

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