

# Spraypaint & Ink Pens

## Fort Minor

Fort Minor, Minor  
Fort Minor, Minor, Minor...

Uh, spraypaint and ink pens  
I use to write in every color I think in  
To paint a picture with every rhyme that I speak in  
Yeah, the gallery is the beat then I... I... I... I...

Yes, ladies and gentlemen  
We have a special guest for you this evening  
Ghost, you ready?

Yo, I verbally paint pictures, I'm the hood's best storyteller  
This about a young boy dealing with the older fellas  
Promised him the lives you see on TV  
He ran packs across town like rhyme CD's  
And big chains, new clothes, Nikes and Reeboks  
Stacking too much loot to squeeze in a shoe box  
Saving, he promised his mom a crib in Atlanta  
And his pops got killed through debt, he was a dealer  
So he staged jazz, fox jump off the suit cases  
No more cross-town, now he's crossing them states and  
Seeing new faces, not knowing who to trust  
So when the door kicked open they scream "This is a bust"  
"Is it a set up?", it seems funny, a scuffle broke out  
He got hit, dropped the cases spitting blood out of his mouth  
He walked four blocks to die trying to survive  
And now all that's left is his mom screaming "God Why?"

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Yeah, yeah, let me begin by saying "Shut the fuck up!"  
Let my begin by saying I don't think this man knew what he had in store  
He opened the door and found the bag under the floor  
Not a peep, always working a lot, get the flame, aim, pop  
Open the box and take off out the back of the pawn shop  
Scoping the lot, hoping the cops hadn't seen the plates on his car  
He felt like he been hustling so hard like a demon he pumped a cold heart  
Play it cool like Humphrey Bogart, put the rings on his chain attached by both parts  
He did the drop, one ring in a bag, envelope, all the money he had  
Left the money and the ring in a slow exhale  
Two weeks went by, got a box in the mail  
In the box was a bullet made of gold  
Melted down from the ring, recast with two rings and a band  
And he stared at it sitting in the palm of his hand  
And sat down next to a picture that sat on the nightstand  
It was his wife in the picture on his side  
With the ring on the finger on the week that she died  
As he looked in the reflection, at those eyes so red  
He put the bullet in a gun and put it right in his head like that

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Uh, yeah, uh

Fiasco!

You know he didn't have enough power in his thrusters to muster Warp 5  
Plus if he pushed it, the fuel cells could rupture then they would die  
Then the galaxy would suffer but he knew he had to try  
But he couldn't risk it, put the cure in the escape pod and kissed it  
And told her goodbye, she started to cry, but he knew if he could distract 'em  
He could buy her some time and she could make it out alive  
Turn the suit around and got prepared for the stand off  
Space mind had blew one of the hands off  
Damaged laser cannons and he got the system jammed  
And he faced the whole fleet, blood seeping through his teeth  
The final saga in the seven planet wars  
Unsheathed the sword and then he charged forward  
His eyes flashed behind the cracked cockpit glass  
He let out a laugh and then all she heard was a blast like

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Yeah, ladies and gentlemen  
This has been a Fort Minor production  
Ghostface! Fiasco!

Uh, spraypaint and ink pens

It's an expression coming out of a simple can of paint  
Look, it's the easiest way for the average kid to paint things using himself  
as the meaning of it  
You gonna get into the gallery there soon, man  
Why? I'm not gonna be famous one day  
Why do you always say that?  
Cause it's true