

Dead

Kanye West

Yeah

Fuckin' on a IG model, when I get through, I'm kickin' her out, she dead
She dead now, shit over
(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)

Fuckin' on a IG model, when I get through, I'm kickin' her out, she dead
None of my opps ain't poppin' outside 'cause if they do, they dead
Young nigga, iced out, in a new drop-
top, lookin' like I'm ridin' in a bobsled
I can't be playin' with these diamonds
I can't be playin' with this money, no way

Ooh, yeah

My new bitch a whole mood, yeah
Top floor nights, I'm a movie
Fucked all her friends, she got two left
Ayy, in my robe, I'm the new Heff'
I'm a dog, I DM my ex
She rockin' clothes from five days ago
It's gettin' cold, you need a different coat

(Brr)

Brodie OD'd off the Xan, I hope my bitch understand
I put the switch on a ten
This ain't no regular McLaren, Freddy
Bitch, get your feet out the bed
I'm off these drugs, I don't mean what I'm sayin'
I know a killer who forcin' my hand
Paid him in cash
Six carat earrings, don't hear what you sayin'
Fly to Saint Barts, put your feet in the sand
Why you run off and I gave you a ten?
I gave her a Lamb', might bury a Benz
Bitch, I'm a dog, I'll marry ya friend
Baccarat aura, I'm rubbin' it in
Bitch, you look poor, you don't got a man
Fuck while she sore, she be in the bed
I fuck off [?] fuck her again
Went on my live and I upped a mill'
Heard you be lyin', did you fuck her, for real?
Butterfly nervous, put on Chanel
Hold up the line 'cause she posed to Amiri
She want two-hundred, I gave her a nickel
I took a pic with the switch in the mirror

Fuckin' on a IG model, when I get through, I'm kickin' her out, she dead (ye
ah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
None of my opps ain't poppin' outside 'cause if they do, they dead (yeah, ye
ah, yeah, yeah)
Young nigga, iced out, in a new drop-
top, lookin' like I'm ridin' in a bobsled (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I can't be playin' with these diamonds (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I can't be playin' with this money, no way (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

But I'm still in the Lamb' on a Tesla
But I'm still in the Lamb', yeah, yeah
Still goin' ham, my hitters Muslim

I'm still goin' ham, yeah, yeah
Drop 'em and hit 'em, and pull 'em, and pay 'em
Ain't with the fraud and I ain' with the scams
Tyson breakin' shit down for the fam'
Ain't with no cap, but I ride with the brims
Custom interior, came with the him
Cook up the yay', make it jump out the gym
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Twenty the new thirty, but you still thirty
Every time you fuck him, why you feel dirty?
Put you on the team, gave you a new jersey
Met you in New York, drove you to New Jersey
You don't need to work, girl, you too pretty
You the reason why your friends bought new titties
You know what's comin' next, you gotta move with me
Found out you fucked a nigga that was cool with me
When they seen us on the 'net, yeah, dude hit me
How you ain't got no business, but you too busy?
For your homegirl got that work done, she charge two-fifty
All I ever wanted was you to be true with me
House up in the hills like Drew, with me
Same house back in school that you drew with me
We both make mistakes, but is you with me?
You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me
You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me
You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me
You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me