

Lupe Fiasco "Blue"

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[Intro]

Since a shorty I was 40 and my 40's is like 80's
So by the time I die, I'm gon' be a baby
Yeah... check
Since a shorty I been 40 and my 40's is like 80's
So by the time I die, I'm gon' be a baby
Yeah...

[Hook]

And so my youth sound just like lightning coming down
See my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down

[Verse 1]

From my view here, my hue veers
To a blue smear on a white wall, what you might call my
Blue Period
I'm two-tiered, but no tats, and I don't know what you
call that
Goes on and on like two mirrors
And if you see us in your red prop, then your heart
knows
And your head copies
My two tears ain't no dead bodies
They my entendres, and I'm hungry
So my piece of pie better be as big as Mahatma
Gandhi's
Even my filler kills, my 13th just might be a zombie
So thrilling at bringing all that feeling back
So if you died lately, put your trust in a cry baby
Free man on dry days, and that light I shed so high
grade

[Hook]

And so my youth sound just like lightning coming down
See my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down

[Verse 2]

In my hotrod with my Vans on and my hambone

And my hair long and my circle tight and my square
strong
I'm in great shape - with no shake-weights
Or no weight shakes, and tell your mama this cake's
great
Cake, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake
And not Rihanna, my cake's paper, I rage in Harlem
I paper bait...
And I take it back, cash this, asses, holographic
Before I leave like Cassius Clay...
And that big ol' car, that bass shake that little bar
So my bass tape in that Draco, wanna Waco them jakos
Where the cake go? I blew all that for this great flow
Wish a nigga would step on this pearl gold that I paid
for

[Hook]

And so my youth sound just like lightning coming down
See my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down

[Verse 3]

Red lights - obey my headlights
That head red like Peg, or Santa's sled lights
That mean I heard what she said
'Fore she said what she said outta head
It's like I got her head mic'd
Like a Fed might, but I ain't Fed-like
Been a hands on homie, my head right
Dreadlocks, but no Red Stripe
And that's both of ours like Red Bike
And the Feds know what I roll like
And a dead man, with some lowlifes
Me stopped in your lights
I got no lights 'til the stop sign
Yeah, no rights like Nascar
A black man in the deep south
Doin' Jim Crow with the police
That's 99 problems with a hoe twice
From no life to Frankenstein
Got it stitched up, I'm so nice

[Hook]

And so my youth sound just like lightning coming down
See my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down

