

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