

Body of Work (feat. Troi & Terrace Martin)

Lupe Fiasco

Closet full of bones
Just don't try to put'em back together
(Try to put'em back together)
And I'll just bite my tongue
So wear it like a scarlet letter
(Wear it like a scarlet letter) Quiet in the court for the courtship
Marriage of the dork and the gorgeous
Took her from the king of the corpses
He revolve jumped the wall of the fort with the horses
This is foretold, bojangles was tapping in morse code
At least to the mad man genius, tap top secrets and more gold
From the guts of the mother, [?] should move her undercover
With a \$3, 000 son she just want a lover
And somebody else that come and try and drug her
Take her off the grill, she done
Pills celebrating, "we won"
In the system of the women, never knew he had it in him
This condition when the world that they make him become
Cocaine and new high tech way smuggle whole things
From the control range that make radio heads with gold brains
Depart 84' Jags on gold chains
Developing niggas from a whole name
God is great, but it's snakes on my soul plane
Closet full of bones
Just don't try to put'em back together
(Try to put'em back together)
And I'll just bite my tongue
So wear it like a scarlet letter
(Wear it like a scarlet letter) Anatomy (skin), will be the death of me
Anatomy (skin), that's just my anatomy
Anatomy (skin), will be the death of me (Tell me what to do)
Limo to the limit, fill it till the brim get in it
You can't get it, if you gotta ask
In that case I want two masks
Bottom class, dollar cast
Poppin' tags, droppin' trash in shopping bags
Till Hakeem take our pocket cash
(Am I beautiful?)
Write it in lights, molly in the body of Christ
Drop me to the lobby from heights
Then over the threshold to redeem the doorway
Fourteen broads like the king of Norway

Fourteen broads having dreams of foreplay
Fourteen arm Shiva
If the government get it I'm a fool
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So wear it like a scarlet letter
(Wear it like a scarlet letter)Anatomy (skin), will be the death of me
Anatomy (skin), that's just my anatomy
Anatomy (skin), will be the death of meSanskrit dance on the page of the dead book
Don't leave the restroom with the left foot
Flags of Tibet, to bet, to bed, to death, flesh
Release the leash on a fast car
Feed on the keys, fall asleep in a Jaguar
The tip of thy sword is white
Am I night, am I black, am I light?
Have I been this?
Realize my begin when I find where my end this
Oedipus wrecks, mother fucker this better than sex
Material potion the love of my martyr
Currency soaked in the blood of my father
(Will you cry for me?)
Sky burial, at the wind carry your, father
That I could
An anatomy, not of me, knitting me to it, nodding me to it
Eyes of the eye and others, watching me do it
Adapt in each rubik
Kubrick in plot and tone
Lots of bones, scolds to the top of the tone
Skim through it is just skin to it
You're so thin you see the sin through itCloset full of bones
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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