

## George Michael F/ Pavarotti

### "Broken Glass"

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[Pharrell] Kweli!!!

[T. Kweli] Yeah! They wasn't expecting this! that's why ya

[Pharrell] Hahaha

[T. Kweli] Gotta hope for the best and play 'em for the worst, c'mon!

[Pharrell] Muhfuckers is history!

[T. Kweli] C'mon!!

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

This the story of - Lucy In The Sky Wit Diamonds  
Ask her why she crying, she wanna live, she got no time for dying  
Was a science, dreams too big for a small town  
She gotta get to New York and watch a door fall down  
Hopped off the Greyhound, gotta make her way now  
She sleeping on the park benches in the playground  
But cash burn quick, don't wanna have to turn trick  
Ready to quit 'til she met the super pimp  
Flashing his toothy smile that drove little Lucy wild  
She quick to hop up on his dick straight Hoopie style  
She let the fella hit but she sang she sell-a-bit  
[celebrate]

He ain't buying that, she ain't selling it  
She looking for love in all of the above  
Believing videos, trying to back up all on a thug  
Who wanna - put it in her, withdraw like a Citi card  
But now she shake that ass for tips at the titty bar

[Chorus - Talib Kweli] (Pharrell)

Broken glass - everywhere! (IT'S LOUDER!!)  
Louder - than a bomb shattered in in the air (IT'S LOUDER!!)  
Try to hold back your tears baby! (IT'S LOUDER!!)  
Wait a second, what happens here baby? (IT'S LOUDER!!)

Broken glass - everywhere! (IT'S LOUDER!!)  
Louder - than a bomb shattered in in the air, yeah  
(How many of y'all think you can do what we do?!)  
Yeah! Wait a second (One! Two! Three! C'mon!)

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

Dreams shattered like broken glass  
Press ignore it and your hopes get broken fast  
You complain for the life you supposed to have  
But when you try to make plans God is known to laugh  
Throw a song on the phonograph, and Lucy start wilin  
The trick start smiling, watch the loot start flying  
The Gucci start pilling up, she live designer plush  
Start lining up the coke so she could find a rush  
Time's up, she's about to turn 33  
Her shit started to sag, she got surgery  
Now cats are used to drive past her like a Church van  
Acting on thirst, 'She Wants To Move' like a N.E.R.D. fan  
Bigger house, 10,000 dollar purse fam  
She let you in, she wanted rent by the 1st man  
She the ring leader in a clique of birds  
And they shadowy, like the silhouette behind the  
curtain

[Chorus]

[Verse - Talib Kweli]

She was a small city girl with big city dreams  
Niggaz try to figure how to get up in them jeans  
Put her in them scenes, get her on the team  
Hit her wit the cream 'til they figured out the schemes  
Now she all up in the club looking for a new love  
Really like Huey Lewis looking for a new drug  
Cause coke's getting old, started free basing  
Graduated to crack, smack on occasion  
Not catching the bus, but back at the station  
Back and forth pacing, acting all impatient  
Last hundred dollars, she got to 'Get By'  
Now gotta make a choice, go home or get high  
Mommy and daddy miss her, she left for the fame  
Now what's left is the dirt that's thrown on her name  
She need a ticket home if it's the right course  
Instead she bought a ticket to ride the white horse

[Chorus]

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