

# 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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