

Lupe Fiasco "Put You On Game"

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[The Game: Laughing, smoking]

Lemme put you on game *[gunshot]*
Lemme put you on game

Don't you know that I run this place,
And I've begun this race,
Must I rerun this pace?
I'm the reason its become this way
And their love for it is the reason I have become this
praised
(lemme put you on game)
They love my darkness,
I make them heartless,
And in return, the have become my martyrs,
I've been in the poem of many a poet,
And I reside in the art of many a artist
(lemme put you on game)
Some of your smartest have tried to artictulate
My whole part in this
But they're fruitless in their harvestin'
The drow grows from my footsteps
I'm the one that they follow,
I am the one that they march with
(lemme put you on game)
Through the back alleys
And the black markets,
The Oval Offices,
Crackhouses and apartments
Through the mazes of the queens,
The pages of the sages
And the Chambers of The Kings
(lemme put you on game)
Through the veins-es of the fiends,
A paper chaser's pager,
Yo, I'm famous on the scene
One of the oldest, most ancient-est of things
Seak every single language on the planet, y'all mean?
(lemme put you on game)
I am the American dream,
The rape of Africa
The undying machine,

The overpriced medicine,
The murderous regime,
The tough guy's front,
And the one behind the scenes
(lemme put you on game)

I am the blood of this city,
It's gas, water, and electricity,
I'm it's gym, and it's math, and it's history,
The gunshots in the class
And you can't pass if you're missin, G.
I taught them better than that
I taught them aim for the head
And hope they never come back
I'm glad your daddy's gone, baby,
Hope he never comes back,
I hope he's with your mother,
With my hustlers high in my trap
(lemme put you on game)
I hope you die in his trash,
I can't help it all I hear when you're crying is laughs
I'm sure somebody find you tied up in this bag,
Behind the hospital little baby,
Crack addicts had
(lemme put you on game)
Then maybe you can grow up to be a stripper,
A welfare-receiving prostitute
And gold digger,
You can watch on TV,
How they should properly depict you,
The rivers should flow with liquor,
Quench your thirst on my elixers,
(lemme put you on game)
I am the safe haven for the rebel runaway and the
resistor
The trusted misleader,
The number one defender,
And from a throne of their bones I rule,
These fools are my fuel
So I make them Cool
(lemme put you on game)
Baptize them in the water out of Scarface pool,
And feed 'em from the table that held Corleone's food,
If you die, tell them that you played my game
I hope your bullet holes become mouths that say my
name,
'Cause I'm the... *[gunshot]*

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