

# Strange Fruition

Lupe Fiasco

Now I can't pledge allegiance to your flag  
Cause I can't find no reconciliation with your past  
When there was nothing equal for my people in your math  
You forced us in the ghetto and then you took our dads  
The belly of the beast, these streets are demons' abs  
I'm telling you that setup in them sit-ups is so sad  
The system is a slab  
Corruption is the swinger sittin' high ridin' dirty, drag racin' into  
danger  
And it's so clean, pine trees smellin' good  
With work off in the trunk and niggas in the hood  
So I can't shed blood on any battlefield of yours  
I pray the ugly truth comes and shatters your decor  
And as it all falls down and tatters on the floor  
I shed tears, I don't know what really matters anymore  
Cause I don't know what really matters anymore

Many things, strangest things you ever seen  
Oh, look at how they swing, would you look at how they swing?  
Embedded they go, no eyelids gone low  
Or gone by sundown, they're dodging 5-0

Now as I wander through the city goin' mad  
I see the fruits of planting evidence instead of grass  
A swindled generation with no patience, full of swag  
Man, they so impatient with the stations that they have  
As long as they look good when they be doin' bad  
Then the separation from the truth is gettin' vast, fast  
Be a slave at first or free at last  
Double-edged choices make a nigga wanna pass  
Double-headed voices from the eagle on the staff  
The pyramid where eyes will split the spirited in half  
Divided over money  
Delighted by the dummyin' down of the importance of crowns we'll never have  
That's why my sounds and sermons are so full of wrath  
Baptize your mind, let your brain take a bath  
Swim inside the river get delivered from the craft  
Of the witches in this business that be livin' off your sad  
Hatin' on your happiness you hit 'em off with laughs  
Smile 'til they surrender, then you kill 'em off with glad  
Hello evil, I'm back

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