

Looking For Trouble

Kanye West

Re-Up Gang Pusha

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it muthafucker

Yes

All I see is black roses, drug dealer poses
shoveling that devil's angel up they noses
never let jail turn my shine into Moses
couldn't cleanse my soul with them civil rights spouses
panoramic roof, under glass like a coaster
backseat driver, racial slurs at the chauffeur
killian loafers, Mikimoto chokes her
Photo-op this priceless, frame our wanted posters
the audacity, war brings casualty
bitch have my son before I face that tragedy
ugh, I order hits, she orders mahi
R.I.P. Vivian Blake, shout out the shower posse
Gone!!!

(You seek out problems)

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it motherfucker

I'm here, it's the misogyny

bad bitches massaging me

sometimes we lowered our standards at the colleges

so please don't judge me, ugh, for the following

fat bitches swallowing, skinny bitches modeling

take of that Givenchy and let's get raunchy

I have your face looking all Captain Crunchy

the devil stay testing

'cause when you chase the pussy it's a sin

but if it falls in your lap it's a blessing

soon as I got salad, I spent it all on dressing

French, to be exact, that Balmain was impressive

had used the main leathers (leathers, leathers, leathers)

Cyhi, Cyhi, Yeah

boy, we looking for trouble

maybe if we wasn't black then we wouldn't have struggled

player, all I got is trap niggas and crooks in my huddle

they cook and I smuggle

got twenty pounds of kush in the duffle

so I'm running through them circles,

boy I'm looking like Knuckles

look at my knuckles, got the hook in 'cause niggas was looking

I've taken some whoopings, so trust me, dog I'm good for a scuffle

don't be mad I whooped your ass 'cause I've taken a couple

feds asking niggas questions but I wouldn't rebuttal

'cause I'm Jake Gyllenhaal, I'm in the hood with the bubble

with a tall model broad like I took her from Russell

didn't play the cards I was dealt, I made the dealer re-shuffle

Royal Flush, so kiss my royal nuts

ain't nothing silver spooned, I came from the soil, bruh

but now I'm eating off of rather yellow gold

exquisite ravioli with some happy yellow hoes

but don't get it confused when I rap these mellow flows

'cause all my Titos got bricks like a yellow road

GOOD, I do it
B.I.G. Sean Don nigga
(But you found it mutherfucker)
bitch
I'm in, that no-smoke sec' rolling motherfucking ounces
marijuana mountains, drinks you're not pronouncing
three chains on, I don't need no bouncers
nothing less than a G stack's in my trousers
(Boy)
new double-D's smashed in her blouses
fuck a hotel, my nigga we rent houses (houses)
my nigga, we rent houses
so many wedding rings lost in them couches
I'm just a Westside lover
I leave females in my sheets and all my feelings in a rubber
this is showtime, showtime, boy
I hope you set the DVR
stacking money face to face, dish it, look like CPR
'Ye invited me a seat to sit at the throne
so now I'm snapping like yo' ass just finished a poem
does he sound like 'Ye, Jay, or Drizzy Drake?
meanwhile, I'm chilling with all these niggas, counting all this money you a
in't
consider yourself lucky to see a legend before the prime
a killer before the crime, a BIG before the Dime
greet me wit a middle finger when you see me
it's cool, 'cause I can't see yo' ass from this side of the TV muthafucker

Hey, Cole World, make way for the chosen one
what you now hear is putting fear in all the older ones
down played me to downgrade me like they don't notice son
your shoes too big too fill? I can barely squeeze my toes in 'em
fucking hoes while teaching niggas to hold your sons
this the rap Moses, scratch that, Mary and Joseph's son
high as fuck with a cold flow and a loaded gun
never say I'm better than Hov, but I'm the closest one
heard you looking for trouble, what, I'm supposed to run?
yo' bitch invited me inside her, ain't I supposed to cum?
got niggas that'll blow your tee off, put a hole in one
now you outside of heaven's gate, fronting like you know someone
talking hard, but y'all still ain't push me
they say you are what you eat, and I still ain't pussy
fuck it, everybody can get it
when you're this hot, everybody's a critic
but when you're this high everybody's a midget
all this mean mugging from niggas that mean nothing
could it be my position is one that you dreamed of?
went from quarter to broke to half past rich
with my badass bitch
and you don't want no problems on some math class shit
so check the young genius out
fuck the World, bust a nut, and let my semen sprout
I thought that real shit is what you been fiending 'bout
what you been praying for? What you been screaming 'bout?
ironic you been sleeping on the one that you been dreaming 'bout