

Kanye West f/ Colin Monroe, Lupe Fiasco, Matthew Santos, Clipse, Jay-Z, Wale

"Flashing Lights Remix"

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And you can get buried,
Suck my back bitch.

You got your name and lights,
And they can't seem to spell mine right,
You saw the melted day to day,
I'm lucky if I get paid.
If I can't get paid,
I'd survive another day.
Maybe if I could get laid,
They'd know my name.
Your girls are fine it seems,
A dime or two in every dozen.
I only wanted one,
But I'm no one so I get nothing,
But all this nothing I've got,
Is all that's keepin' me tough.
Maybe this nothing I've got is enough,
When I'm alone and the lights go off,
I'm never sure if I can make it that far,
All that I no-
I want those,
I want those,
I want those flashing lights,
I want those,
I want those,
I want those flashing lights.

Pharmaceuticals brought me charm like the jeweler
Jews.
Squares of ice shed light like the rubrics cube.
I get it mixed up,
Red with the blues.
Now she all mixed up,
Admiring the hues.
Four years later,
Niggas admirin' the shoes.
[?]
We call you Tokyo buffoon.

You style-less admirers,
Look at how you room,
Keep runnin' the soho's and exclusives in my room.
Niggas is fighters?,
We let you slide with your writin's.
We knew that coldcane? talk was not like you.
[?] tryin' to dress like them.
One sequence? glove can never make you Michael.
I moon walk over tracks that make niggas frightful.
But never hear a word 'cause they niggas know,
That my floor so viper?,
Any push it go psycho,
They seance that pen and pull your spirit up out you.

I'm so literary with it,
You can tell how I write.
The boy's such an author,
I just smoke a pipe.
Rockin' the ascot?,
Cool with the glass top,
Seventeen-inch rims,
Makin' the ass drop.
I was in the spot,
From the first to the fifth.
With a mean comeback like the Return of the Sith.
Like ridin' a bike,
Never you forget,
Still I got it for cheap,
Whether you smoke or you sniff.
The [?] and vice versa.
To remove me off that horse takes more than a
merger.
During that hiatus,
I was with the natives.
And back to the States,
Pass along the savings.
Put it in the street,
Caterin' to cravings.
Like the Second Coming,
I got the fans awaitin'.
Victory is swet,
Even amongst the hatin'.
Find me on that beach island,
Up the Caymans.
Gone.

As you recall, you know I love to show off.
But you never thought that I would take it this far.
What do you know? (Flashing, lights, lights, lights.)
What do you know? (Flashing, lights, lights, lights.)
No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o.

[Kanye West:]

She don't believe in shootin' stars,
But she believe in shoes and cars.
Wood floors in the new apartment,
Coutours from the store's departments.
You more like to love to start shit.
I'm more of the, trips to Florida,
Order the hor douerves, views of the water.
Straight from a page of your favorite author.
And the weather's so breezy,
Man, why can't life always be this easy.
She in the mirror dancin' so sleazy.
I get a call like "Where are you [?]? "
I try to hit you with the [?].
'Till I got flashed by the paparazzi.
Damn, these niggas got me.
I hate these niggas more than the Nazi's.

As you recall, you know I love to show off.
But I never thought that you would take it this far.
What do I know? (Flashing, lights, lights, lights.)
What do I know? (Flashing, lights, lights, lights.)
No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o.

[Lupe Fiasco:]

Uh, a fresh cool young Lu',
Tryin' to cash? his microphone, check two one two.
Wanna believe my own hype, but it's too untrue.
The world brought me to my knees, what have you
brung you?
Did you improve on a design, did you do something
new?
Well your name ain't on the guest list, who brung you?
You, the more famous person, you come through.
And the sexy lady next to you, you come, too.
And then the hitman, standing outside,
And have been waitin' for God to come and get me.
I'm too uncool,
Unschool'd to the rules and too gumshoe.
Too much of a newcomer and too uncool.
Like Shadow and the Veil,
A [?] with it well,
I need a holiday like lady who sung [?].
Go back, whatever you did, you undo.
Heavy is heaven, the devil on me two tons, too.

[Matthew Santos:]

If you are what you say you are,
A superstar,
Then have no fear, the camera's here.
And the microphones, and they wanna know.

Yeah.

