

Lupe Fiasco

"Mass Appeal Freestyle"

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I'm already knowing ya'll cowards at heart,
and I'm prone to school niggas like Howard and Clark.
Any youngin' get it crunk is surrounded by chalk.
Niggas is street...where the kid is highway,
and I'm known to sling bricks like Craig in Friday.
Steam(?)clips and hold submachines sideways.
It's not a game ack.
I either aim
I straight shots with stones the size of raindrops.
200 all in the same watch
and you don't want to owe me money like Kain pops.
24/7, I'm always here like the thing from Bay Watch
with caine, rock, and (?) spot.
They all cooking the same, hooking your brain.
Like Sugar Shane, I'll leave you shook and ashamed.
It's essential, smell me?
Run this wisdom 'cross your nose.
I'm a hustler I ran them chickens 'cross the road.
It's not a joke. I made chickens cross the road.
Lay the mack down, run this pimpin' 'cross your hoes.
Pick the mack up, you sponging stitching up your hoes.
Flip your Lac truck
You're running tripping over your clothes.
I'm a seizure. I'll make you a believer.
You the type to get charged like Visas.
Get in the Beam and sing like divas.
Buck shots leave your face looking like receivers.
Stay on my op, stay on the block, and stay on the top.
Like freezers, I'm over the wall.
Running from blood hounds and retrievers.
I don't like you and I don't fuck with him either, so get it
three meters. I bang nigga.

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