

## Lupe Fiasco "The National Anthem"

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### "The National Anthem"

*[Lupe Fiasco]*

Your attention please, your attention I need it  
So I can sit you in a position from which I see it  
Where I'm seated is scenic  
Heavy-weighter, slim as the Machinist, so bulimic  
Which means you somewhere in between it  
I take it back for you like the Wyld Stallyns of San Dimas  
I'm in the market for low-mile 360 Modenas  
And a good organic cleaners  
My car always a winner  
Your car's always pitted  
We should call it Stanley Steamers  
Most of my friends in gangs  
My new nickname is gang is con/Ghengis Khan  
But without the 'Ye, but his last name's my side  
I ride with the demeanors/the meanest  
I'm armed to the teeth  
You're Venus and you've never been to the  
Dinas/dentist)  
School of Hard Knocks, I dean it  
I done it, as well as a celebrated alumnus  
I donate to the campus and my name's on the arenas  
But you can't bring it to my court not even with  
subpoenas  
Cause you can't play my sport but you can still  
cheerlead us  
And you can't sit there, that section's for the seniors  
And the sexy senioritas so just move up to the  
bleachers  
How you going to school me when I grew up with your  
teachers  
I know that you can't hear me  
Cause I blew up all the speakers  
And the power line is hanging  
Cause I threw up all the sneakers  
I ate up the imposters/pasta  
And I chewed through all the pizzas  
I blacked out with a black card  
And I maxed out all the Visas  
Accreditation so prestigious

Just walk across my stage  
Your life will be completed  
Don't need financial aid  
Cause this is just some free shit  
You been properly prepared  
Throw your hats up in the air  
I'm red hot, Chilly/Red Hot Chili, I'm Anthony Kiedis  
My spirit smells teenage  
And Chi-town's feeling excellent  
We hit them with the President  
See we set the precedent  
I don't feel I'm best  
I just feel I'm better than

*[Chorus: Thom Yorke/Radiohead]*

Everyone, everyone around here  
Everyone is so near  
So alone, so alone

*[Lupe Fiasco]*

See I don't disagree  
This is just a grievance  
This ain't dissing  
This is civil disobedience  
How you going to make hip-hop  
Without all the ingredients?  
Lot of mouths to feed  
Plus a lot of greediness  
And that greed, outshines the neediness  
What niggas need is some question they authority  
And tune out all the TV shit  
And we be this  
So I give them more  
You see I did it for

*[Chorus]*

*[Lupe Fiasco]*

Yeah, I am back up on the airwaves  
Feeling like a Soldier and I ain't talking where the Bears  
play  
Flair, look how I Fred Astaire down the staircases  
Fixing to be a hair-raising tortoise versus hare race  
So you should hang around here/hair like some  
earrings  
I know attention's all about how you pair things  
So when I want them to hear me out  
I just sit them next to some pictures of Rosa splitting  
with her titties out  
And what's written on her titties is what it's really about  
Then her vagina is some poor kids from China

Nipples nuclear missiles  
Ass is a daughter without a dad  
Back is like Afghanistan, Iraq  
Health care hair, drive-by thighs  
Education lips, HIV eyes  
Environment feet  
Justice get her so wet, brains get you brains  
You can fuck her if you protest  
But before you bust in her face, finish listening to the  
tape  
Enemy of the State

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