

Jay-Z & Kanye West, The Joy (Ft. Curtis Mayfield)

[Chorus: Curtis Mayfield, Pete Rock & Charlie Wilson]

Add a little sugar (Ow), honeysuckle and (Woo)

A great big expression of happiness

Boy, you couldn't miss (Uh-huh, uh-huh)

With a dozen roses (Ayy, uh, Mr. West)

Such would astound you (Pete Rock)

The joy of children laughing around you (Uh)

These are all the makings of you (Woo)

[Verse 1: Kanye West & Pete Rock]

I do it for the forefathers, yeah, 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 us

Gave her a handshake only for my man's sake

She in her birthday suit 'cause of the damn cake

Now it's crumbs all over the damn place (Uh-huh)

And she want me to cum all over her damn face

I never understood Planned Parenthood

'Cause I never met nobody planned 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

[Chorus: Curtis Mayfield, Pete Rock & Charlie Wilson]

Add a little sugar (Woo), honeysuckle and (Come on)

A great big expression of happiness (Ow)

Boy, you couldn't miss (Uh-huh, uh)

With a dozen roses (Ayy, uh, Kanye)

Such would astound you (Pete Rock)

The joy of children laughing around you (Uh)

These are all the makings of you (Yeah)

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

No electro, no metro

A little retro, ah, 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 mama named 'em 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

[Chorus: Curtis Mayfield, Pete Rock, Charlie Wilson & Jay-Z]

Add a little sugar (Woo), honeysuckle and (Come on, red lights)

A great big expression of happiness (Ow)

Boy, you couldn't miss (Let that thing roll, uh-huh, uh)

With a dozen roses (Ayy, uh, Kanye)

Such would astound you (Pete Rock, uh)

The joy of children laughing around you (Uh)

These are all the makings of you (Yeah, ow)

[Verse 3: Jay-Z & Pete Rock]

This is my mama's shit
I used to hear this through the walls in the hood when I was back on my pajama shit (Uh-huh)
Afros and marijuana sticks (Woo)
Seeds in the ganja had it poppin' like the sample that I'm rhymin' with
Pete Rock (Uh), let the needle drop
I seen so much as a kid, they surprised I don't needle pop (Uh-huh)
Takin' sips of Pop's six-pack of Miller nips
Pink Champale, Ballantine Ale
Ballys on my feet help me balance out well (Woo)
That and the shit I used to balance on the scale
I got it honest from the parties from my mama's
Virgin Marys tried to judge her, I'm like, "Where are them Madonnas now?"
Give all glory to Gloria (One-two, okay)
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 (One-two, okay)

[Outro: Kid Cudi & Pete Rock]
Keep your hands up, get 'em high now (It's Pete Rock, Kanye)
Don't let them take your fire
Keep your hands up, get 'em high now (One-two, okay)
Don't let them take your fire
Keep your hands up, get 'em high now (It's Pete Rock, Kanye)
Don't let them take your fire
Keep your hands up, get 'em high now, yeah (One-two, okay)
It's Pete Rock, Kanye
One-two, okay
It's Pete Rock, Kanye
One-two, okay
It's Pete Rock, Kanye
One-two, okay
It's Pete Rock, Kanye
One-two, okay