

Little Death (feat. Nikki Jean)

Lupe Fiasco

Now bring it out
Like a finger in the back of your mouth
Cherubs and cerebellum, Tara at Sarah's wedding
Sam marrying Sam
Band pushed upon the finger of Sam's hairiest hand
If that sickens you, you a bigot
If it doesn't well you're wicked
Such is life
Odd as Egg McMuffins at night
No answers, so let us watch these dancers
Structure reformed gracefully being born
On the pallet of dark greys, concaves and spirals
Kaleidoscope into a Eiffel
It ripples then it tides
Vacillates then it virals
Babylon's in the Bibles and others
And tell me of the spinning mothers
And today's mathematics for beloved
And beasts' bellies covered like the cummerbunds of butlers...
How was your day, can I make what you say
What I wanna hear, cause I want you here
The hell that we raised to the heavens do anything for
La petite mort, la petite mort They keep the bottles just to make glass houses
Then climb up to the second floors and throw rocks out it
Then expect not a volley in reply
Some place vulnerable like proly in the eye
What of the chicken? what is it missin', is it dry?
Did it die in some inhumane conditions so it didn't go relaxed
And attention from its demise pulled all of the flavour from the fat
And made it flat and rather lifeless
Well there's a place that has a stunning [?]
And more mercifully murdered Pisces
But barbaric are still the prices
It's rather niceless, apricot in dices and fromage slices
My son will call risotto rices
If and when he's left to his own devices, well
How is your memory?
Is it returning like a lemon tree
To bear bitter fruit of what you meant to me
Or was it slippin' like permission am I trippin' like Phil
I feel I'm grippin' but maybe the transition
Still left out the life, also left out the will, grief

Will cheese never touch your teeth
Maybe like kosher beef
Is it real, is it real, is it real
Ha, hah!
How at the date can I make you my break
Cause I want you dear, ooh, I want you dear
The hell that we raised to the heavens make [?] for
Our petite mort, our petite mort So glad you're back, but not glad at that you're [?]
Where is the glamour in collapse?
Where in the shatter of the facts shoves one back to a pattern of stab wounds
Swoon ridden goons consumed and driven mad soon
The attended years slowly fills with baboons
That other monkey business
Where killers go free cause a junkie's a funky witness
Runny mascaras from the cunning mask wearers of death
Bygone errors, sittin' like two oil derricks
Separated by a sea of cooling num nums
Reminiscing of an every day playing hum drum
Where recognition went unnoticed
And then solidified till it was stoic
We should've been poets
Somewhere between amateurs and grandmasters of iambic pentameter How are your chains, do
they make you behave
Keep you over here, by your overseer
Fallen from grace down from heaven to memories [?]
La petite mort, la petite mort

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>