

## Lupe Fiasco "Sittin Sideways (remix)"

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[Chorus: x2]

Sittin' sideways, paused in a daze.  
Sittin' sideways, paused in a daze.  
Sittin' sideways, paused in a daze.  
On a Sunday night I might bring me some haze.

[Lupe Fiasco:]

I tilt mine to the left, it's just the west side of him.  
Don't ride nothing but know plenty people, peoples that  
ride something.  
Decided cousin, I should describe the lives of him.  
Some wise, drive Chevy's with gold Dayton's in the tires  
of 'em.  
But first let me tell you where son grown.  
Grew up 'round GD, CVL's, Black Souls and Unknowns.  
Hanging hat, banging sack, slanging with guns on.  
Forced to drop the forks or you gotta run home.  
Or you gotta run anyway after you drop the forks.  
'Cause they was really folks looking for somebody to  
jump on.  
Wars, lords shoot up all the corners they hung on.  
Hear the squeezing ring for my region brother to come  
home.  
Violations, laws, lessons, sessions and mandates.  
Picnic collections, lit sign throwing the handshakes.  
That's why I stay, drop eyes where I play.  
GDN in they fades where the 150 sittin' sideways.

[Jay-Z:]

You know the boy slam Bentley doors.  
I been riding Lexus since '94.  
Before I had a deal I was on a world tour.  
In a town near you showed up with raw.  
Fast forward a couple years I grewed up some more.  
Closed up the store, sewed up the floor.  
Rose up with the charts, sold up with the 4  
Sold 5, sold 6, sold 30 more.  
Yo I'm a kilo in the game like I was before.  
My life repeating like words in the corridor.  
(Hello, hello, hello, hello)  
Before I open the door you let me know if you are close  
kinfolk with the law.

If not let's further explore.  
Same shit different toilet, yeah, I know you heard it  
before.  
I was the youngest of four, pop couldn't take it no  
more.  
Stayed together for the kids they couldn't fake it no  
more.  
[? ] in the streets I had to take me a course.  
Not only made me a man, it made me a boss.  
The world chico, maybe it's yours.  
Maybe it's your time to die, get so hardcore.  
Just be a man of your word, you got your word and your  
balls.  
Before you act on a word please consider the source.  
Please remember to floss, anyday could be yours.  
Death don't discriminate; eliminates all.

[Chorus: x2]

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[Lupe Fiasco:]

I seen 'em brawl for it, write on the wall for it.  
Get kicked out the mall for it, run from the law for it.  
See things they should've never saw for it.  
Long as it's all well, almighty, alrighty, they all for it,  
uh.  
Black hawk fitted, get hit in the jaw for it.  
Blue and black george sportin' might get you applause  
for it.  
Peace treaty for like a week if chief and them call for it.  
100 and 50 deep and the streets saying ya'll broke it.  
But what started that was a shorty walking down the  
ave in a starter cap.  
Pop said he ain't want me having no part of that.  
Those happenings with the hats and things.  
Moved me out south now all my homies is Latin Kings.  
Teaching me spanish, low-rider magazines.  
Black and gold bandanas, tagging crowns up on the  
scene.  
That was the age kinda how Lupe was made.  
Homies from Packstown to Terror, New Era sittin  
sideways.

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[Lupe Fiasco:]

Uh, See from youth, I wasn't a stranger.

Pops schooled him to the El-Rukn's plus the P. Stone Rangers.

And as I grew up knew most of what having threw up.

Disciples led the Geto Boys cause they was talking to Hoover.

Time versus life is all a process.

Drive-by's, gang fights and lockdowns had us scared of the projects.

Couple Arab Knights and solid 4's I knew, thought that the Moes was cool,

They said Salam-Alaikum too.

To my out of town friends to take off they hat.

That they couldn't wear that in the places that I was taking them to.

My homies was breaking it so I was breaking it too.

If they started chasing them then they was chasing me too.

Probably all got cousins, brothers, sisters and loved ones.

That probably die for nothing, or shaken up or something.

To the mother's that paid to the homies in the grave.

Keep a glittered 150 in your memory homie sittin sideways.

[Chorus:]

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