Jay-Z & Kanye West, Otis (Ft. Otis Redding)

[Intro: Otis Redding & JAY-Z]
It makes it easier, easier to bear
You won't regret it, no, no, no
Some girls, they don't forget it
Love is their only happiness
Squee'— Squee'— Squee'—
(Sounds so soulful, don't you agree?)
Squeeze her, don't tease her, never leave her

[Verse 1: JAY-Z]
Uh, I invented swag
Poppin' bottles, puttin' supermodels in the cab
Proof
I guess I got my swagger back, truth
New watch alert, Hublots
Or the big-face Rollie, I got two of those
Arm out the window, through the city, I maneuver slow
Cock back, snapback, see my cut through the holes, Hov

[Verse 2: Kanye West]
Damn, Yeezy and Hov, where the hell you been?
Niggas talking real reckless, stuntmen
I adopted these niggas, Phillip Drummond them
Now I'm 'bout to make 'em tuck they whole summer in
They say I'm crazy, well, I'm 'bout to go dumb again
They ain't seen me 'cause I pulled up in my other Benz
Last week, I was in my other, other Benz
Throw your diamonds up 'cause we in this bitch another 'gain

[Verse 3: JAY-Z]
Photoshoot fresh, looking like wealth
I'm 'bout to call the paparazzi on myself
Uh, live from the Mercer
Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might murk ya
Flee in the G450, I might surface
Political refugee, asylum can be purchased
Uh, everything's for sale
I got five passports, I'm never going to jail

[Verse 4: Kanye West]
I made "Jesus Walks," I'm never going to hell
Couture-level flow is never going on sale
Luxury rap, the Hermès of verses
Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive
I get it custom, you a customer
You ain't accustomed to going through customs, you ain't been nowhere, hah?
And all the ladies in the house got 'em showing off
I'm done, I'll hit you up maña— nah

[Verse 5: JAY-Z]
Welcome to Havana
Smoking Cubanos with Castro in cabanas
Viva México, Cubano
Dominicano, all the plugs that I know
Driving Benzes with no benefits
Not bad, huh, for some immigrants?
Build your fences, we diggin' tunnels
Can't you see we gettin' money up under you?

[Verse 6: Kanye West, Jay-Z & Both]
Can't you see the private jets flying over you?
Maybach bumper sticker read, "What would Hova do?"
Jay is chillin' (Uh), Ye is chillin' (Uh)
What more can I say? We killin' 'em

Hold up before we end this campaign
As you can see, we done bodied the damn lames
Lord, please let them accept the things they can't change
And pray that all of they pain be champagne

[Outro]
Scream it
Give it
Scream it