

Cause ain't no real niggas out here
Ye what these niggas start humming out their mouth with?
Bunch of bullshit, weak ass albums
Bunch of lil niggas tryna copy our style
When we originated this
Whole mothafucking album had hits
That's why we up in the Ritz
That's why I'm up in your bitch, head honcho
Get you killed pronto, wearing red now, El Segundo
Bail long as Alonzo Mourning
Kill a nigga in his Monte Carlo like Alonzo
Sold records, sold crack, nigga, recognize
For the record, I've been wrecking shit since 05
No lie, Js on
Take these mothafuckas off and throw the Ye's on
Rewind, J's on
Take these mothafuckas off and throw the Ye's on
Yeezy, tell these niggas that they is slaves
Master want you on red carpet like yesterday
You a house nigga, I'm a get away though
Come back kill master ass like Django
Most you niggas just rapping for the fame though
I start rapping to get the fuck out this durango
What goes around comes around how that saying go?
Documentary 2, no 50 keep the change hoe

Feeling lonely
Let me know if you're feeling crazy
I guess all that stuff they told me
In my life was extra shady
I should've kept em waiting
Say hello to the mula
I'm on top, no lie
Say hello to the mula
I'm on top, good night
Feeling lonely
The night, it swallowed my soul
Let me know if you're feeling lonely

Back like I never left, nigga I'm on my second breath
And I got another track from Yeezy
How'd you do that? Like Eric Wright said Eazy
Pull up in my cool whip, I don't give a fuck about it
Leave it at the valet, I ain't fucked up about it
I'll call an Uber, nigga, I'll fucking shoot a nigga
I got a white bitch that blow like a tuba, nigga
I just got a new crib, I just got a new Wraith
I just got cooler than LL Cool J
I just got a new gun, squeeze it like some toothpaste
I, I, aghhk
Spit in the face of a coward
Shit on anybody ever try to take ours
Ye why that nigga's face so sour?
Cause that slick mouth got him wet up like a shower
Now what you know about power?
What you know about dreams?
What you know about freestyling verses

Shelter outside of Nike Town without a dollar in your jeans

Chuck, Chuck, Chuck, nigga I know you see me!

Felicia what the fuck you want?

Ooh please can I borrow your car?

Borrow my car? bitch are you stupid or something?

Well give me a quarter piece then

bitch I don't sell crack no more

Well give me some money or something I can take around your brother house and trade

I ain't got shit

What about this iPod and them Dre Beats, you don't need that shit, don't you know that nigga or something?

So?

Please, I'll suck your dick for this shit

bitch you can have this shit, I don't want my dick sucked by no mothafucking smoker

Oh okay, thank you then. You know I would have sucked your dick for it anyways with your fine ass

Felicia get the fuck away from my car

Okay, what is you listening to on this shit anyway?

bitch press play