

# Lupe Fiasco, Dead Presidents Freestyle

[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, it's 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!