

## **Lupe Fiasco "Trials & Tribulations"**

Visit "[Trials & Tribulations](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, F-N-F up, Through all the trails and the tribulations and the storms...yeah! We still here. You know what i'm saying? (gemini) Lupe! Fresh from the reigns of the police , this has been brought to you by genocide, sponsored by crack (we ain't goin no where).

They couldn't belive how I took charge , and made it describe how I push hard through the streets. And at the same time I was pushin the margins so far to the left that I ended up writin on my desk. Yes I'm from a concrete jungle, that will make your set look like bush gardens, test. Who wanna touch the Juan Don, Von Dutch, niggas want none trust! please believe me I don't give a damn how gassed up or eager he is. It started won't stop, who don't want us to blow like bomb squad well fire unguard, its lu-pe toshe. Couped the gras now put them in the trunk like the roofs are our cars. Yeah, Rappers is like Sonny when i'm up in the booths with my bars, a mind full of poisin, a mouth full of flu and a lung full of SARs, fresh from the mayonaise jar, prepared to bring you down reach your razor blades pause

Its only the beginning man, Food and Liquor, F-N-F, up!

But it wasn't easy to crack it (nope), we wasn't fly, had to get it off the ground pedalin. E.T. was in the basket, now its sick 1st and 5th bought to come up like the last bullet in the clip. Click, a few didn't survive, it triggered something inside that gave me power. Got a grip, like the floor of the shower, now I hit anything that I set my sights on, no lights on, silence is my 5th plead the 5th. I don't need a Japanese flag masters, stampede of hip hop, straight from the hip hop, no matter how the enemy bosters I'm going to hold us down like the holdsters right up on my shoulders, clappers why don't cha wait some more. fire. It ain't safe no more. Punk suckas pull backwards I pull fastest it's master. I haven't turned into guns like MegaTron you just brushed upon the upper echelon. gone.

Yeah, You know, Through it all (yeah) , but Pac said,  
They won't follow ya if ya points is hallow, so it made  
vocal the ad-lib my brain focal the bad kid. Shed light  
on troubled youth, fair, act right and new suits , explain  
all their groves and roots, but not enough to  
incriminate just enough to demonstrate why they  
confused as youths, why they bodies are abused and  
consumed with hoops, bodily accused and refused the  
truth. followers, easily subduded by a flukes,  
shallowers, a anything the bandwagon hands em. Well  
listen to me. Tellin em to listen to me, refuse my rules  
is proroquers scoop. I'm finin to take you to my zone,  
take you to my home, please remove ya boots. Let the  
spook you set by the door, but the who who slept on the  
floor, that you stepped over all these years , wakin up,  
comin back for yours, Yeah!

Visit [Lupe Fiasco](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.