

Lupe Fiasco

"Girs"

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Food and liquor stores rest on every corner
From 45th and State to the last standing Henry Horner
J&J's, pale chicken, good finger lickin
While they sin, gin, sin sin at Rothschild and Lynnwood
Liquors
The winos crooked stagger
Meets the high stride of the youth searchin for the truth
They rebel and raise hell across alleyways and in
classroom settings
They get, high off that drum bass and 20/20 rims
They rock braids, Air Force Ones and Timbs
They drink Hennessy, Hypnotiq and 40's
They call they women hoes, bust downs and shorties
They keep funeral homes in business and gunshot
wards of hospitals full
Prisons packed, bubblin over in brown sugar
They keep empty, Westside lots crowded, hype's
powdered
The well is running dry, the days of Malcolm and Martin
have ended
Our hope has descended and off to the side
Waiting for the reinstallation of the revolution
Because we are dying at the cost of our own pollution
But God has another solution, that has evolved from
the hood
I present one who turns, the Fiasco to good

A'uzu billahi min ash shaitani r rajimi
Bismi 'llahi 'r-rahmani 'r-rahim
Dedicated, to my grandmother
Peace! And much love to you
YEAH!! And it start
1st and, 15, proudly present
You know what it is
See.. I got this philosophy right
I think the world, and everything in it
Is made up of a mix, of two things
You got your good, y'know, and your bad
You got your food, and your liquor
That's right.. Chilly Chill!
You already know, it's a long time comin
I give you my.. I give you my heart

My soul, my mind my thoughts, my feelings
My experience, nuttin more, and nuttin less
Yes, FNF, uh-huh! So
With no further ado...
Lupe Fiasco's, "Food & Liquor"

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