

Lupe Fiasco

"Just Might Be Ok"

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Food & Liquor, G Bo, we here, man
Gemini, you know how we do, FNF

Affirmative, no further furnishin' is needed
I believe we are completed, dig?
We all in agreement on the wallpaper
Happy with the color scheme, welcome to the crib
A two family habitat for humanity with a view
Of where the insanity live

My vida loca was built like Bob Villa, villa gone
He architected, I authored what I harbored
Jimmy Carter from Chicago's westside
Finished my construction, now behold
The coming like contracepts

I'm conscious 'cept the cons I kept
From conversations held with the Satan on my shoulder
Which led to steps that kept me lookin' over the
shoulder
Like chauffeurs, where my angels at?
Painful, yet merry, I ain't Jerry Garcia, ma here
But I'm grateful, church

We just might be ok after all
Sun gon' shine on these days

It's finna get heavy as heaven
I am Atlas at this, manage to balance massive masses
Upon my back, without tiltin' my glasses
This was not pilfer from passes of O.G.'s
This is so me, ask us

Mini-mansion, little homie, little Boney
But the rhymes is phat
In fact, yeah, just like a Rochester customer
God blessed the mothers and younger brothers of
hustlas
'Cause she don't wanna sob at his wake
But he wanna follow in his steps
Bend his hat, learn his shakes

Master his swagger in the bathroom mirror
Cop a Chevy, steady mob in his place
Yeah, it's just the problems we face
Look his moms in tha face and promise she straight

We just might be ok after all
Sun gon' shine on these days

Then he leaves the house that love built
That her renovated, that section A pays for
Well, let's pray for him, let the beat play for him
Put his struggles on display for him

'Cause he gotta go and face the drama
With a different face from the one
That he used to face his mama
If you look close, you'll see it consist
Of a smile that hurts, a ice grill and a trace of trauma
Little bit of his father, another criterion
That's no different from a young Liberian

In Mecca delirium, weary of livin' in the inner city
Out of his mind literally, re-conciliate
I'm cool, I don't foretell best
I ain't nicest emcee, I ain't Cornel West

I am Cornel Westside, Chi-town Guevara
Malcolm exercised the demons, gangsta leanin'
He traded in his Kufi for a New Era
Chose a .44 over a mortar board

I ain't an accredited instituted graduate
I ain't from Nazareth
My conception wasn't immaculate, I ain't master no
calculus
A good addition to the rap audience
I back-flipped on the mattress they slept on, me on

Without Joe, knowin' is half the battle
Fightin' temptation, have a apple
Shake the snakes, pimp the system
Let's get into it, tabernacle

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Sun gon' shine on these days
We just, just might be ok
We just, just might be ok
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We just, just might be ok
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Sun gon' shine on these days
We just, just might be ok, ok

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