

Gold Watch

Lupe Fiasco

Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here

Let's peruse the essentials of Cool
A brief study of the things so instrumental to Lu
That make me feel flyer than lobby's of W's
A disclaimer just a rhymers, no credentials from a school

Now let's peruse the essentials of Cool
A brief study of the things so instrumental to Lu
That make me feel flyer than lobby's of W's
A disclaimer just a rhymers, no credentials from a school

In my Fall of Rome jeans, my Head Porter wallet
My Neighborhood shirt and my Eddie Cheng clock
Shit might not go to college but my street smart polished
Like the black fingernails 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 boys now I'm skating in your pool

Not to be rude, I'm just hating on your rules
Like a young 50, I'm on my world tour
Good morning Singapore, I'm bringing the sun wit me
From the Robert Taylor homes to Africa's slum cities

I am American mentally with Japanese tendencies
Parisian sensibility, so stay out the vicinity of
Yea, yea them 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's so game and it's
Yea, yea, she love it over here
It's just yea, yea, she love it over here
It's just yea, yea, she love it over here
It's just yea, yea, she love it over here

I like City candles and Maharishi sandals
And Dita sunglasses, Purple Murder surface samples
I like False T-shirts, Dover street is off the handle
Such a good designer, Junya Watanabe got damn you

I like Yohji Yamamoto and a Mackro Solo
Leather Gucci belts and Guilty Brotherhood polo's
I like Montblanch pens and Moleskine paper
I like Goyard bags and green Now or Later's

Monocle magazine and Japanese manga
Futura, noz furatus and HTM trainers
I love Street Fighter 2, I just really hate Zangeif
Only Ken and Ryu, I find it hard to beat Blanka

Keep a Wii ninja hanging and an Unkle album banging
If you negative in energy then stay out the vicinity of
Yea, yea them 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 so plain
Got a couple scars and one of those long names

She a fight a nigga and cusses with no shame
And her ex-man had her bagging up cocaine but she
Yea, yea she love it over here
It's just yea, yea she love it over here
It's just yea, yea she love it over here
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 'bout prettier
And ignorance is enemy so stay out the vicinity of
Yea, yea them 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 so plain
Got a couple scars and one of those long names

She a fight a nigga and cusses with no shame
And her ex-man had her bagging up cocaine but she
Yea, yea she love it over here
It's just yea, yea she love it over here
It's just yea, yea she love it over here
It's just yea, yea she love it over here and it's

Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here
Oh give the drummer some, yea get outta here