

Problematic

Kanye West

I feel like I beat a murder, murder
Fuckin' on a B you never heard of, heard of
(Visible and invisible)

That Pope like the leader of the Vati-can
He do it again
Everything I do they do, guess Yeezy set the trend
And we in this bitch again, time to get rich again (Throw your motherfuckin'
hands)
They lookin' like prey, I guess that's why they praying
And when you flyin' private, it can't be no delayin'
When I speak my mind, it's gon' be some lawsuits and furniture movin'
I gotta haul through, like when you be movin'
I gotta fly to Japan just to be secluded
They did no damage, would I give 'em no chances?
Even if they get a chance, here's panic like they know Spanish
How I brand all of these clothes?
How every tantrum I throw make an anthem for hoes?
This my life, not a quote

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I'ma take all my baldies to Giorgio Baldi's
Throw my dick a party
Your dress code upscale
Used to shop at Aldi's
I ran up some numbers
Now I got what ya all need
Give your homegirl the boric acid
Save the summer
New abs, she dropping fast, it's time to come up
Blackout
Passin' out and then she wakin' up gorgeous
I'm not racist, it's a preference
And my bitch lookin' like a reference
Throw them, make them moves like a referee
Come get on your knees, shawty, I got needs
She a loud mouth
I need to sign a seal
A couple brand new deals
Gotta get this shit off my chest
I got some shit to spill
Passin' out NDA's
They can deal with it after
I just fucked the world raw, she need a morning after
And in the morning after
And I quote, "It's only one G.O.A.T," let you had your fun though
Run the block like Mutombo, you had it on loan
Every day in New Jersey
On my way to New York
I was late to every meeting in my Queens tunnel
But all the hoes in Hoboken know
If I seen you outside with the open-toes
You might get you a trip to the Poconos
You might have to tell your man a Pinocchio

That was a jokey-joke
That wasn't nowhere near as funny when you brokey-broke
Crying in high school over a high school bitch
And she still in the dark taking night school, bitch
Look at how we made it like we Mike WiLL bitch
Wish somebody woulda warned us
When I was fifteen, my soulmate wasn't born yet
African king in a different time
We got multiple wives too, just at different times
Picture this, if every room got a different bitch
Do that make me a po-nigga-mist?
Without the deals, I guarantee I'm still nigga rich
Shit is fucking ridiculous