

Lupe Fiasco "Popular Demand"

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"Popular Demand"

It's Hirst/hearse verses and Murakami/murder coming
rhyming

All my raps is (superflat), all your raps is super wack
Tell him that the future's back, DeLorean rolling down
the block

You can call it shooting craps, and my roof is back
And my wings is up

Kingda Ka without Kahlua, so you ain't got to pour the
king a cup

Young Yakuza but, none of my fingers cut
So I can still sip Red Zinger with my pinkies up
Made/maid man, you can call this cleaning up

I'm OCD, I never think it's clean enough
That's what defines me, I never think it's mean enough
Lines deeper than those waiting on a sneaker, cuz
You gone need two heads like the King of Clubs just to
figure out the meaning of

I'm just achieving buzz so stay out of son/sun way like
you're drinking blood

This is what it feels like to be in love

I mean come on, I mean look at what I'm dropping here
Do this for the block and the blogosphere
No, you ain't ready for the heavy, so I'll keep it light as
jogging gear

I don't want the throne, I want the helicopter rocking
chair

Jay gave me a co-sign like I was RocaWear, but be clear
I'm not the air/heir

I'm the water, fire and the earth
That means I'm doing dirt, spitting flames and
quenching thirst

And plus the real God has been on my side since birth
I hope that he forgives me, I hope I do his work in every
single verse

Now I might do a dance, I might even jerk, tell them
niggas don't hate

Only God is great, Enemy Of The State

