

Lupe Fiasco

"I'm Beamin' Remix"

Visit "[I'm Beamin' Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm beamin'

[Asher Roth:]

My aura takes the form of the aurora borealis
Or a floral pattern, more or less a forest to your salad
The neural path I've traveled has immediate reaction
Can't you see that I am beaming? I'll be leaving in a
second
Sipping magic from a chalice, detached from the
distractions
At last, I can relax, looking past all of the action
A fraction or a fragment of me actually is present
The rest of me is heavenly, the seventh house's zenith
Yes, the fence intimidates, it's meant to keep you out
(But)
Let your senses resonate and leap it in a bound
('Cause)
Freedom isn't found inside a visa or a crown
And even the voice of reason couldn't speak it out loud
(But)
Mortals are immortal when their soul has been
imported
To a source that is more sovereign, important to the
whole (Whole)
This is the warmest moment of a poet turned heroic
As he slowly comes to focus, go ahead and watch me
glow

[Charles Hamilton:]

Rey Mysterio flow, stayin' clear
Of makeup-smear'd hatin' queers, makin' clear this is
spiritual
Though a spirit you owe, church final
Your funeral in an arena, you searchin' for fire
Or titles, or tidal waves
Tie the game like a shot from outside when it's 95 to 98
To throw slid into you left-side broke (Niggas!) (Beam!)
Boa constrictor, chokin' (Niggas!), the grown man
(Beam!)
Pawns mean, your controllers get broken (Niggas!)
(Beam!)
Anarchy in the Ford, you need to focus (Niggas!)

(Beam!)

Love, I get none, like sayin' no to niggas
Hamiltonian's loneliness, so I hold my (Beams!) (N-
ggas!)
I logged on to see a c-section, a gross display
Sleep never, and Roloids, deep lessons won't go away
I keep pressin' like my phone is afraid
To be a star, so I end it and pound it, see what the code
can say

[Lupe Fiasco:]

Calling all the good rappers, had to get my crew
together
Fire like the fire flower, flyer than the super feather
Superman with two propellers, enter that, ninja rap
You can call it Super Shredder, boss scene, Ross theme
You can call it super better, new to this, Ludacris
Foolishness, Lu been doin' this since super letters
So I can't spell and can't mail it out
If you can't feel, it's too full, you can't peel it out
Showboatin' at the show, but you can't sell it out
I'm on the sea shepherd deck, helpin' the whales out
All my egos in the mirror, checkin' themselves out
Tweeters in the trunk, helpin' the twelves out
The speakers on bump, the rappers on acne
This track is what would happen if the rastas meet the
athletes
Yes, sir, then the Chess Club got dressed up
And went and took all the bitches of the athletes

[Mikey Rocks:]

Big up to what's been up, nigga
Pinups from when we clicked up and posed for these
pictures, good
And the kids connected up, and they clicked snap
Hollerin', "Yeah, we weighed on the iPhone scale app!"
Without fail, the best to ever do it just will
Haven't done it all, but we got copy wheelwell, though
But it ain't no sweat, I got a whole outfit
And a new fitted cap that I ain't wore out yet
(Check, check, check) And I'm beamin'
Yeah, and I seen it, like a twenty-seven inch Zenith
Projected widescreen, now they got it 3D
Now we NBA'd up from development leagues

[Chuck English:]

Ay, yo, they pale in comparison to stories we tell
Man, he see me on the hovercraft and he got a sail
Bubble-ass Brenda, stacked up in the window
Of whatever 'Lac truck pick her up, retail
Nigga, what? It just hit me like a Mack truck semi

On my last trip to Sydney in the Sheraton lobby
Grab my coattails and get a grip (Grab 'em)
You want the truth? Well, the truth is

This is it, pointin' out the differences
This is exquisite shit, riveting, isn't it?
Lizard king loafers on swole when I'm kickin' it
Joe, the live nigga, real rig-a-marole
You a handshake away, and them fingers is cold

[Blu:]

Touch art, lush heart, brush my niggas' shoulder off
Now that blessed soldier know that protocol, show me
y'all's
Maybe not, play me not, say we not remote at all
Roger that, scholars back, solid black, go God
Gobble Gats, go hard, condom snapped, so raw
Pompous asshole, flash flow, turn your soul on
So gone, strode strong through your lawn 'til the dawn
Tell you mom, name another real as John, kill a song
'Cause when you feel it, and it make yo' ass chill and
calm
Payin' more than just attention for that glass I'm sippin'
on
Dog, I would travel half the globe to kiss a broad
Kiddin', ma? Scratch backs, bringin' out them kitten
paws
And pull a bottle out that cabinet while that kitchen's
warm
Back to attendin' business, do not lay them digits
wrong
Dippin' all gangsta, but a renegade, no Crip or John
This is Blu, shit is true, pyramid, period

[Diggy Simmons:]

I know what you're thinkin', thinkin' I do not belong
Tell me Diggy ain't beamin', 'course I should be on this
song
Yeah, I'm a child of God, my reflection is on
Yeah, I'm only 15 and, but my sixteens is strong
Didn't want me to shine, now we sharin' the stage
Twice as good as you rhyme, only half of your age
So the remains, and it ain't even how
That Verizon flow, are you hearin' me now?
Word to Wasalu, they was sayin' my future was dark
I had the fame, but my name was missin' the art
So I'm drawin' the line, and I'm crossin' the Ts
And I'm dottin' my I's, barely catchin' my Z's
But I'll be good by the mornin', on my global grind like
JoJo
They be lookin' at what I'm puttin' on and, so fly, so

fresh at the Soho
Most niggas don't know though, they can catch me on
the first flight
Been workin' on a new mixtape, I got a call from Lupe
But I did it for the love, no check, mate

[Dosage:]

When people said I couldn't, I wouldn't, I made 'em
believers
I come from the school of hard knocks and
overachievers
From the City of Brotherly Love, they sayin' we need
you
To be the voice of the people and go against all this
evil
Some people hate it, but I made it, so I'm never
concerned
About what they be talkin' about, I've lived and I've
learned
With my dream and my drive, I determined my turn
In this business, because I'm in control, meetin'
adjourned
I said, "It's Third Degree, y'all heard of we?
I'm Dosage, have you heard of me?"
I come from the bottom, so the top where I deserve to
be
Where people say it doesn't matter to be much
I was on the Steppin' Lasers tour, and man, I shooked it
up
That was random, but so what? Life is a war, better
load up
If you against me, come correct, I am the bomb, watch
me blow up (Boom!)
Right before your eyes, forget about the dividends
I just want to say I remember when

[B.o.B.:]

Well, it's B to the O, O to the B
You know it's the flow, you know that it's me, I flow to
this beat
As easy as goin' to the store and holdin' receipts
And foldin' 'em neat, I'm focused as focused can be
You know I got phobias, please, approach me with
peace
Or things could get heated and you'll get ferociously
beat
Speakin' of ferociously beat, you know that girl 'Nique?
You know she's a freak, but anyway, back to what I'm
supposed to be
Sayin' all over this beat, you know that we G's
You see all the crowns, you know that we kings, you

notice the rings
Everywhere we go, we roll with the team, yeah
And you know that we lasers, so you know that we
beam
It's the All City varsity, hard-headed squad
We played y'all spades, y'all handle y'all cards
But we ain't all odds, we just blaze, man
Y'all playin' checkers in this game, this is chess, y'all
pawns

Visit [Lupe Fiasco](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.