

Fort Minor, Spraypaint & Ink Pens

Fort Minor, Minor

Fort Minor, Minor, Minor...

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, the gallery is the beat then I... I... I... I...

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!
Uh, spraypaint and ink pens
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