

# Kanye West, DEAD

Fuckin' on a IG model, when I get through, I'm kickin' her out, she dead  
She dead now, shit over (ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)  
Oh, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

Fuckin' on a IG model, when I get through, I'm kickin' her out, she dead (Dead, dead, dead, dead)  
None of my opps ain't poppin' outside 'cause if they do, they dead (Dead, dead, dead, dead)  
Young nigga iced out in a new drop-top, lookin' like I'm ridin' in a bobsled (Dead, dead, dead, dead)  
I can't be playin' with these diamonds (Dead, dead)  
I can't be playin' with this money, no way (Dead, dead)

Ooh, yeah  
My new bitch a whole mood, yeah  
The top floor nice, I'ma move here  
Fucked all her friends, she got two left  
Ayy, in my robe, I'm the new Hef'  
I'm a dog, I DM my ex  
She rockin' clothes from five days ago  
It's gettin' cold, you need a different coat (Brr)

Brodie OD'd off the Xan, I hope my bitch understand (Dead, dead, dead)  
I put the switch on a ten (Dead)  
This ain't no regular McLaren, Freddy (Dead, dead)  
Bitch, get your feet out the bed (Dead, dead)  
I'm off these drugs, I don't mean what I'm sayin'  
I know a killer who forcin' my hand  
Paid him in cash

Six carat earrings, won't hear what you sayin'  
Fly to Saint Barts, put your feet in the sand (Dead, dead)  
Why you run off and I gave you a ten? (Dead, dead)  
Gave her a Lamb', might bury a Benz (Dead, dead)  
Bitch, I'm a dog, I'll marry ya friend (Dead, dead)  
Baccarat aura, I'm rubbin' it in (Dead, dead)  
Bitch, you look poor, you don't got a man (Dead, dead)  
Fuck while she sore, she pee in the bed (Dead, dead)  
Her faja be liftin', I fuck her again (Dead, dead)  
Went on my live and I upped a mill'  
Heard you be lyin', did you fuck her for real?  
Butterfly nervous, put her on Chanel  
Hold up the line 'cause she posed to Amiri  
She want two-hundred, I gave her a nickel  
I took a pic with a switch in the mirror

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But I'm still in the Lamb' on a Tesla  
But I'm still in the Lamb', yeah, yeah  
Still goin' ham, my hitters Muslim  
They still goin' ham, yeah, yeah  
Drop 'em and hit 'em, and pull 'em, and pay 'em  
Ain't with the fraud and I ain't with the scams  
Tyson breakin' shit down for the fam'  
Aim with no cap, but I ride with the brims  
Custom interior, came with the him  
Cook up the yay', make it jump out the gym  
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Twenty the new thirty, but you still thirty  
Every time you fuck him, why you feel dirty?  
Put you on the team, gave you a new jersey  
Met you in New York, drove you to New Jersey  
You don't need to work, girl, you too pretty

You the reason why your friends bought new titties  
You know what's comin' next, you gotta move with me  
Found out you fucked a nigga that was cool with me  
When they seen us on the 'net, yeah, dude hit me  
How you ain't got no business, but you too busy?  
'Fore your homegirl got that work done, she charge two-fifty  
All I ever wanted was you to be true with me  
House up in the hills like Drew, with me

Same house back in school that you drew with me  
We both make mistakes, but is you with me?  
You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me

You know I'm crazy, but you crazy glued to me  
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