

Lupe Fiasco "Break The Chain"

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(Chorus - Eric Turner)

I waited all my life to play,
I still can't find a way.
But if I work it one more day,
I might just break the chain,
I might just break the chain,
I might just break the chain,
Aye-yeah, I might just break the chain.

(Verse One - Lupe Fiasco)

Freedom - we can use some of that especially where
we from,
Where we grew up like a green thumb, like a criminal
the only thing you can become
Look at what I became, something like a phenom,
nuttin' but a g-thang
Things I've seen when I'm looking out of these frames
Pictures I've painted on the walls where we hang

From the trees we hung, a strange fruit man look at
how we swung
How the hell you gonna tell us sunt' when we ain't have
a father try to grow up and be one
See um', I feel it in my bones
when I'm sitting on a throne
like a killer with a chrome
when I spit another poem,
shed a whole lotta like on a little bit of home.
POW!

(Chorus - Eric Turner)

(Verse Two - Sway DeSafo)

Super Swah, the cape remains,
Thought I was M.I.A - no paper planes, I'm fly.
Plus I don't write no more, it's all off of the top I shaved
the braids
And stay sharp, mother knew how to raise a blade
(razor blade)

I paid my dues now I wait for change

I got a flow so rude it goes without
Ask Lupe, I'm Surce I aid the breaks

Quick to cut off any baggage like some samurai I like to
travel light

I gotta leave you at home Delilah, this is Samson night
(Samsonite)

No case for the po-lace (police)

Said I know Killah's I never seen 'em, Ghostface

Only thing I'm watching is my Panerai

I've got an alibi

I was taking pictures in Chicago call me camera shy
(chi)

(Chorus - Eric Turner)

(Verse Three - Lupe Fiasco)

Chain broke, you ain't make a rep if ya chain smoke

No cigarettes on my plane, yo

Stunt ya ham bones from the game, though

Put it on mine, took a long time

B.A. Baracus how I'm livin' online

On a webisode like's let's go let em' know

That I put up the footage that I'm take your shine

Wanna see the real change? Look in your mind

Your brain look like Hemingway, brother?

Overgrow, overload, broken soul

Nigga's playing games in the hood they got you stuck-
up

Player think it's cool to be a pimp still

We gon' set it free like fish in a pen pill (pool)

Take this song, rearrange it, change it, danger, Sway-

zer, Lupe Laser

POW!

(Chorus - Eric Turner) x2

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