

# Lupe Fiasco, Pen & The Needles

[Lupe: talking followed by Pen Writing]

[Verse 1:]

Before I start, like to make sure I'm smart  
Gather my composure, rather my swagger and my culture  
Pivot my fitted, then begin to rivet, with a change of lyric  
In other words, I reposition how I sit it,  
Then make u "feel it" Like I mispronounced Filet,  
On second thought, I can't make u fill it  
Like u diggin' ya own grave, 'less u can Kill Bill it  
A night of the living passed the wait  
Can u dig it? Why Emcee? Hey,  
I do it for my village-  
The pennin' is John Lennon, the beat; is the Beatles  
Go together like Lennon and the people  
In some fresh linens and some John Lennon's fresh outta Seagle's  
The pen and the needles...

[Writing and mumbling upcoming verse]

[Verse 2:]

I'm back at cha, and I Pac' like cap backwards  
Like a hat's backwards, you know, when the bats backwards  
Yeah, like a bat catchers  
The law gotta long arm like a back scratcher  
But before I leave mine at home  
Like a bad catcher, I think about my zone  
Where pimps make scratch off the track like a DJ  
Easy, that's my zone rappers  
It's my deck...  
And if I catch u set trippin' wit my cassette sittin' in a zone rappers:  
It's not a threat,  
Cuz it'll span ya where I roam rappers, where I hone my skills  
They wanna send me back home the devil, is on my heels  
The wreckingness thing like in a sequences police, i repeat  
We go together like the Beauty and the Beast  
Writing is in my veins;  
The ink is the diesel, the pen and the needles

[Writing and mumbling upcoming verse]

The word is mightier than the sword  
And my serve is tightier than yours  
Like year in St. Louis ya whole flow  
I fear I sank through it...  
It all became clear,  
Like a paramedic with an electric chest kit, YEAH  
The gravity of the vocabulary is a caliber equal to Excalibur  
Swung wit the grace of Agassi in his amateurs, THERE  
There was a deeper depth, don't know how I got here  
I also had a hole in my flow,  
It appears I sank to it...  
My swing, it couldn't be seen  
I apply some paint to it, the invisible man  
Wrapped in bandages, in critical, CLEAR  
The scriptin' of Scorsese the score is Count Basie  
We go together like, the original and the sequel  
This is the end of the trilogy, ya feelin' me?  
The pen and the needles...