three-eight' on that burn next to my
stomach
Shells punished concerned well from it cause I learn
customers return if the product is humming
Yo it's '?????' 'one hundred will walk for duke?' running
best believe them bullets be in hot pursuit
Especially don't pull it dawg it's not for you you
dressed up like prom and 'bet it?' I'm the alarm

I got Winter in my grill and Summer in my palms and
numbers on your Moms dumb and dumbers for the
strong

I know them bars is hurting cause I'm a hard working
dark child like R. Jerkings I see the sharks lurking on it
hold it

CCF sponser the '????' '????' '????' '????' constant
money I'm a fast learner with a fast burner
And I hope you think fast cause there's no eating when
it's my turn to...

Ya Got Taaa... NIGGA

[Accept the troubles, '????']

{Yeah [Accept the troubles, '????'] ya got taaaa}

You got to [Accept the troubles, '????']

Accept the troubles nigga [Accept the troubles, '????']

uh... uh huh

No other choice but to.. [Accept the troubles, '????']

Yeah.. Listen... Yo

Am I what you expected the good die young

And I've been resurrected the hoods my son

I'm quite impressive best believe it's yayo with 'w?'

'????' and them 'lightning?' credits

Yo I mouth piece niggas swearing ya tough and ya that
sweet that nasty that gushy stuff

And that 8-40 hoody with the '????' guts with the AK 4-
fully that'll cook you and ya tux

Ya ain't thorough you got it mixed up like '????'

Just cause they in suits that don't mean they the Bureau

Your small time so close to worthless

Only feds in your house is the Postal Service

It's all love why try and hate us?

Don't make me call thugs

And you shook like vibrators

Head shots to ruin your 'linings?' and tempers

We hustlas flick '????' like five '????'

Understand nigga?

[Accept the troubles, '????']

You got to [Accept the troubles, '????']

{Gotta live with it} [Accept the troubles, '????'] Go to
sleep with it

No other choice but to [Accept the troubles, '????']

Take it personal, go home - go to sleep... take it to work
with you

You got taaa [Accept the troubles, '????'] Accept it
nigga

You can't '????' '????' '????' uh, yeah...

Ya'll ain't understand.... Fiasco, rightttt... Madisson Ave...

Westside...

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