

## **Lupe Fiasco f/ Pharrell, Q-Tip, Sarah Green**

### **"Paris, Tokyo"**

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[Lupe Fiasco] Now if you never left Houston get a passport  
Never left Little Haiti get a passport If you live in South Central get a passport  
So you can see the world Yeah, and if you rep the five boroughs get a passport  
Or if you're in the Dirty South get a passport If you're on the Westside get a passport  
So you can see the world [Pharrell] Now I've been known to levitate like a hobo  
tryna catch a freight To get away, and clear the day Then I'll be smilin at the stars  
like the hood does cars Little ghetto mind you should travel like a bullet from your favorite gun's barrel  
or the indian's arrow Mathematically aligned like the pyramids of pharoahs Don't let 'em bring demise  
like you and your boys are cattle Fly to Paris, and end up in Tokyo Let's start a coalition so even the broker go  
To all those that never sold coke before And with no ambitions to rock a roll Let my, people, go  
To broaden their horizons Sharpen all they minds in Sharper than the prong or the Neptune's trident  
I'm just ramblin - I ride my bike in the clouds Mr. Spielberg, hire me at Amblin (To the nigga Pimp C)  
God bless your life (And the creators of the Serum) I hope you're restin right Because you're scootin out  
in lives, kids and wives In my mind I'm goin "woo-hoo" just like The Hives But in my mind, compromise  
my design Like a missin puzzle piece, make completion hard to find Hours resuscitated by Capri Sun juice packs  
Woke up singin N.E.R.D. songs and you can YouTube that Now stay away from people that pursuit they lack  
And remember your starter kit was this Lupe track Now one love (one love) one love (one love) Hey love, see you in Tokyo [Q-Tip] My new passport has been issued so I'm ready Trekkin the Sahara or grazin the Serengeti I am there if there's speakers in the place I will see a foreign face My magic carpet shuttles me through the human race But, no matter what's on her mood to foreign district My postcards so you I missed it It bein us, how we would discuss findin treasures Deep in choral reefs, Tigerbillies Islands of pleasure Holdin you my pretty 'til I get home to our city In this chitty-chitty bang-bang brutal to our bus So I, take it in, the wonderments of the

world Samplin each cuisine, a dinner without a girl  
Presents for my people like these silly t-shirts While  
Rebecca's at the sound check hooked to Mic Works I  
remember days when the dollar was strong Hopefully it  
gets better, I won't be gone long - backpack [Chorus:  
Lupe Fiasco] Let's go to sleep in Paris, wake up in  
Tokyo Have a dream in New Orleans, fall in love in  
Chicago Mayne, then we can land in the motherland  
Camel back across the desert sands Then take a train,  
to Rome, or home Brazil, for real Wherever I go she  
goes [Sarah Green] Yeah, I'd done seen Paris, and  
woke up in Tokyo But I'ma always be Sarah Green from  
the Southside of Chicago Just because you on section 8  
and he left it don't mean a thing (girl I can't go  
nowhere) Just come and take a flight with me Baby girl  
it's a world to see! (girl go on wit all that) I never  
thought the Seven Wonders of the World would be so  
wonderful (for real?) You got your ghetto pass, now go  
and get your passport and make your swagger  
international (I'll think about it) If you can, catch a  
flight, you can go, in your mind Your destiny, YOU  
DECIDE! Wherever I go, we go [Lupe Fiasco] Oversees,  
even over here I over seer like I'm tryna stop these  
slaves from gettin freer From the truth I never veer  
see, so, faithfully I steer As I ride through yo' city like  
Revere, Revere Now everybody gon' and put yo' hands  
in the air All you haters with yo' hands in yo' ears - it's  
okay Cause later, it will sneak up on you like it's Metal  
Gear Put you in a chokehold and then unconsciously  
you'll cheer Remain upper tier, ain't no cryin down here  
Only shed is in the back, yard with the tools in it My  
hood's in disrepair with no schools in it All the food  
ain't got no fuel in it So crude, that's why I'm duelin it  
Some dude's thinkin what Rasulullah do in it Not what  
they did then, but now what do you do with it? I know  
you sick of all the rat-tat-tat-tat Well this the soothin  
sounds from the backpack rat pack Seein Sarah Green  
from the FNF crew Two from the Child Rebel and the Q  
When I be home I resist it like it's Ohms I was there,  
now I'm gone; Shalom! Yeah, and if you rep the  
Midwest get a passport If you from Detroit get a  
passport If you from Chi-Town get a passport So you  
can see the world Get that little black girl, a passport  
Get that little black boy, a passport If you ain't got one,  
get yourself a passport So you can see the world, yeah!

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