

Lupe Fiasco "Say Somethin'"

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"Say Somethin'"

Uh, we just going to keep it going and going
until I feel completed and happy about it. You know?

Uh, Opus of a ghetto boy who grew into a project man
Brewster Place (booster plates), he used to stick his
scissors in his sockets damn
clear that Project Runway, 'cause this is where my
rocket lands
ain't got no problems, Houston, I A.K.A. then rocket
land
Events recent that lit a fire under him like pots and
pans
rockets and I (eye) up in the sky like helicopter cams
And you down there in the traffic jam
from here I've seen a bunch of fake shit like avid
wrestling fans
Came up from the bottom of the eye exam, zoom
Now I'm like the biggest G off in the room
still hard to see me like the truth on TV
or the roof from the sidewalk, I don't flow (floor), I
ceiling
My mama said they need me
'cause, I'm made from the best stuff on earth like
Snapple Tea Leaves
they glass is half full so I spit into them like Celie
no longer G, now you can see me
but your letters' (lettuce) still under my sea (C) like
seaweed
C and G but nothing bout me CG
It's all real, none of this is green screen
(Shut Up and Let Me Go) just like The Ting Tings
I'm feeling like a Mac, standing around a bunch of PCs
I've rocked it from the shouters to the soccer moms
try to stop what's going on
you'll see the back of my hand like the tops of palms
I'm balling like the tops of pawns
circle of influence getting bigger like the ripples on the
tops of ponds
Short-footed and War Headed like the tops of bombs
Dominoing niggas, delivery is Papa John's, Little

Ceaser's, uh
burning down your Pizza Huts
Plaque collection building 'cause, I don't brush my
teeth enough
yeah, Crack is wack and reefer sucks, you might think
this deep as fuck
but this like my weaker stuff
they ask "Is this his day-to-day 'cause this is like a week
to us?"
Mic is shy and speakers blush, I is shy (Chi) and he is
up
I correct, me is up - no we is up - cause its like two of
me
and each of us, rapping acid, eat this up
A-Town down, peace is up, New York to East Coast is
tough
West Side riding, lot of niggas salty 'cause
'cause I be overseas and (over seasoned) tough.
Everything seamless, WorldStar never seen this
NahRight gotta stream this, motherfucking genius
Brave and fly, you backboneless and wingless
bunch of chickens on the strip, I'm coming for they
fingers
till what they throwing up is meaningless
Chilly Chill you seeing this? This didn't make MTV's list
Finish fingers, eating wrist, feeding frenzy and shit
Succotash suffering, Chicken Fricassee-en this
a beat eating media blitz
pace is getting feverish, pain is growing severe-ish
these the peppers Peter picked
things are at their easiest, Real Compton city G'in it
but I'm from Chicago, house lights, bravos

Yeah, I'm just playing....Internet, check!

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