

# Blur My Hands (feat. Guy Sebastian)

## Lupe Fiasco

From the floating death, to the fire of death  
To a flower outside my grave and oh man  
Were you just being polite with your hands? Take time to learn me like court appointed  
attorneys  
Restore the order, we either join or adjourning  
Less you join I'm up performing the journey  
In all earnest, I go so Bernie  
Takes another nigga to turn me  
Get it straight, I ain't late on states  
I'm just sternly stating  
How what I do, with grace takes another nigga to turn mean  
My return means like blockbuster with a tick  
And I ain't kind but I don't hit  
So you starting at the end, that's the part where you begin  
I skip the bullshit so we can start it where we win  
Yeah, spoiler alert  
I can hear you all saying "boy you're a jerk"  
But it's cool though, know we gotta rule yo  
Get in, then we win and do it all again, ho  
From the floating death, to the fire of death  
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man  
Were you just being polite with your hands?  
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan  
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too  
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too  
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one Me and [?] we made a deal, that I'm gon' keep  
'em real  
And they show me their secrets, I can even cop a feel  
Victorious, can't match wit, with warriors  
I match wig with wits, similarly can match sticks with forests'  
Only you can prevent what I do  
Only due can prevent what's my view  
I match matchsticks with wicks  
Wicker man, take a sip of liquor and  
Spit the lip off warriors  
And spit flames, nigga get in the gang ahh  
From the floating death, to the fire of death  
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man  
Were you just being polite with your hands?  
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan  
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too  
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too

Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one  
It's road rage, without a roll cage  
Takes cold rage to run on this road race  
I know you like "no way", but I'm a full race  
Also every soccer Terry Fox moulding, go ahead  
Don't stop, go ahead  
Sitting in your car, just listening to the bars  
And there's traffic all around and you feel like falling down  
And the music that I'm spewing out, enough to calm him down  
'Fore you know you watch your car with your briefcase walkin' round  
And them dollars from the budget that went to S1 Production  
And Sebastian on the hook, like being dug by Michael Douglas  
So don't start that walk through Echo Park  
My life's a 101 and you caught up in the jam  
Just show some love back to your number one fan  
From the floating death, to the fire of death  
To a flower outside of my grave and oh man  
Were you just being polite with your hands?  
And it really means I'm number one, and you're a fan  
Well that's cool, cause I think you're number one too  
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one too  
Yeah that's cool, cause I think you're number one

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