

# Jail

Kanye West

Take what you want  
Take everything  
Take what you want  
Take what you want

Better that I change my number so you can't explain  
Violence in the night, violence in the night  
Priors, priors, do you have any product?  
Well, that one time, I'll be honest, I'll be honest, we all liars, let it go

I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'm pulled over and I got priors (Priors)  
Guess we goin' down, guess who's goin' to jail?

Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
God gon' post my bail tonight

Don't you curse at me on text, why you try to hit the flex?  
I hold up, like, "What?" I scroll, I scroll up like, "Next"  
Guess who's getting 'exed? Like, next  
Guess who's getting 'exed?  
You made a choice that's yo' bad, single life ain't so bad  
But we ain't finna go there, something's off, I'll tell you why  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight  
What a grand plan to sell you out  
I could scream and shout, let it out

I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'm pulled over and I got priors  
Guess we goin' down, guess who's goin' to jail?

Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
God gon' post my bail tonight

God in my cell, that's my celly  
Made in the image of God, that's a selfie  
Pray five times a day, so many felonies  
Who gon' post my bail? Lord, help me  
Hol' up, Donda, I'm with your baby when I touch back road  
Told him, "Stop all of that red cap, we goin' home"  
Not me with all of these sins, casting stones  
This might be the return of The Throne (Throne)  
Hova and Yeezus, like Moses and Jesus  
You are not in control of my thesis  
You already know what I think 'bout think pieces  
Before you ask he already told you who he think he is  
Don't try to jail my thoughts and think pre-cents  
I can't be controlled with programs and presets  
Reset  
On my cell, in my cell tonight  
Don't have to see you to touch you

This is what braille look like, it's on sight, woo, woo, woo  
If they take me to jail, call my girl, tell her send my mail  
We know what Hell look like, still, it's a hell of a life, yikes

Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
God gon' post my bail tonight