

Lupe Fiasco "Mean & Vicious"

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[Verse 1:]

Uuhhh

He's meannnnnn

And vicious

I can't believe he's that rude

To those stories those rhymes that jew

Then he put 'em on the floor like cat food (meow)

And put 'em on the track like glue

Then put 'em on your head like hat

Hey back to you Lu black power

I'm just running with a barrel full of black powder

With a hole in it hold'n it wheezin deep, breathing

Running from the fire on the trail I keep leaving

I can't shake it I swear it's heat seeking

I keep seeking somewhere to hide from it I can die
from it

But it keep keeping up just when I think that I've done it

It keep sneakin up

Ohh leaking barrel of black powder how that flame

keep reaching us

Just one of the long rended extended metaphors of
Lu's

This time I use an example of a fuse

To demonstrate how I can't lose

I would put it down but I can't due to the glue

That I use the fuse everything together

Well I spill some on my hands

And God Damn I might have to carry this forever

Well I'm crazy to the game till they bury me insane

[Chorus:]

There once was a boy that grew up on the west side of
Chicago

Liked his hat to the left side

Wasn't in a gang but he was prone to bang

Doing his thanngg doin his thang

There once was a boy that grew up on the west side of
Chicago

Liked his hat to the left side

Wasn't in a gang but he was known to bang (uuhh) like

Doing his thanngg (yeah) doin his thang

[Verse 2:]

Truthfully I have trouble with second verses
Cause the first one be so intimidating
It'd be bullying and picking on it instigating
Pointing out all the second ones limitations
Like you ain't nothing but an imitation
Like betcha baking then it gets the chorus
And the beat to together then they gang up on him and
get to hating
But then around the 8th bar he tired
So they conspire and commiserating then he find his
inspiration
To spar he takes a few seconds of judo lessons
Gets back on beat then punches the guitar
They stand in awe like when did you write that
They even right black
First verse already happened
So he don't have a chance to fight back
I like that
Abagnale Junior check me
You gonna respect me
Aight
Track listen to em feelin himself
Swagger up and a few ad libs to back it up
Let's back it up
I think you've had enough
Give me my mic back
You ain't even write that
Oh it's like that
Track stop pumping till this nigga stop fronting
Yeah yeah now right back

[Chorus:]

There once was a boy that grew up on the west side of
Chicago
Liked his hat to the left side
Wasn't in a gang but he was prone to bang
Doing his thanngg doin his thang
There once was a boy that grew up on the west side of
Chicago
Liked his hat to the left side
Wasn't in a gang but he was known to bang (uuhh) like
Doing his thanngg (yeah) doin his thang

[Verse 3:]

Oh my god my parels and my odds, I aint really here
what u hear
Is a mirage. This aint the delivery baby this is just
lamaze,
The ice cream and pickles, the tickle and a massage.
The king arthurhythum of the knight, el debarge

The camouflage water in the distance loggin wit a
camel they
Get there with the quickness mean and vicious Grinch
who stole
Christmas and hid it in the garage. that was a collage a
Barrage, of broad all things that seem king to help
His thing start. Jump jump my batteries charged
I'm bout my green like stream beans and beams from
mars.
It's a mean thing to be seen with odds, got the F&F on
me
Imma young lil thrilla, I will resurrect come back for my
killer,
And some disheveled apparel, and that same leakin
barrel

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