

# Adoration of the Magi

Lupe Fiasco

You're so smart  
You're like, a contemporary museum of art  
That farts, that's harsh  
Narcissism, on narcotics  
On sharp objects in large pockets  
At dark, you ain't gotta hide it  
Keep it, metal gear solid  
Lead the leaders, that's how you file it  
Then clobber it  
Low on energy, find peach cobbler then gobble it  
Yeah, it's food in them drums and boxes  
If you beat 'em up then they'll drop it  
And they'll rapidly flicker till they disappear  
Blinking gradually quickens till they isn't here  
And that's da da da da da da da...  
Just to be back in  
Reincarnated, exact twin  
Exact ten, exact twelve  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba...  
Exact self  
Do I really gotta say it?  
Didn't we all play it?  
Dojo, Abobo  
Overshore the throat, polo  
Billy, Jimmy  
Even on the low low

Why you ready to die? You just a baby  
Why them tears up under your eyes? You just a baby  
Keep your head up in the sky, you just a baby  
Quit chasing money, never mind, you just a baby  
(These Maji adore you) [x2]  
Why you wanna be born again? You just a baby  
Why you playing in the streets? You just a baby

Now let's vogue, Martin pose  
Downward facing dog, warrior pose  
Tree pose, bridge pose  
Triangle pose, seated twist (pose, pose)  
Upward facing dog (pose, pose)  
Pigeon pose  
In this bitch, that's vulgar, that's yoga  
Let's try it again with clothes  
And closer, enclosure, exposures  
Quiet is kept like Rosicrucian meet koza nostras on Oprah's sofa  
With both controllers  
Watchin' Gazans and ashkenazis ride roller coasters  
Say yeah  
Yeah, lots of options, now up is down, two player  
Now A is jump and B is punch  
You seein' somethin' that weren't there  
To find friendliness in a nemesis, it's a old test  
3 buttons, see somethin'  
That's emphasis on genesis

Can't be eyes closed when you side scroll  
You not the first person

The first person from your first cursin'  
To your first cursive  
And your curse words is in the curve version  
It occurs virgin is the word version  
That refers perfect to the first person  
In the third verse, who's really me  
In the third person but prefers the first one, that's me  
Again  
Master cleanse and a syringe  
From a gerber until your first burger  
Pamper to her depends  
Everything between is just drawers  
Even in between is no loss  
Even where the king is no boss  
Meet it with a swing it's so south  
Unless you Bamm Bamm  
Knocking them pitches into the grand stands  
In the club, watching the women just do them hand stands  
Like you a man's man  
That's washing down a ham with the Zam Zam  
Who got a baby in here with these strippers?  
She's two weeks pregnant  
Didn't even know, he's dancing with her, damn...