

Lupe Fiasco, Failure

It's mean, soldier
Now let me put the streets down like steamrollers
With the CATS that push
40 oz. through the hood like King Cobras
See me sling soda
'Cause the extra four in the split is mixed
It's really 36
Used to buy toasters and clips
You can tighten your circle or boa constrict
While you was lighting your purple, I was over the scripts
See, I couldn't walk the walk, couldn't really talk the talk
Had to get my talk to properly explain my walk
'Cause this lack in talk had my walk looking off
Now I'm over the limp
Watch how they mugs drop when they see my Verbal's able
(That's the Usual)
When I was po' I was low
Now me and my Chaps cop Purple Label
It's Ralph Lauren on the rap laureate
Niggas brownnose, they are like "after him"
Runners at Interscope are not as Stoute as him
Please don't Interscope
It's gonna be a whole lot of lovine and respirating
If I lean out this window with Irene
Niggas as tall as Yao Ming
With L-U-P-Emperor
Is the foundation's high beams and the antennas
It's so serious every time I write my John Hancock like
Could damn near see Detroit
Niggas is scared of heights
This is saran wrap and aluminum foil
Some potpourri, a little machine oil
I stack my paper and throw off my 6
This is top floor, better look out before
Pennies from heaven is the same as the semi from the second
And I reign supreme
Turn your umbrellas upside down
Did you even catch the change in theme?

And them niggas ain't Watts nor from his regime
Gangsta lean
Hats on tilt like these niggas ain't drop out the vending machine
You gotta put more money in
And I shake niggas up every time I drop a bar
(2 for 1)
It's horse in the Porsche and bricks in the box
Like mo' money them every time I cop a car
You see I'm a roller, right
So it might be a Rover, right
But every time I drop a 'r'
(Get off the streets)
It's "over" aite
Bet I be in the head like overnight
Like rollers, right
She the chauffeur, right
So I keep her sober
She don't get Fed Ex like overnight
I am Dolemite
All that gas can't help you but solar might
Just call on sun
Drop a 's'
Pick up an 'o'
Uno, put it all on "one"
Brace yourself like overbite

"For that quiet nigga that relocated down south
Coming back to floss"
Nigga get your molars right
Fix your grill
No plaque but a whole lot of cheese
This the drill
Mr. Chill
Gave me the green light like Yoda knife
So I'ma force my will
Like the Force I wield
Of course you will
Take my time
But weight behind only pertains
To that Porsche grill
It's snakes in the hood
Gotta watch for that Cobra bite
Let me see
There's snakes in the hood
A bird, a horse behind the grill
Something gator on the seat
And a fox behind the wheel

For achiever
My procedure's
To proceed at all cost
With no breather
I'm all walk
Rain, snow, or fever
I'm all coughs coming after your teacher
I'm on the ball like FIFA
Viva
Lupe Duce
Long live the leader
I remember I ain't have sneakers
It was welfare
Coming up for air is like
Whales there
Fila
But now I'm well here
I'm Shamu with twelve pair
And niggas wanna take me back to zero like tear fare
Well, my skill's clear
You Sea World
It's Braille here
I'm Bumpy Johnson I stick to the streets
Keep my dogs out in front of me
You see what I'm saying
And I push ki's wonderfully

This is gangsta, man