

Lupe Fiasco "Nice Muhammad Walks"

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[verse 1]

lemmie tell ya what this fellow like, caught somewhere
between stop and go like yellow lights(uh-huh)
hustla so i gotta get it mellow right, down the block,
round the clock, mezl like(?)
i roll like cherry red jello dice, it whats(?) just the pop
callin the kettle white
its hot, just the block callin the ghetto wife, karma
came its my ball and chain
me or more hopefully i wont fall or hang like pictures
on the walls, the halls of fame
its just a boy man...look at what it all became, good and
all but look at what, all remains
all the, floors and thangs, marks from all the claws and
fangs, there were marks from all of yall that changed
bustin back and all of yall i trained, apologizin ta all of
yall i blamed

HOOK

Its what hustlas do and you aint did it till a hustla do
and you aint know it till a hustla knew
and you aint done till a hustla through, imma customer
to
its what hustlas do, and you aint seen it till you seen it
through a hustlas view
open ya eyes its a hustlas song, god forgive if this
hustla's wrong

[verse 2]

its bigger things, so we pose a notion, strivin to be
numba 1 till i overdose
i speak it now with it on my tounge or the trought,
youngest son runnin from older quotes
thou shall not sin, thou shall not steal, thou shall not
kill, thou shall not turn ya back on those in need
i try ta flip but the government switch keeps me at his
chosen speed, im just a rose in weeds
and i rolls with reasons ta stay on this road i lead, till i
leave with what i sold, my, soul and deeds
leave my son with the sum in what i sold in deeds.....i
foldin yo...probly headed for the pin like bowlin balls

kept it directed at the pen and wrote it for yall..

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[verse 3]

it takes alot of patence when you takin it on...alot of
pacein...alot of makin it known

i aint the nigga they be placin it on, i was the king of
this city...now they replacin the thrown

i know its alot of...hatin waitin at home, that she aint
waitin you can hear the bass in her tone

like she cant make it alone a broken home and she
need brace for the bones, all this from just embracin
the phone

alot of ballin up letters, alot of erasin of poems, alot of
commin ta grips with the fact that you gonna be facin
alone

all this time, all this time you was wrong, you know
whatever happens i got you

and whatever happen that happen(?), they was happy
ta drop you, no letters or shoes

no cheddar your mom sold sweaters, refuse to know
better

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