

Kanye West, Vultures (Havoc Version) (feat. ¥\$, T

All eyes is on me
Won't tell no lies, won't hold my tongue
Don't cry for me
(This Chicago, nigga)

I don't have no rapper friends, I hang wit' The Vultures
Big-ass toaster, hit you with it, flip it over
Big ol' nigga, he's a big ol' goofy, Rudy Gobert
Jump off in that lane, you gon' get put on a poster
LaFerrari F8, Lamborghini Roadster
I turn ten bricks into twelve, them birds had a growth spurt
We gon' do some shoppin' later, I'ma need some throat first
I just got some head in a Ghost, then I ghost her
Yeah, yeah, out of here, your boyfriend a gopher
I see him out with her, I pretend like I don't know her
I can't do no features with you, nigga, it's a "No, sir"
Hardest nigga on Earth, I'm not really from Earth
We don't dial 9-1-1, I let off that chrome first
I put in my own work, better do your homework
I can hear that money callin', I pick up the first ring
What you gon' charge that old man for that pussy?
Girl, don't hurt me (Go, go)

Iced out all my scammer hoes, boost all they insurance up
Iced out all my ghetto hoes who turned into influencers
Smurkio, fuck that bitch and leave, I don't care who she fuck
Air shit out her closet, it's hot as hell, she got on Yeezy UGGS
I got moes with me, Bump out the feds, mean I got foes with me
You got goofies with you, before I do that, I keep some hoes with me
Askin' for my gun when I'm in Cali', nigga, this your city
Why you DM'in' my bitch actin' like we fuck? These hoes below-semi
Street niggas want ramen, I don't like calamari
Took her out that cheap shit, took her to Bvlgari
Never tell her, "Sorry," this car a Ferrari
Off set with this Cuban link, you think she was Cardi, go (This Chicago, nigga, go)

Three gang leaders with me all times
I don't know who I fucked last night, I got Alzheimer's
I don't know who them hoes is, man, they all lyin'
Brody, tell me who them hoes is, man, they all fine
Runnin' hooligans, and we with the foolishness
How I'm anti-Semitic? I just fucked a Jewish bitch
I just fucked Scooter's bitch and we ran her like Olympics
Got pregnant in the threesome, so whose baby is it?
Whose baby is it?
My niggas puttin' belt to ass, pull up with the switches
This ain't Jimmy Butler, but the heat got extensions
This ain't Columbine, but we came in with the trenches

She askin' me to aim for her neck, 'cause her boyfriend bought that necklace
With the trenches, precious, with the trenches
Fuck it, I scratched another nigga woman up off my checklist
With the trenches, I've been livin' reckless
I wish Takeoff wasn't there that night in Houston, Texas (With the trenches)
Wish I could bring G.Ca\$\$o back, that was my best friend
Chordz, I need you to give me somethin' big, I'm talkin' 'bout dollar signs
Skinny Pimp flow, tell the ho, "No, I don't wanna fuck"
She can suck-suck-suck it 'til she suck it dry
California nigga with some European freaks
Bad-ass bitch from the Middle E-E-E-East wanna lick on me
Stick on me, even though I got security
Even though she got a man, she know he ain't as pure as me, seriously
Soon as I get back, tradin' in my Urus for the Puro' keys
Couple grey hairs up in my beard, that's showin' my maturity, yeah

Ayy, shoutout to my symphony
9th Ave, Spaced Out, we did that shit so differently and brilliantly
Dolla \$ign, Iggy, and we birth YG
Fades in the backyard, no talkin', take flight instantly
Ayy, Nate 3D, boot up my nigga, James Koo
My nigga, that's D.R.U.G.\$
She snortin' that P out the D
She want me to put some of this coke in her butt, ugh
She Russian, I beat up the pussy for Ukraine
Bought her a bag and I filled it with loose change
Just like my exes, she told me that, "You changed," yeah, yeah, yeah
Dolla'd done rather be fuckin' it up
Still screamin', "Free TC, Melly, and Thug"
Fuck the police, the DA, and the judge
Way out in Saudi, I found me a plug
Don't wanna go out, she'd rather do drugs
Can't be my main if we met in the club, ooh

Give me somethin', bitch, I'm talkin' 'bout dollar signs
Look it here, ho, I don't wanna fuck
Here's a buck, but a buck, buck, buck
I'm shootin', game to light that
Give me somethin', bitch, I'm talkin' 'bout dollar signs
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