

# 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't 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