

Lupe Fiasco

"B.M.F 'Building Minds Faster'"

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[Lupe Fiasco - Chorus]

I think I'm Malcolm X, Martin Luther
Add a King, add a Junior
Some Bible verses, a couple sunnahs
An AK-47, that's a revolution
Then, think I'm Tupac, Bob Marley
Fela Kuti, Marcus Garvey
Them the real ones, light a lighter for 'em
Let you know, that I'm ridin' for 'em

Gon' git me some, a little mo' beat
Call your friends around, then call the police
I'm ridin' wit my flow, it take up fo' seats
So I'm gon' ghost ride, but with no sheets
One man by myself, even then I'm four deep
Like hotel swimming pools, that's four feet
These n-ggas like the rooms, so suite
Priceline, so cheap
I'm a cell phone, they some room keys
I'm some shell toes, they the shoestrings
I turn 'em off (I turn 'em off)
I take 'em out (I take 'em out)
I'm Reverend Run, with the laces out
My Adidas, so adios
All day I dream, like I'm comatose
That's your ship sinking, and I'm so afloat
I'm T-Pain, I'm on a boat
Not the slave one, the Caprios either
Here the waves come, they started in the bleachers
So I'm swag surfin', the pool's gettin' deeper
You still sweet, though, here come them roomkeepers
Okay, I be the strings, you be the shoes
But guess what? Now they Jimmy Choos
I wear the pants, you in the Poohs
Yo' shit meows, my shit awoooooos
I got a fifth floor, call me Brother Man
Africa the set, yeah, that's the Motherland
For that BP, I she'd fifty tears
In Nigeria that oil been spillin' for like fifty years
"Fifty years? Hell naw!"
Hell yeah! I'm tryna tell y'all

At this rate, n-ggas gon' lose
Can't search for water, or grow your own food
Tell me what's gon' happen, when them stores close
And ain't gon' open up, no more?
That's the realest shit, yeah, you gon' feel that
Hunger's your enemy, but you can't kill that
N-gga, wake up, don't join the Army
Kill your own peoples, but fear Illuminatis
And they ain't even real, or are they?
But you wouldn't even know, because you partay
Too fucking much, if you start to doubt
They already in your mind, and comin' out yo' mouth
It's not a trick, n-gga, it's a trap
Survival of the fit, is what they aimin' at
And n-ggas ain't fit (nope), fat as hell (yep)
Fat in mind (yep), body fat as well
Who use most the drugs? Americans!
What's in Afghanistan? Heroin!
You think that's by mistake? They can stop that?
Don't think you safe though, because you not black
Greed is colorblind, so I'm colorblind
They gon' fuck with yours soon as they done with mine
They say I try too hard, verses overwhelm
I learned most of this, from n-ggas sittin' in jail
Where you think I'm from? From the streets, n-gga
Triple OGs, told me to teach, n-gga
And that ain't made up, that's a fact
They say that gangsta shit, is the shit I rap
Look who I attract, look at my inner circle
Buncha street n-ggas, and a couple Urkels
Look at my fan base, oh, yes
Fuck what Pro say, look at this protest
Where they do that at? (Huh?) Who they do that for?
(Who?)
Must mean I'm doin' bad, and things is movin' slow
They talkin' revolution, on public radio
They catch down in Houston, sittin' on them 84s
Trae, what's up? AVN
Got your back, n-gga, sink or swim
Free Chilly Chill, shake off yo' masters
Pray to God, build your mind faster

[Chorus]

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Fela Kuti, Marcus Garvey
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FNF up!
Lasers!
[End]

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