

# Kanye West, Excuse Me Miss Again (Remix)

WHOO!

[Hook]

Memph' Bleek always smokin that la-la-la (HOO)  
Beanie Sigel always smokin that la-la-la (HOO)  
Kanye track smoke like la-la-la (HOO)  
It's the R.O.C. mami, sing our lullaby  
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Jay-Z]

I know my English ain't as modest as you like  
But come, get some, you little bums  
I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs  
I bake the cake, get two of them for one  
Then I move the weight like I'm Oprah's son  
Uh, I'll show you how to do this son  
Young don't mess with chicks in Burberry paddings  
Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden (u-uh)  
He padded hisself the rap J.F.K., you wanna pass for my Jaqueline Onassis  
Then, hop ya ass out that S-class  
Lay back in that Maybach, roll the best grass, I ask  
Have you in your long-legged life  
ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice?  
Look but don't touch, motherfucker think twice  
'Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light  
Need a light?

[Hook]

To smoke that la-la-la  
Beanie Sigel always smoking that la-la-la  
Memph' Bleek always smoking that la-la-la  
It's the R.O.C. mami, sing our lullaby  
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Jay-Z]

We got brothers full of Arm'i, mami's in Manolo  
Bags by Chanel, all Louis Vuitton logos  
All attracted to Hov' because they know dough  
When they see him, whips be European  
If you're a ten, chances you're with him  
If you're a five, you know you ridin' with them  
Sick with the pen nigga, no physician in the world could fix him  
No prescription, you could prescribe to subside, his affliction  
He's not a sane man, he's more like reign man - twitchin'  
You can't rain dance on his picnic  
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens can dead his sickness  
No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you CB-4  
This ain't Chris Rock bitch, it's the R.O.C. bitch  
And I'm the franchise like a Houston Rocket, Yao Ming!

[Hook]

Still smokin that la-la-la  
Memph' Bleek still smokin that la-la-la  
Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the four-ty five

It's the R.O.C. baby, sing our lullaby  
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
Hold up, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight mami

[Verse Three: Kanye West]

She playin she hate when I'm name droppin  
So when I talk rap, she gon' change topics  
But I got a plan B that's planned out, for when things don't pan out  
Hov' tellin ya mind brother, I'ma play shy brother  
So you take the Destiny Child girl in the Coupe?  
Then I'ma try bag the ones that got kicked out the group  
I figured that'll be simple, I'll just help 'em with their demo

And she - grabbed my tattoo, peeped my credentials  
And she - grabbed my pants, felt the potential  
And I - rubbed 'bout every essential  
That have fun breakin her fundamentals  
Excuse me miss, the artist of the new millenium  
Has finally stopped drivin that blue Millenium  
And got a good of trenny and filled it with plenty of Henney  
and Remi and weed, 'til she higher than Hilliam

[Hook]

If she pass me, smoke that la-la-la  
Memphis Bleek always smokin that la-la-la  
Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the four-ty five  
It's the R.O.C. bitch, sing our lullaby  
C'mon!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
WHOA, skip all the singin' let's get right tonight, mami