

## Lupe Fiasco

### "Untitled"

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[Intro: Common]

Yo ? I'mma come on the rhythm  
With a little Commonism, yeah  
Hah, so check it out, yeah

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Word, from Com Sense

Untitled

Through the coolest nigga, what if's ballin' in my  
budget

Budgin' ain't in my ballin', nudgin' ain't in my nuggets,  
huh?

Too mean, too mean, no chicken in my luggage  
But Michigan Ave jazz drum stick is in the bucket, huh?

Riveter, proceed like abortion clinic picketer

Or don't heed a no seed deliverer

Or through the glass, face mask on the visitor

And to perform, get a little horn like a newborn unicorn

Listener

It's like miles on a horse

Five-thousand and two-hundred eighty styles for the  
source

Get compiled in reports then redacted into blackness

Then filed in the court for a trial for divorce, wow

We're like miles from the aisle they had walked

From the vows they had smiled now the child wanna  
forf

File is magnificent mile crowds watchin' the black male  
drummer pale

I was tellin' you before

Sail 'em to the shore just to sell 'em to be sure

Intelligent as hell when I tell it to the shore

Sell it to the shell you should come and buy a shirt

I be sellin' them on tour

Now there's somethin' to be said 'bout a trumpet to the  
head

A drummer for the hands, needs somethin' for the legs

Hmm, let's call it runaway slave ships

Fried chicken's tasteless and watermelon's racist nigga

