Strange Fruition (feat. Casey Benjamin)

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
Sitting high riding dirty, drag racing into danger
And it's so clean, pine trees smelling 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 in tatters on the floor
I shed tears, I don't know what really matters anymore
Cause I don't know what really matters anymore
Man it ain't mean, the strangest thing you've ever seen
Oh, would you look at how they swing, would you look at how they swing?
They ain't dead though, no, I didn't die y'all
I cut myself down, and I admire my fall, into grace
Now as I wander through the city going 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 doing bad
Then the separation from the truth is getting 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 dummying
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 living off your sad
Hating 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
Man it ain't mean, the strangest thing you've ever seen
Oh, would you look at how they swing, would you look at how they swing?
They ain't dead though, no, I didn't die y'all
I cut myself down, and I admire my fall, into grace

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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