

Lupe Fiasco, dead president

[Lupe Talking]

Chi-Town, First-N-Fifteenth, F-N-F, Ghostwriter wat up?

[Verse]

No question, you ain't gotta A-S-K
I fly dope, pocket full of J-F-K's
I rise tote, the occasion like toast
Wit tote's on the waist, I flood ya watch flooded like a basement man
You and my main foes fold like clean clothes
Sub-machine holes the size of Shaq rings in between ya eyes like nose
Pinky mac ring like the song that Peedi Crack sings, "I Propose"
Don't make me stand up, told you, you ain't gotta have ya hands up
I was like "screw paper"...
Then I ran 'round touched money, changed my mind
Mind on my change so I tucked money hands down
Now, in addition to the semi
There's paper on the waist like Henry
And niggaz ain't seeing what I'm keeping concealed
They wanna be it, chill; you would leak it if the secret's revealed

Peep it, might leak it to polices and squeal
Then you gotta hide money...like,
Fresh or witness protect
Went from, best to business execs in less than Four!
You can get it in the chest like Fresh
Anything not next to Tec is hidden in the floor
So act like u Denzel or Rudy Ray Moore
Wait, there's more:
Let me ,catch you tappin my floor like Savianna Moss
Hope u like the sound of hollow i got more
I black out like boss, How u gonna back out?
There's no back doors, like Porshe
Or course, it's the Boss, Tony Danza of Stanza
Springsteen of sixteens...
It's nothin sweet, it's Lupe
I am white people's Kool-Aid, its mean
The balla wit the goggles like Kareem
From Chicago wit the models on the scene
Duck fellas,
Betta get down like duck feathers
A rhyme or a crushed pepper
A grinder yeah that's much better
You a, dice game I'm a casino man
Hustla for life, u hear the lingo and
Find me covered in ice like Encino Man
Only one missing is Pachino man...Get it? HA-HA!