

The Joy

Kanye West

Add a little sugar, honeysuckle lamb
A great big expression of happiness
Boy, you couldn't miss with a dozen roses
Such would astound you
The joy of children laughing around you
These are all the makings of you

I do it for the forefathers and the street authors
That are now A&Rs in the cheap office
Rappers that never got signed but they keep offers
Girls that's way too fine for us to keep off of
Gave her a handshake only for my man's sake
She in her birthday suit cause of the damn cake
Now there's crumbs all over the damn place
And she want me to cum all over her damn face
I never understood planned parenthood
Cause I never met nobody plan to be a parent in the hood
Taking refills of that Plan B pill
Another shorty that won't make it to the family will
If I don't make it, can't take it, hope the family will
They ain't crazy, they don't know how insanity feel
Don C just had a shorty, so it's not that bad
But I still hear the ghosts of the kids I never had

No electro, no metro, a little retro, ahh, perfecto
You know the demo, your boy act wild
You ain't get the memo? Yeezy's back in style
Now one room got Gidget, the other got Bridget
What's more tripped out, dawg, is they sisters
Nah, you ain't listen, they black, they "sisters"
They momma named them after white bitches
So next time you see me on your fallopian
Though the jewelry's Egyptian, know the hunger's Ethiopian
Stupid questions like "Is he gon' be dope again?
Have you seen him? has anybody spoke to him?"
This beat deserves Hennessy, a bad bitch
And a bag of weed; the Holy Trinity
In the mirror where I see my only enemy
Your life's cursed, well mine's an obscenity

This is my momma shit; I used to hear this
Through the walls in the hood when I was back in my pajama shit
Afros and marijuana sticks, seeds and the ganja had it
Popping like the sample that I'm rhyming with
Pete Rock, let the needle drop
I seen so much as a kid they surprised I don't needle pop
Taking sips of pop, six pack of Miller nips
Pink Champale, Ballantine Ale
Bally's on my feet help me balance out well
That and the shit I used to balance on the scale
I got it honest from the parties from my momma's
Virgin Marys try to judge her
I'm like "Where the Madonnas now?"
Give all glory to Gloria
They said "you raised that boy too fast, but you was raising a warrior"

We victorious, they'll never take the joy from us, uh

Keep your hands up, get mine up

Don't let them take your fire

Yeah, okay

(It's Pete Rock, Kanye, one, two, okay)