

Lost Generation (feat. Lupe Fiasco)

Big K.R.I.T.

I wish we could stay to see what happens
We have to let them find their way, but we will create
again
Came back like the Mack, Caddy cut dime in the back
Eight track slap off the rack, I have to relapse
Po' of the fo' out the tap, break a pro back 'til it snap
She lives in my lap, eager to give up her snatch
Still on the prowl for my match
The milk and the honey, it's all about the love of the money
Space age pimp was adept, that's after the fact
Land and I make contact, destroy if they give their bomb back
Prepare for combat, peace and love still beyond that
Share the win with my comrades, that's actual fact
Odd, but they actually lack at the peak of
impact
Where the soul and mind is attached
Stars will align on the map, my plan of attack
For the lost generation
This ain't meant to be preached on
This here meant to be taught on
I know that you ain't got much time
I promise this rhyme won't take long
You need it in your life like you need a better job
Like you need another hobby
Instead of waiting in the lobby, with the soft and the hard
Until the police holla copy, freeze
I know how it get when you ain't got shit to flush
And them balloons you bought getting bust
Cause everybody want mo' than what they really say so
You don't know who to trust
On the outside looking in of the Beamer, Bentley, Benz
Dreaming about the backseat
But you don't know what the driver had to do just to pass by you
That's if you ask me
So, shawty, don't do the dash on 'em
I hope you never crash on 'em
What good is flashin' or livin' the fastest
If you in a casket? I couldn't imagine
My mama hanging over me crying
Cause my soul is too young to let go of me
I'm saying what I gotta
Cause the club songs ain't saving my partner
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For the lost generation Nigga, we ain't lost
This the bitch I'm a boss generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
This is xans got me nodding off generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
This the puttin' candy in my cough generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
You can find me jumping off the porch generation
(For the lost generation) For that, KRIT, let's kill these niggas
You got skills to help build these killers (killers)
Take the murder rate even higher (higher)
And take a nigga bitch in the process
Turn the whole thing into a contest
My nigga fuck this mic
We should be fucking with MIC
Military industrial complex
And we can get rich, nigga, fuck showing love
They ain't listening to us
They ain't playing this bitch in the club
So let's get paid, turn these motherfuckers into slaves
School is for lames, man, these niggas join gangs
Fuck Martin Luther King, nigga, fuck change
Fuck peace, I want a chain
With Jesus on the end of that bitch like BLAM!
Fuck peace, I want a plane
Fill that bitch with cocaine
And make these bitches move their booties
And help these niggas make their movies
Talk these niggas into their graves
And talk these hoes out their coochies
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