

Jay-Z & Kanye West, That's My Bitch

[Intro: Kanye West]

Uh

Hello, can I speak to, uh

Uh

Yeah, you know who you are, look

You had no idea what ya dealing with

Something on some this realest shit

Pop champagne, I'll give you a sip

'Bout to go dumb, how come?

Yeah, that's my bitch

That's my bitch

Sh-shorty right there? That's my bitch

That's my bitch

[Chorus: Elly Jackson & Kanye West]

I've been waiting for a long, long time

Just to get off and throw my hands up high

And live my life, and live my life

Just to get off and throw my hands up high (Yeah)

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

I paid for them titties, get your own

It ain't safe in the city, watch the throne

She say I care more about them basquions

Basquiats, she learning a new word, it's yacht

Blew the world up soon as I hit the club with her

Too Short called, told me I fell in love with her

Seat by actors, ball players, and drug dealers

And some lesbians that never loved niggas

Twisted love story, True Romance

Mary Magdalene from a pole dance

I'm a freak, huh? Rockstar life

The second girl with us, that's our wife

Hey, boys and girls, I got a new riddle

Who's the new old perv that's tryna play second fiddle?

No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle

But my dick worth money, I put Monie in the middle

[Chorus: Elly Jackson & Kanye West]

I've been waiting for a long, long time (Where she at? In the middle)

Just to get off and throw my hands up high

And live my life, and live my life

Just to get off and throw my hands up high, high, high, high

[Bridge: Justin Vernon]

Swilling little licks and mixes 'til mornin'

I'm yearnin', ooh, yeah

Could I maybe have a little dab of your potion?

Stop motion, ooh, yeah

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Go harder than a nigga for a nigga, go figure

Told me keep my own money if we ever did split up

How could somethin' so gangster be so pretty in pictures?

Ripped jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers

Uh, Picasso was alive, he would've made her

That's right, nigga, Mona Lisa can't fade her

I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice

But why all the pretty icons always all white?

Put some colored girls in the MoMA

Half these broads ain't got nothing on Willona

Don't make me bring Thelma in it

Bring Halle, bring Penélope and Salma in it, uh

Back to my Beyoncé

You deserve three stacks, word to André
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in mo-seums
You belong in vintage clothes, crushing the whole building
You belong with niggas who used to be known for dope dealing
You too dope for any of those civilians
Now shoo, children, stop looking at her tits
Get your own dog, ya heard? That's my bitch

[Chorus: Elly Jackson]

I've been waiting for a long, long time
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high, high, high, high