

# Kanye West, TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS

You just got work done, hit me when church done  
This ain't big pharmacy but fuckin' Yeezy got Percs, huh?  
You do what you want now like you Lil Uzi Vert or some'  
She givin' me FaceTime, even when we in person  
I want you dressed up, so I can undress ya  
The money ain't small, but we still at the Webster  
She got some girlfriends, we fucked on the best one  
I got a confession, I'm on another run

Slip off your dress, baby, so I can s—  
Slip off your dress, baby, so I can see

Run it back for a real nigga, what?  
Punch her stomach when I'm all in her gut  
Dress her up like a supermodel (Oh)  
Speakin' tongues like she touchin' bodies (Ooh)  
From the big city, she still got some dreams  
Suckin' biggest titties I done ever seen  
I'm a dog, told me, jump up like a leash  
Made her promises I know I'll never keep  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Ain't got no problem with bougie  
But I can't cuff her, that hoe too choosy, nah-nah  
You know what she want  
She want a nigga to spend all that money to cover the cost (Cover that cost)  
She gettin' calls from blocked numbers  
Her ex-nigga fumbled, I guess that's his loss  
I might just pick up the next time we fuckin' and tell her to make that shit talk  
Talk, uh-uh-uh-uh, oh-oh