

Lupe Fiasco Feat. Nikki Jean "Hip Hop Saved My Life"

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Dedicate, dedicate
This one right here, goes out
To my homie with the drink, na mean

He said, "I write what I see
Write to make it right, don't like where I be
I'd like to make it light the sights on TV
Quite the great life, so nice and easy

See, now you can still die from that
But it's better than not being alive from straps
Agree, a Mead notebook and a bic that click
When it's pushed in a whack ass beat

That's a track that's weak, that he got last week
'Cause everybody in the store's like that's that heat
A bass heavy medley, with a sample from the 70's
With a screwed up hook that went, 'Stack That Cheese'

Somethin', somethin', somethin', 'Stack That Cheese'
Mother, sister, cousin, 'Stack That Cheese'
He couldn't think of nothin', 'Stack That Cheese'
He turns down the beat, writer's block impedes

Cryin' from the next room, a baby in need
Of some Pampers and some food and place to sleep
That, plus a black Cadillac on D's
Is what keep 'em on track to be a great Emcee, yea

One you never heard of I, push it hard to further the
Grind I feel like murder but hip-hop you saved me
One you never heard of I, push it hard to further the
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Reps North side so he rocks them braids
Eleven-hundred friends on his MySpace page
Stack That Cheese got seven hundred plays
Producer made him take it down, said he had to pay

Open mic champ two weeks in a row
Ex-D Boy with a B-Boy flow
Glow like Leroy, you should see boy go

Got a daddy servin' life and a brother on the row

Best homie in the grave, tatted up while in the cage
Minute Maid, got his momma workin' like a slave
Down baby momma, who he really had to honor
'Cause she was his biggest fan, even let him use her
Honda

To drive up to Dallas went to open up for amateurs
Let him keep a debit card, so he could put gas in it
Told her when he get on he gon' take her to the galleria
Buy everythin' but the mannequins, ya dig

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His man called said, "Ya time might be
now"
They played your freestyle over "Wipe Me
Down"
They played it two times say it might be crowned
As the best thing out the H-Town in a while

He picked up his son with a great big smile
Rapped every single word to the new born child
Then he put him down and went back to the kitchen
And put on another beat and got back to the mission of

Get his momma out the hood, put her somewhere in
the woods
Keep his lady lookin' good, have her rollin' like she
should
Show his homies there's a way, other than that flippin'
ya
Bail his homie outta jail, put a lawyer on his case

Throw a concert for the school, show the shoulders that
it's cool
Throw some candy on the Caddy, chuck the deuce and
act a fool
Man it feels good when it happens like that
Two days from goin' back to sellin' crack, yes sir

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Hip-hop, you saved my life
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