

Lupe Fiasco "Letting Go"

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Things are getting out of control
Feels like I'm running out of soul
You're getting heavy to hold
Think I'll be letting you go

My self-portrait,
Shows a man that the wealth tortured,
Self absorbed with his own self,
Forfeit a shelf full of awards,
Worshipping the war ships that set sail on my sea of
life,
The way I see my own self and wonder if we still see a
light,
We was tight,
Seeing lights,
Speaking right and breathing life,
Now I see my demons and barely even sleep at night,
I don't get high,
Life keep me at a decent height,
As the old me,
I predicted all my recent plights,
Exhausted, trying to fall asleep
Lost inside my recent fights,
Burdens on my shoulders, now,
Burning all my motives down,
Inspiration drying up,
Motivation slowing down,

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I'm begging you don't let me go,
We vowed like the letter o
To never go our separate ways,
To spin off into separate shows,
Tired of all the wardrobe changing,
Playing all these extra roles,
Filled with all these different spirits,
Living off these separate souls,
Point of life is getting hollow,

Can't wait for the exit hole,
Give me room to entry wound,
Let me in or let me go,

So I can roam around this wilderness,
See it for what it really is, unprepared and filterless,
Magnify the euphony,
Alibi the shooting spree,
Amplify the revolution,
Sanitize the lunacy,
Strip away the justice,
Justify the scrutiny,
I can see the lasers shooting out of you and me

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Sometimes I feel like the world,
Sometime I feel like, the world... is against me,
And everything that I've done, before,
I swear we used to be so pure,
But we can't be in love no more,
'Cause I don't wanna fight this, war,
But when I put down my gun,
I turn around and pick up one,
This Uzi weighs a ton,
But I think I'm, done

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You're getting heavy to hold
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I think I'll be letting you go...
'Cause things are getting,
Getting out of control,
Said it feels like,
Like I'm running out of soul,
You're getting heavy to hold,
Think I'll be letting you go,
Letting you go...

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