Y'all niggas better not be coming around me with that fugazi no more, you kn ow? Got that thang for your ass, you know? (I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna I'm gonna have to leave you) Yvette stylin' at Met Gala Tuna salad from La Scala Black sweats, swallow a lot of reefer God, it hard to quit the bottom feeder, lobster eater When I fast, I see Elijah's features A million cash for a Nas feature Nas cheaper, do it for free if you do it for me 52 bar verse if the beat is movin' me Stumble through customs, coppin' Cubans at the Duty Free Layin' on the most expensive beds, still I'm losin' sleep Next to Jet's Beauty of the Week 1993 Chin grabber, neck choker, in her mouth spitter Blouse ripper, ass gripper, that dig you out nigga I ain't gon' hold you, old head gave me old news I don't owe you, shoulda heard when I told you You are an extension of what I've worked hard to build You believe in your own lies, can't be real And the odds is that What you love can kill you, like a heart physician who dies from a heart att ack I know the consumer behavior, I target that You impressed with what they wearing, I started that It's kinda terrific The product of Slick Rick Somebody woulda told me then I would come outta this shit rich It started for business I woulda thought they was playin' All them niggas I ran with All that weight they was weighin' A light bulb switched in my mind at the classes I cut Just a spazz putting wax in the blunt The baddest I want She wear lipmatic to front We building businesses, you can be mad if you want It's bubbly 'til it's bubbles we see Drinkin' like Dean Martin is nothing to me The spirits is something I can't part and it's fun to be me So cheers, here's to the Kanye production this eve Watered roses, it's war, baby My nigga High said it's me, I drive 'em all crazy (I'm gonna have to leave you Said I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna I'm gonna have to I'm gonna have to leave you So now I'm kissing you farewell for much too long

For much too long)