

# Jay-Z & Kanye West, Otis (Ft. Otis Redding)

[Intro: Otis Redding & JAY-Z]

It makes it easier, easier to bear  
You won't regret it, no, no, no  
Some girls, they don't forget it  
Love is their only happiness  
Squee'— Squee'— Squee'—  
(Sounds so soulful, don't you agree?)  
Squeeze her, don't tease her, never leave her

[Verse 1: JAY-Z]

Uh, I invented swag  
Poppin' bottles, puttin' supermodels in the cab  
Proof  
I guess I got my swagger back, truth  
New watch alert, Hublots  
Or the big-face Rollie, I got two of those  
Arm out the window, through the city, I maneuver slow  
Cock back, snapback, see my cut through the holes, Hov

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

Damn, Yeezy and Hov, where the hell you been?  
Niggas talking real reckless, stuntmen  
I adopted these niggas, Phillip Drummond them  
Now I'm 'bout to make 'em tuck they whole summer in  
They say I'm crazy, well, I'm 'bout to go dumb again  
They ain't seen me 'cause I pulled up in my other Benz  
Last week, I was in my other, other Benz  
Throw your diamonds up 'cause we in this bitch another 'gain

[Verse 3: JAY-Z]

Photoshoot fresh, looking like wealth  
I'm 'bout to call the paparazzi on myself  
Uh, live from the Mercer  
Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might murk ya  
Flee in the G450, I might surface  
Political refugee, asylum can be purchased  
Uh, everything's for sale  
I got five passports, I'm never going to jail

[Verse 4: Kanye West]

I made "Jesus Walks," I'm never going to hell  
Couture-level flow is never going on sale  
Luxury rap, the Hermès of verses  
Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive  
I get it custom, you a customer  
You ain't accustomed to going through customs, you ain't been nowhere, hah?  
And all the ladies in the house got 'em showing off  
I'm done, I'll hit you up mañana— nah

[Verse 5: JAY-Z]

Welcome to Havana  
Smoking Cubanitos with Castro in cabanas  
Viva México, Cubano  
Dominicano, all the plugs that I know  
Driving Benzes with no benefits  
Not bad, huh, for some immigrants?  
Build your fences, we diggin' tunnels  
Can't you see we gettin' money up under you?

[Verse 6: Kanye West, Jay-Z & Both]

Can't you see the private jets flying over you?  
Maybach bumper sticker read, "What would Hova do?"  
Jay is chillin' (Uh), Ye is chillin' (Uh)  
What more can I say? We killin' 'em

Hold up before we end this campaign  
As you can see, we done bodied the damn lames  
Lord, please let them accept the things they can't change  
And pray that all of they pain be champagne

[Outro]  
Scream it  
Give it  
Scream it