[Lupe Fiasco:]

And you better wear your shades,
The spotlights here can burn holes in the stage.
Down through the basement past the Indian graves
where the dinosaurs lay,
And out through China, nearly miss the airliners,
And magnify times five [?] and ricochets off the
moon and sets the forest ablaze.
And that's important to say, cause even with all that,
most of us don't want it to fade.
We want it to breed, meanin' we want it to grow,
Meanin' we want it to stay.
Like the governor call, and we told him to wait.
Unstrap him from the chair and put him back in his
cage.
All the [?] fade and they ain't gonna clap, and they
ain't gonna praise.
They want everything back that they paid.
And they been waitin' since ten to see the lights get...

[Jay-Z:]

I'm like the Russian mafia, drinkin' the still vodka.
'Till I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real.
[?] like the toupe,
Mixed with water, with the soda, turn the pot up make a
souffle.
And all of y'all can get it like a [?].
I'm livin' proof that crime do pay,
Say hooray to the bad guy and all the broads,
Puttin' cars in their name, for the stars of the game.
Puttin' 'caine in they bras and their tomorrows on the
train.
All in the name of love,
Just to see that love [?] and change,
Then the family came over to the house to take back
everything they claim.
Well even the worst pain is the distress,
Learnin' your the mistress,
And only after that love gets slain,
And the anger and the sorrow mix up, with the mistrust,
And now it gets tough to ever love again.

[Wale:]

Only believe in shows and cars,
Wear more of the [?] the latter is tired.
Get it? I am vicious like Michael Vick is to Fido.
You can't bite it, Ron Mexico, on fire,
All-star, couldn't correspond as a draft?,
Cause, cortizone, like my black, my black Nike's.
[?] that Charles Rogers, no, no, liar.

I am no buyer, Angelo Nova, when I be crimin',
My minds is alike me, make the K's burn [?],
Uncage follow, bitch get hit like phonecase,
I am wholesome as a holster, nigga I am flashin codex,
Got to be mad or jealous, brains so bright, develop
photo, and it,
Seems I am oh so better, than those niggas spittin', so
much different,
And way more clever, dress way better, not that that
matters but,
Braggin' is a habit, think that I should tell them.
Talkin' like a Reverend, I talk it, I mean it,
Voluntarily movin' my fuckin' cerebellum.
There's nothin' I can tell them.
There's nothin' I can tell them.
Voluntarily movin' my fuckin' cerebellum.
Biatch.

Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.

Check it.
I do believe in pros and cons.
Look at OJ, from pro to con.
Then con to cool. Then cool to fool.
God dammit, Juice, we was rootin' for you.
Now you broke in the [?] you shootin' the hoop.
Well, not exactly shootin'. We was foolin' with [?].
Still, niggas are stupid, real niggas'd do shit.
Get off and swear to God that they'd never going to do
shit again.
What you did, is had us pray for you and root for you.
Minorities, the truth never worries us.
See, we can play the race card.
Yeah, we can start a race war.
They don't make us so ugly that we can't clutch.
We gonna face judge, like they racist.
So thanks OJ, for provin' them right.
No more players, and no more kikes.
No more tales of a black man's right.
I just had an epiphany, a flashing I-I- yeah you know.

Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.

Dub, Dub, A, L.
Then there was Jena Six.
I love them little niggas, I seen them at the awards and

I thought a little different.
Not that I ain't with them on that Black Power tip,
But I don't know if I'm feelin' that rap star power shit.
Excuse me, just advocatin' negative.
For me to continue against my bretheren?,
But y'all can do better.
TV Flashin y'all [?] while the flashing lights of the white
folks catch it.
"Look at those niggers, they wanted my pity,
You give them some money, I bet they act different.
You give them some cameras, I bet they can't handle,
The flashing lights of the industry of damage."
Any one man unprepared for the challenge,
Knocked off balance, no safe landing.
I'm so paraplegic, I cannot stand it.
Psych - distracted. Life ain't bad, but it's way more
thorny when the lights keep flashing,
The lights keep flashing, lights keep flashing.
Way more thorny when the lights keep flashing,
Lights keep flashing, flashing, flashing, flashing,
flashing, flashing.

Flashing, lights, lights, lights.
Flashing, lights, lights, lights.

Flashing.

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