

# Intro

## Lupe Fiasco

Food and liquor stores rest on every corner  
From 45th and State to the last standing Henry Horner  
J&J's, pale chicken, good finger lickin  
While they sin, gin, sin sin at Rothschild and Lynnwood Liquors  
The winos crooked stagger  
Meets the high stride of the youth searchin for the truth  
They rebel and raise hell across alleyways and in classroom settings  
They get, high off that drum bass and 20/20 rims  
They rock braids, Air Force Ones and Timbs  
They drink Hennessy, Hypnotiq and 40's  
They call they women hoes, bust downs and shorties  
They keep funeral homes in business and gunshot wards of hospitals full  
Prisons packed, bubblin over in brown sugar  
They keep empty, Westside lots crowded, hype's powdered  
The well is running dry, the days of Malcolm and Martin have ended  
Our hope has descended and off to the side  
Waiting for the reinstallment of the revolution  
Because we are dying at the cost of our own pollution  
But God has another solution, that has evolved from the hood  
I present one who turns, the Fiasco to good  
A'uzu billahi min ash shaitani r rajimi  
Bismi 'llahi 'r-rahmani 'r-rahim  
Dedicated, to my grandmother  
Peace! And much love to you  
YEAH!! And it start  
1st and, 15, proudly present  
You know what it is  
See.. I got this philosophy right  
I think the world, and everything in it  
Is made up of a mix, of two things  
You got your good, y'know, and your bad  
You got your food, and your liquor  
That's right.. Chilly Chill!  
You already know, it's a long time comin  
I give you my.. I give you my heart  
My soul, my mind my thoughts, my feelings  
My experience, nuttin more, and nuttin less  
Yes, FNF, uh-huh! So  
With no further ado...  
Lupe Fiasco's, "Food & Liquor"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>