

Lupe Fiasco, Gold Watch

Drop it

(Intro: x2)

Let's peruse the essentials of cool
A brief study on the things so instrumental to do
That make me feel fly-er than lobbies of Bellevue's
An exclaimer just e'ermore no credentials from a school
Now

In my Fall of Rome jeans, my Head Porter wallet
My Neighborhood shirt and my Eddie Cheng CLOT shit
My not go to college but my street smart polished
Like the black finger nails of that punk rock logic
Do the knowledge, man you can't be punk from projects
Firm disbeliever in your punch clock promise
Was trading off my comics I was taking them to school
One of Jay-Z's boys now I'm skating in your pools
Not to be rude I'm just hating on your rules
Like a young Fifty I'm on my world tour
Good morning Singapore I'm bringing the sun with me
From the Robert Taylor homes to African slum cities
I am American mentally with Japanese tendencies
Perisian sensibilities so stay out the vicinity of

Yea, yea, the niggas over there
It's just, yea, yea, now look at what I wear

Got my gold watch
And my gold chain
With my fancy car
And my diamond ring
With my fancy broad
And she foreign
So it's no words
And it's no slang
And I'm no trick
And I'm no lame
It's just so slick
That she so game
(x4) It's just, yea, yea, she love it over here

I like Zip-T, candles, and Maharishi sandals
And Vita sunglasses and purple murder service samples
I like false t-shirts, Dover Street is off the handle
Such a good designer Junya Watanabe god damn you
I like Yohji Yamamoto and a max roach solo
Leather Gucci belts and Guilty Brotherhood polos
I like Mont Blanc pens and Moleskine paper
I like Goyard bags and green Now-and-Laters
Monocle Magazine and Japanese manga
Futura Nosferatu's and HTM trainers
I love Street Fighter 2 I just really hate Zangief
Only Ken and Ryu, I find it hard to beat Blanca
I keep a Wii ninja hanging and an UNKLE album banging
If you negative in energy then stay out the vicinity of...

Yea, yea, the niggas over there
It's just, yea, yea now look at what I wear

Got my gold watch
And my gold chain
With my fancy car
And my diamond ring
With my ghetto broad

And she's so plain
Gotta couple SCARS
And one of those long names
She a fightin' nigga
And cusses with no shame
And her ex-man had her baggin' up cocaine
But she..
(x4) It's just, yea, yea, she love it over here

But my most coveted thing is a high self-esteem
And a low tolerance for them telling me how to lean
See the most important parts are the ones that are unseen
The wings don't make you fly and the crown don't make you king
Now God don't like ugly, ain't too happy about pretty
I am ignorance's enemy so stay out the vicinity of...

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