

Hip Hop Saved My Life

Lupe Fiasco feat. Nikki Jean (2007)

Dedicate, dedicate, (Lupe speaking)

Uh this one right here goes out to my homie with the dream, nahmean.
He said 'I write what I see,' write to make it right, don't like where I be,
I like to make it like the sights on tv, quite the great life, so nice and easy,
See, now you can still die from that,

But it's better than not being alive from straps, agreed
A mead notebook and a Bic that click when it's pushed and a wack beat.
That's a track that's weak that he got last week,
Cuz everybody in the studio was like, "that's that heat!"

A bass heavy medley with a sample from the 70s
With a screwed up hook that went "stack that cheese."
Something, somethin', somethin', "stack that cheese."
Mother, sister, cousin, "stack that cheese."

He couldn't think of nothin', "stack that cheese."
He turns down the beat, writer's block impedes
Crying from the next room a baby in need
Of some pampers and some food and a place to sleep.

That plus a black cadillac on D's is what keep him on track to be a great MC.

One you never heard of
I push it hard to further the
Grind I feel like murder but
Hip Hop has saved my life. (repeat x2)

Reps Northside so he rocks them braids,
Eleven hundred friends on his myspace page.
"Stack that cheese" got seven hundred plays
Producer made him take it down, said he had to pay.

Open mic champ two weeks in a row:
Ex D-boy with a B-boy flow.
Glow like Leroy, you should see boy go.
Got a daddy servin life and a brother on The Row.
Best homie in the grave, tatted up while in the cage

Minutemaide got his momma workin like a slave
Down baby momma who he really had to honor cuz she was his biggest fan,
Even let him use the Honda, drive up to Dallas, went to open up for amateurs.
Let him keep her debit card so he could put gas in it,
Told her when he get on, he gonna take her to the gallery,
Buy up everything but the mannequins, ya dig.

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His man called, said, "your time might be now,"
They played your freestyle over "Wipe me down."
They played it two times, said it might be crowned
As the best thing out the H-TOWN in a while.

He picked up his son with a great big smile,
rapped every single word to the newborn child.
Then he put em down and went back to the kitchen
Put on another beat and got back to the mission

Of get his momma out the hood.
Put her somewhere in the woods.
Keep his lady lookin good,
Have her rolling like she should.

Show his homies there's a way other than flippin' yay.
Bail his homie outta jail, put a lawyer on his case.
Throw a concert for the school, show the shorties that's it cool
Throw some candy on the caddy, chuck the duece and act a fool.
Man it feels good when it happens like that.
Two days from goin back to sellin' crack, yessir.

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Hip hop has saved my life. (repeat x5)