

# Dots & Lines

## Lupe Fiasco

You look just like how I'ma be  
Sacred geometry  
In a line, in a line, in a line, in a line, in a line  
Three angels in kind, on time, go straight, don't sign  
You look just like how I'ma be  
Sacred geometry  
In a line, in a line, in a line, in a line, in a line  
Three angels in kind, on time, go straight, don't sign  
With a platinum plaque  
She like Robin, George, and Jack  
The mind fears what the blinds hide  
But I'm here on the blind side  
Hanging up till the line dies  
Then off the hook for the crimes try  
Get awful looks from tribe tribe unlawful jux we can climb skies  
That's Robin Hood, arrows of the rich'll steal  
In Hollywood and featherweight I step by step let it escalate  
Till you get it, we'll tell you if I hit it  
When you make pie if you don't fidget  
Xzibit Pimp My Ride exquisite  
We G's coach us back if we die in business  
My Lord is my chemist, my sword is some Khemet  
Egyptian fonts and ankhs  
Scottish write with Montblancs let us stomp  
I walk as my father walk, master builder is what I thought  
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Yeah  
Where the golden means, so the overseer gets overseen  
And the over here's are the older things  
Can see the bell but don't know the rings  
The rings are not sounds, but circles  
Wear these on your virtues  
See through these circles just live Steve Urkel  
Till it's all universal  
And it harmonize and like the Porsche into the larger size  
And it's dynamic in the high standard  
So each degree has a part to price

See big worlds have little worlds that feed on their velocity  
And little world have lesser worlds and so on to viscosity  
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The applause and patience of the laws in  
nature  
Override lies and the laws of nations  
Pilgrims bear witness at all the stations  
Sun positions overcome traditions  
Numbers govern our young religions  
Dead levels making plum decisions  
Perpendicular to the undivision  
That's bad curricular to the unconditioned  
Any love less than unconditional is so under Christian it's unrepentant  
The physical part of my church emits the invisible arts of my work  
To make gold from garbage is not the unchemical part of this map  
But truth me told it's the pursuit of gold  
That turns the goal of men into trash  
The souls gold and they turning gold into cash  
And your reflection is your connection to more collections of more directions and paths  
If your reflection is a mask, then you're reflective of mass  
To see yourself just look at me then split your reflection in half  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>