

# Strange Fruition (feat. Casey Benjamin)

## Lupe Fiasco

Now I can't pledge allegiance to your flag  
Cause I can't find no reconciliation with your past  
When there was nothing equal for my people in your math  
You forced us in the ghetto and then you took our dads  
The belly of the beast, these streets are demons' abs  
I'm telling you that setup in them sit-ups is so sad  
The system is a slab, corruption is the swinger  
Sitting high riding dirty, drag racing into danger  
And it's so clean, pine trees smelling good  
With work off in the trunk and niggas in the hood  
So I can't shed blood on any battlefield of yours  
I pray the ugly truth comes and shatters your decor  
And as it all falls down in tatters on the floor  
I shed tears, I don't know what really matters anymore  
Cause I don't know what really matters anymore  
Man it ain't mean, the strangest thing you've ever seen  
Oh, would you look at how they swing, would you look at how they swing?  
They ain't dead though, no, I didn't die y'all  
I cut myself down, and I admire my fall, into grace  
Now as I wander through the city going mad  
I see the fruits of planting evidence instead of grass  
A swindled generation with no patience, full of swag  
Man, they so impatient with the stations that they have  
As long as they look good when they be doing bad  
Then the separation from the truth is getting vast, fast  
Be a slave at first or free at last  
Double-edged choices make a nigga wanna pass  
Double-headed voices from the eagle on the staff  
The pyramid where eyes will split the spirited in half  
Divided over money, delighted by the dummies  
Down of the importance of crowns we'll never have  
That's why my sounds and sermons are so full of wrath  
Baptize your mind, let your brain take a bath  
Swim inside the river get delivered from the craft  
Of the witches in this business that be living off your sad  
Hating on your happiness you hit 'em off with laughs  
Smile 'til they surrender, then you kill 'em off with glad  
Hello evil, I'm back  
Man it ain't mean, the strangest thing you've ever seen  
Oh, would you look at how they swing, would you look at how they swing?  
They ain't dead though, no, I didn't die y'all  
I cut myself down, and I admire my fall, into grace

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

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