

Fort Minor, Spraypaint & Inkpens

Uh, spraypaint and ink pens,
I use to write in every color I think in,
To paint a picture, with every rhyme that I speak in.
Yeah, the gallery is the beat then I... I... I... I...

Yes, ladies and gentlemen,
We have a special guest for you this evening,
Ghost, you ready?

Yo, I verbally paint pictures, I'm the hood's best storyteller,
This about a young boy, dealing with the older fellas,
Promised him the lives, you see on TV,
He ran packs across town like rhyme CD's,
And, big chains, new clothes, Nikes and Reeboks,
Stacking too much loot to squeeze in a shoe box,
Saving, he promised his mom a crib in Atlanta,
And his pops got killed through debt, he was a dealer,
So he staged jazz, fox jump off the suit cases,
No more cross-town, now he's crossing them states and,
Seeing new faces, not knowing who to trust,
So when the door kicked open they scream "This is a bust"
&"Is it a set up?"; it seems funny, a scuffle broke out,
He got hit, dropped the cases spitting blood out of his mouth,
He walked four blocks to die, trying to survive,
And now all that's left is his mom screaming "God Why?"

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Yeah, yeah, let me begin by saying "Shut the fuck up!"
Let my begin by saying I don't think this man knew what he had in store,
He opened the door and found the bag under the floor,
Not a peep, always working a lot, get the flame, aim, pop,
Open the box and take off out the back of the pawn shop,
Scoping the lot, hoping the cops hadn't seen the plates on his car,
He felt like he been hustling so hard, like a demon he pumped a cold heart,
Play it cool like Humphrey Bogart, put the rings on his chain attached by both parts,
He did the drop, one ring in a bag, envelope, all the money he had,
Left the money and the ring in a slow exhale,
Two weeks went by, got a box in the mail,
In the box was a bullet made of gold,
Melted down from the ring, recast with two rings and a band,
And he stared at it sitting in the palm of his hand,
And sat down next to a picture that sat on the nightstand,
It was his wife in the picture on his side,
With the ring on the finger on the week that she died,
As he looked in the reflection, at those eyes so red,
He put the bullet in a gun and put it right in his head like that.

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Uh, yeah, uh.

Fiasco!

You know he didn't have enough power in his thrusters to muster Warp 5,
Plus if he pushed it, the fuel cells could rupture then they would die,
Then the galaxy would suffer but he knew he had to try,
But he couldn't risk it, put the cure in the escape pod and kissed it,
And told her goodbye, she started to cry, but he knew if he could distract 'em,

He could buy her some time and she could make it out alive,
Turn the suit around and got prepared for the stand off,
Space mind had blew one of the hands off,
Damaged laser cannons and he got the system jammed,
And he faced the whole fleet, blood seeping through his teeth,
The final saga in the seven planet wars,
Unsheathed the sword and, then he charged forward,
His eyes flashed behind the cracked cockpit glass,
He let out a laugh and then all she heard was a blast like.

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Yeah, ladies and gentlemen,
This has been a Fort Minor production.
Ghostface! Fiasco!

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It's an expression coming out of a simple can of paint,
Look, it's the easiest way for the average kid to paint things using himself as the meaning of it.
You gonna get into the gallery there soon, man,
Why? I'm not gonna be famous one day,
Why do you always say that?
Cause it's true.