

Lupe Fiasco

"H.A.M."

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I feel a little bit forgiven, Thank God
Allow me this day
I feel so high when I be living
They can't stop me, know how
Uh uh, no way
I don't play, me and Tim, me and him
We rocks out, oh you p do that
No shoes, just some socks out
Relaxing in the club, DJ'ing
Playbacking, everything that I do
They don't know what happen
They be trying, I deny them at the bucket I say f-ck it
If they want it than they love it
If they don't than they can suck it
And, what I mean by it
You should re-try it
I'm on my Dean, you be on a dean-diet
And I dont even like it
Everytime you rap it, I swear I close my eyes
I wish I could close my ears from this racket
I aint having it, I tennis while you bin it
I stay on it, I strong as Popeye with some spinach
You as long as short something
You be tryna ten it see
I aint going HAM, I'm going bacon, going pig
I'm going whole cow, look at me, what I did
You wish you could, but you just kid
I'm a grown man on it, my own man on it
Come in your house, now your home damn haunted
See everybody dead, bullet holes in the head
But I aint kill em, I hit em with the flow instead
My flow like bullets, they like hollow tips

I wish you would if you could, if you would try it
But you can't so back to denying the
They be lying ah,
I be so up on my truthless and I'm so ruthless
Ferrari top down yeah I got like four of those
And my Ferrari so clean it got four doors
Only got two LUP on that new sh-t
New Ferrari 400i, that blue kit
So I got my rims and my watch and my rings on

Yeah I got my bling on
Go ahead and sing songs
If you want I tell no tales and no lies
I drop no dimes on my homies
I keep them alive behind the bar
Shout to Chilly chill, I'm so really real
And the streets so deep, you wish that I wasn't but I am
cousin
God damn he be buzzing
Ne weed no liquor, MD offa something
See my brain just flows and see just how I goes
And I'm from Chicago and I'm letting n-ggas know
You can cut it out and scratch it or baste it
Or send it through the strainer but please don't waste it
Make sure you clean the plates when I'm done cooking
I'm Lil B, I am big ME, you little he, ahh
Somethin' better, theres none of that, I'm running rap
Everything around it like hustling trap, stuntin that
Everything you bad at, I do so well
Then I eat the whole beat than put it on sale
That means I put it out to see
You never get it back
It's only coming back to me, uh
Indeed, it's the LUP, Tim Westwood on our BBC
Business

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