

## **Lupe Fiasco**

### **"BMF"**

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[Lupe: Talking]

Uh huh, Friend of the People!!

Yeahh, I mean c'mon. What the FUCK do I gotta do?

This one for the fans here Jack.

[Lupe: Chorus]

I think I'm Malcom X, Martin Luther

Add a King, add a Junior

Some bible verses, couple sunnas

An AK-47 that's a revolution!! (nigga)

Think I'm Tupac, Bob Marley

Fela Kuit, Marcus Garvey

[Lupe: Verse 1]

Them the real ones, light a lighter for em

Letcha know, that I'm ridin' for em

Gon' gimme some, a lil more beat

Call yo friends around, then call the police!

Im ridin' wit my flow, it take up four seats

So I'm gon' ghost ride, but with no sheets

One man by myself, even then I'm 4 deep

Like hotel swimming pools, that's 4 feet

These niggas like the rooms, so suite(sweet)

Priceline! so cheaaaap

Im the cell phone, they some room keys

Im some shell toes, they some shoe strings

I turn em off, i take em out

Im reverand run, with the laces out

Adidas, so adios

All day i dream, like im comatose

Thats your ship sinking, and im so afloat

I'm T-Pain, I'm on a boat!!!

Not the slave one, decaprios either

Hear the waves come, they started in the bleachers

So I'm swag surfin', the pools getting deeper

You still sweet though, here come them room keepers

Ok ill be the strings, you be the shoes

But guess what[what?], now they Jimmy Chu's

I wear the pants, you in the pools

Yo shit meows, my shit AWOOOOOOOOO

I got a fifth flow, call me brother man

Africa the set, yea that's the motherland

For that BP, I shed 50 tears  
In Nigeria that oil been spillin' for like 50 years!  
Fifty years! Hell naww, hell yeahhh, tryina tell ya'll  
At this rate, niggas 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  
Yeah thats the realest shit  
You gon' feel dat, hungers yo enemy  
But you can't kill dat!  
Nigga 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 ain't even know, cuz you partay  
too fuckin much, if you start to doubt  
they already in yo mind, and comin' out yo mouth  
Its not a trick, nigga, it's a trap  
Survival of the fit, is what they aiming at  
And niggas aint fit, fat as hell!  
Fat in mind, body fat aswell  
Who use most the drugs? Americans!  
Whats in Afghanistan? heroin!  
You think thats by mistake? They cant stop dat?  
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 to hard, verses overwhelm  
I learned most of this, from niggas sittin' in jail  
Where you think im from? I'm from the streets nigga!  
Triple OGs told me to teach nigga!  
And that aint made up, nope! Thats a fact  
They say that gangsta shit, is the shit i rap  
Look who i attract, look at my inner circle  
Bunch of street niggas, and a couple Erkles  
Look at my fanbase! Oh yess!  
Fuck what Pro say! Look at this protest!  
Where they do that at? Who they do that for?  
Must mean I'm doin' bad, that things is movin' slow  
We talkin' revolution on public radio!  
Then catch me down in Houston, sittin on them 84's  
Trae wassup, ABN, gotcha back nigga, sink or swim  
Free Chilly Chill, shake off yo mastas  
Pray to God; Build yo mind faster

[Lupe: Chorus]

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