

Lupe Fiasco

"Just Might Be Okay"

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[Talking: Lupe Fiasco]

Ohhh... woaaahh

Food and Liquor...G Bo we here man

Gemini... you know how we do

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Affirmative, no further furnishing is needed

I believe we are completed

We all in agreement with 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

uh, my vida loca

Was built like Bob Villa be thy God

He architected, I authored what I harbored, Jimmy
Carter

From Chicago's west side, finished my construction

Now behold the coming like contracepts

I'm conscious '

cept the cons I kept

With conversations held with the Satan on my shoulder

Which led to steps that kept me lookin over the
shoulder

Like chauffeurs, where my angels sat

Painful, yet merry

I ain't Jerry Garcia mort here

But I'm grateful, church

[Hook: Gemini]

We just might be okay, after all

Sun gone shine, on these days

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

It's fixin to get heavy as heaven

I am Atlas at this, manage to balance massive masses

Upon my back, without tilting my glasses

This was not pilfer from passes of OGs

This is so me, ask us

Mini-mansion, little homie, little boney, but the rhymes

is fat
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

[Hook: Gemini]
We just might be okay, after all
Sun gone shine, on these days

[Verse 3: Lupe Fiasco]
Then he leaves the house that love built
That her renovated, that section A paid 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 finish the drama
With a different face from the one that he use to face
his mama
If you look close
You'll see it consist of a smile that hurts, an ice grill,
and a trace of trauma
Little bit of his father, another criterion
That's no different from a young Liberian
In Mecca named Miriam, weary in the inner city, out of
his mind
Literally recon ciliate
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 - knowing is half the battle
Fighting temptation, have a apple
Shake the snakes, pimp the system
Let's get into it, tabernacle

[Hook: Gemini]
We just might be okay, after all

Sun gone shine, on these days

[Gemini]

We just, just might be okay

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