

## Deliver

Lupe Fiasco

(Pow x30)

Thirty somethin' shots from the ghetto gun  
All in the ears of the ghetto young  
Some ghetto girls, some ghetto sons  
Throwing rocks at the bus and other ghetto fun  
I always wondered where the ghetto from  
Cause I'm from the ghetto, the never ghetto come  
But you win if the bell of my ghetto rung  
But if the ghetto lose, that mean a ghetto won  
That's how they do the ghetto, that's how the ghetto done  
They keep it, they never bring the ghetto none  
We make the ghetto tick, we make the ghetto run  
We make the ghetto sick, we make the ghetto dumb  
These n\*\*\*\*s off that ghetto beer and that ghetto rum  
And that ghetto bass with my ghetto drums  
And my ghetto words and these ghetto problems  
Get ghetto sums  
That's why...

The pizza man don't come here no more  
Too much dope  
Too many n\*\*\*\*s on the porch  
So the pizza man don't approach (no, no, no)  
Pizza man don't come here no more  
Too many n\*\*\*\*s on the block  
Too many n\*\*\*\*s gettin shot  
So the pizza man don't stop (pow, pow, pow)  
The pizza man don't come here no more  
Too many n\*\*\*\*s gettin robbed  
N\*\*\*\*s don't wanna starve but  
"Niggas ain't got no jobs, blah blah blah"  
The pizza man don't come here no more  
Deliver, deliver, deliver

Is it cause they're selling nicks out there all day  
Cause a prostitute sucking d\*\*k in the hallway  
Little Caesar's never sendin' pizza out ya'll way  
Papa Johns never get delivered where y'all stayed  
The Ghetto was a physical manifestation of hate  
And a place where ethnicity determines your placement  
A place that defines your station  
Remind you n\*\*\*\*s your place is the basement  
White people in the attic  
N\*\*\*\*s selling dope, White people is the addicts  
White folks act like they ain't show us how to traffic  
All that dope to China, you don't call that trappin'?  
Breaking Bad, learned that from a tv  
So don't say its politics when you see me  
When you gon' apologize for your cd  
N\*\*\*\*a that don't match red and black to a gd

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Can I get delivered from the sin and get a little slice of Heaven I can enter in again  
Or maybe just imagine that I'm livin in a mansion or a palace and my pizza gets delivered in a Benz  
Make a savior out of savage like they made it out of magic  
So it take a n\*\*\*\*a havoc and it make it into friends  
You don't even need a salad, it don't make a n\*\*\*\*a fatter  
Actually take a n\*\*\*\*a backwards and make a n\*\*\*\*a thin  
That's a deep dish  
Chicago style get the peace stick  
Homerunner hitter, I be drillin' on the weak pitch  
Pay into the plate then I put it in your face  
I'm a man, never bitin' on the hands that I eat with  
No Giordano or Di Giorno  
Homemade bull, they bring it to him like a toro  
Throwing dough up in the air-bottom to the top and shredder full of cheese smatter than a purple ninja turtle

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