

# Kanye West, FIELD TRIP

This ain't cheddar, this quiche

Got a bitch to ride or die  
Ride it just like it's on my bike (Woah-woah)  
Do this all to circulate  
Fuck her, just feels like you're like  
Throw it just so I can ride  
Take her just so I can ride (Woah-woah)  
Calling just so I can ride  
Ride it just how I like my bike  
Take her on a field trip  
Take her on a run (Schyeah)  
Take her on a trip (Schyeah)  
Take her out her house

I'm spittin' out venom  
The baby not real, it's not in 'em  
Send 'em a letter, I kill 'em  
Close that boy door, we dismiss him  
I done got too high, just a little  
And I'm out my mind, just a little  
Red Lambo', red Skittle  
Double O-5, we criminal  
I ain't bought a yacht, bought a missile  
Tape on the gun, can't miss 'em  
Tape on it

Shake on it, shake on it  
Uh, shawty keep fuckin' my bones  
Movin' too fast, 'bout to break somethin'  
Shawty keep hidin' my phone  
You keep doin' that, I'ma break somethin'  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah, break somethin'

Got a bitch to ride or die  
Ride it just like it's on my bike  
Do this all to circulate (Do that)  
Fuck her, just feels like you're like (Do that)  
Throw it just so I can ride (Hold up)  
Take her just so I can ride (Hold up)  
Calling just so I can ride (Hold up)  
Ride it just how I like my bike (Hold up, uh-uh)  
Take her on a field trip (Uh-uh)  
Take her on a run (Uh-uh, schyeah)  
Take her on a trip (Uh-uh)  
Take her out her house (Huh)

Whippin' that bitch like a rental  
Two hundred cash, my bitch say I'm mental  
Medical plans, I'm all in her dental  
We like a dog, I'm fresh out the kennel  
Niggas say, "Gas," they rollin' up fennel  
Ain't on my level, lil' bitch, don't reach  
Always hollerin' 'bout you rich, we riche  
This ain't no regular cheddar, this quiche

You ain't outside, I wish it was different (Uh-uh, uh-uh)  
You ain't outside, I wish it was different (Uh-uh, uh-uh)

I'm draggin' my nuts, got my dick out the dirt  
Put it right in her butt, got her twerkin' in Turks  
If that my lil' bitch, she gon' listen to Durk  
In the trenches with her feelin' uncomfortable

I was crushin' on you, now I'm fuckin' on you  
Steady bussin' on you, now you love me  
Haters gon' say you can just want my lil' paper  
But who wouldn't want a nigga with some money?  
Dick in her stomach, I'm makin' her vomit  
That foreign imported from Saudi Arabia  
Like how you riding the dick like a gangster  
For Yeezy, you can turn my dealer to an angel  
My name just should've been Ty  
'Cause dollar signs get my dick wet  
Got a bitch high and she out of her mind  
Bae on a trip, I done took her to Six Flags

Got a bitch to ride or die  
Ride it just like it's on my bike (Woah-woah)  
Do this all to circulate  
Fuck her, just feels like you're like  
Throw it just so I can ride  
Take her just so I can ride (Woah-woah)  
Calling just so I can ride  
Ride it just how I like my bike  
Take her on a field trip  
Take her on a run (Yeah)  
Take her on a trip  
Take her out her house