

Lupe Fiasco, 100 Chicagos

I said, yeah, uh-huh
Yeah, uh, uh
Yeah, uh
My dome golden, my heart bleed Madison and Homan
Yeah, back to Madison and Kedzie, Madison and Albany
We right back into home again
Where them dwellings was in buildings
Intelligent and skilled until the fellas got the felons in their feelings
Yelling to the ceiling
Scale again the pelicans is skeletons and villains, oh no
No, I'm just rollin', I can't be nice
Old money, old money, veterans and millions, elegant and brilliant
Ain't no Food and Liquor 3, we on the medicine and killing
Off top, free Chip, yeah, uh
Generating Zen with some nice sword practice
Rest in peace, Virg', LV is Vice Lord backwards
A simple flip of the monogram, that ain't shit
I had similes on my sonogram, a momma's man
Before I was born, I was doing reconnaissance
My barber taught me how to chop a nigga with my chopper hand
Not at all prophetic, just chauffeurs in Allah's Lexus
The realest nigga alive, no prosthetics or cosmetics
Might catch the Holy Ghost and start speaking in Nas records, haan-haan-haan
Said he came through the town, had the flames on his crown
The youth was all excited
And Memphis drooped his whole fuckin' name into the ground like
Gangsta Boo, what up? Yeah, man, yeah, yeah, yeah
That's this, what if rap had a blacksmith?
The day you catch me lackin' is the day Farrakhan eat catfish
As a catholic, reporting live from the blacklist
Accustomed to being this bad 'cause he packed it
But if they ask, that ain't my bag cause I traffic
See the lights from the O spark, feeling like Austin meets Oak Park
A hundred Chicagos, they want no parts
He at the MCA, yelling "Go, Art"
At the strip club with his eyes closed and throat parched
Westside with my whole heart, heart
Westside with my whole heart
Westside, ooh