

# 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 tidals  
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/>