

Put Em Up

Lupe Fiasco

Put one in the air like the king's son
For the heir to the kingdom
That means I'm a be the king once the king done
If he don't wanna leave then I might have to guillotine him
I sing some but I rap a lot like the king's son
Microphone checker all across the board you should king him
Diamond mine my mind make princesses like King Come
Every second worth of thinkin'
Is enough to fill three rings like Ringling's
That's how I kept it on the air; it's like a re-run
And kept the kings comin in obscene sums
See for me it's life or death like a king thumb
Mean something
That's why I don't play when I relay like a team run
And treat every single day like a scene one
Outlook on life like I ain't never seen none
Nigga, what

I keep my back to the past tell it bye bye
Face to the future tell it hi hi
Everything is super so is fly fly
Come and stick the fans up
Gon' and get your hands up high
High
High
High

Post coast to coast, gotta dose of every lingo
The latest famous 80's baby like the dingo
Who evaded pushing daisies, dodge bullets like Remo
Remember like Ginkgo when we used to play bingo
Used to be in awe at what the pushers and the pimps owned
Now I flip cars like the ribs on the Flintstones
Haters got mad and as sensitive as shinbones
Had a Goodyear and my intention is to blimp on
Even if I'm injured I'm gonna limp into the end zone
From game one to the super like Karrine dome
That mean I went to Disney World and you just went home
It's Lupe and I ain't from there
But they root for the away
Yeah, they stunned there how eautifully I play
Gatorade the coach and tubas need to play now
Usually I stay; put'em on the roof for more truth for me to say
Nigga, what

The laboratory happy for me cause I'm back with my belongings
Ferrari 'bout as ready as when Carrie was the prom queen
Think outside the box like Larry Merchant, Don King
The glacier in Jamaica or a penguin out in Palm Springs
Yeah, keep'em in the air like a swan wing
And I'm a keep it magic as a Harry Potter wand swing
In my lil' shop with my terracotta pot
You be talkin' 'bout your kush, you should come and here my 'larm sing
So put'em up like a robbery
A Derrick Rose lob to me
And watch and see I alley-oop it properly
Football or volley-b, hock-e-ly or sock-e-ly

You just get the rock to me
Try and put me down like Gaddafi over Lockerbie
I'll lock you in a locker, b
Like Bruce Leeroy, like Johnny in a locker see
Shocka Z, only think that Tupac is toppin' me
Hot as rocket bottoms or Kilauea lava
What