Kanye West, Keep The Receipt

[Intro: ODB (K. West)]
OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! {*continues until chorus comes in*}
Yo this is Dirt McGirt, I'm chillin' wit Kanye West
He's killin' y'all niggaz on the beats
He's killin' y'all niggaz on the tracks
(Where ya plaques at dog?)
The game is officially over!
Go kill yaself!

[Chorus: ODB (K. West)]
Now take that and equipment back to the store
We don't wanna hear that weak shit no more
Do anybody else make hits anymore?
Guess not mothafucka, it's The Roc mothafucka!

[Kanye West]
Keep the Receipt mothafuckas!
Now y'all gon' stop talkin' that shit that you talkin'
Your broke-ass mamma couldn't that disolvent
Now tell me how the Hell so gon' afford that coffin?
Now I done sat back and seen it all too often
The backbone of this like Marino to the Dolphins
Most hits out the shot since Sosa and Andre Dawson
My niggaz had Pro Tools, I had no tools
Karaoke machine, fuck it I'm old school
Only difference is my tracks drove niggaz postal
So I drove costal while they stay local
How I can't rhyme when my freestyles'll roast you?
Sit down I'll coach you while we style in posters
Dog, niggaz had a chance to sign me, dropped the ball
I'll see you at the awards.. HUMPH!
Now after all that it took
I made it to The Roc, I'm guess I ain't as dumb as you look

[Chorus x2]

[Kanye West]
Now.. I showed you how to do this, dog
Put a few beats on the tape, I saved this one for myself
I heard you nigga's tapes, need a little bit of help
But I'm rappin' and I can't do nothin' for ya, man
S.G'll hop this, 40 grand if you ain't fam
I mean, if you ain't Hov', if you ain