

Lupe Fiasco, Hip-Hop Saved My Live

Dedicate

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Uh

This one right here goes out

To my homie with the drink

Nah mean

He said, I write what I see

Write to make it right, don't like where I be

I'd like to make a life to sights on TV

Quite the great life, so nice and easy

See, now you can still die from that

But it's better than not being alive from straps

Agree, a Mead Notebook and a Bic

That clip when it's pushed in a whack ass beat

That's a track that's weak that he got last week

Cause everybody in the stu is like "That's that heat"

A bass heavy melody with a sample from the seventies

With a screwed up hook that went

Stack that cheese

Something, Something, Something...

Stack that cheese

Mother, Sister, Cousin...

Stack that cheese

He couldn't think of nothing...

Stack that cheese

He turns down the beat, Writer's block and peads

Crying from the next room a baby in need

Of some pampers and some food and a place to sleep

That plus a black Cadillac on D's

Is what keep him on track to be a great MC

One you never heard of, I...

Push it hard to further the...

Grind, I feel like murder but...

Hip Hop has saved me

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Raps north side so he rocks them braids

Eleven hundred friends on his Myspace page

'Stack that cheese' got seven hundred plays

Producer made him take it down, said he had to pay

Open Mic champ two weeks in a row

XD boy with a B-boy flow

Glow like Leroy you should see boy go

Got a daddy serving life and a brother on the road

Best homie in a grave, tatted up while in the cage

Minute maid got his momma working like a slave

Down baby momma who he really had to honor

Cause she was his biggest fan, even let him use her Honda to

Drive up to Dallas with a open up for amateurs

Let him keep her debit cards so he could put gas in it

Told her when he get home he gon' take her to the Galleria

Buy her everything but the mannequins, ya dig

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His man called, said "Ya time might be now."

They played ya freestyle over Wipe Me Down.

They played it two times, said it might be crowned
As the best thing out the H-Town in a while."
He picked up his son with a great, big smile
Rapped every single word to the newborn child
Then he put him down and went back to the kitchen
And put on another beat and got back to the mission, to
Get his momma out the hood, put her somewhere in the woods
Keep his lady looking good, have her rolling like she should
Show us home is this'a way, other than that flipping yay
Bail his homie outta jail, put a lawyer on his case
Throw a concert for the school, show the shoulders that it's cool
Throw some candy on the caddy, chucked a duece, and act a fool
Man it feels good when it happens like that
Two days from going back to selling crack, yessir
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One you never heard of, I...
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Hip Hop has saved my life
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