

## Lupe Fiasco

### "Light Blue"

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[Intro]

Since a shorty I was 40 and my 40's is like  
80's

So by the time I die, I'm gon' be a baby  
Yeah... check

Since a shorty I been 40 and my 40's is like  
80's

So by the time I die, I'm gon' be a baby  
Yeah...

[Hook]

And so my youth sound just like lightning coming down  
See my youth sound just like lightning coming down  
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down  
And my youth sound just like lightning coming down

[Verse 1]

From my view here, my hue veers  
To a blue smear on a white wall, what you might call my  
Blue Period  
I'm two-tiered, but no tats, and I don't know what  
you call that  
Goes on and on like two mirrors  
And if you see us in your red prop, then your heart  
knows  
And your head copies  
My two tears ain't no dead bodies  
They my entendres, and I'm hungry  
So my piece of pie better be as big as Mahatma  
Gandhi's  
Even my filler kills, my 13th just might be a zombie  
So thrilling at bringing all that feeling back  
So if you died lately, put your trust in a cry baby  
Free man on dry days, and that light I she'd so high  
grade

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

In my hotrod with my Vans on and my hambone  
And my hair long and my circle tight and my square

strong  
Iâ€™m in great shape Â– with no shake-weights  
Or no weight shakes, and tell your mama this cakeâ€™s  
great  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake  
And not Rihanna, my cakeâ€™s paper, I rage in Harlem  
I paper baitâ€¦  
And I take it back, cash this, asses, holographic  
Before I leave like Cassius Clayâ€¦  
And that big olâ€™ car, that bass shake that little bar  
So my bass tape in that Draco, wanna Waco them jakos  
Where the cake go? I blew all that for this great flow  
Wish a nigga would step on this pearl gold that I paid  
for

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Red lights Â– obey my headlights  
That head red like Peg, or Santaâ€™s sled lights  
That mean I heard what she said  
â€™Fore she said what she said outta head  
Itâ€™s like I got her head micâ€™d  
Like a Fed might, but I ainâ€™t Fed-like  
Been a hands on homie, my head right  
Dreadlocks, but no Red Stripe  
And thatâ€™s both of ours like Red Bike  
And the Feds know what I roll like  
And a dead man, with some lowlifes  
Me stopped in your lights  
I got no lights â€™til the stop sign  
Yeah, no rights like Nascar  
A black man in the deep south  
Doinâ€™ Jim Crow with the police  
Thatâ€™s 99 problems with a hoe twice  
From no life to Frankenstein  
Got it stitched up, Iâ€™m so nice

[Hook]

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