Kanye West, 30 Hours

[Intro: Arthur Russell]
Baby lion goes
Where the islands go

[Verse 1: Kanye West]
You say you never saw this comin', well, you're not alone
Million dollar renovations to a happy home
My ex says she gave me the best years of her life
I saw a recent picture of her, I guess she was right
I wake up, assessin' the damages
Checkin' MediaTakeOut
Pictures of me drunk walkin' out with a bitch
But it's blurry enough to get the fake out
I wake up, all veggies no eggs
I hit the gym, all chest no legs
Yep, then I made myself a smoothie
Yeah, then me and wifey make a movie
Chicago, St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago
Ándale, ándale E.I, E.I, uh-oh
You had me drivin' far enough to switch the time zone
You was the best of all time at the time, though
Yeah, you wasn't mine, though

[Chorus: Kanye West]
But I still drove thirty hours
And I, I still drove thirty hours to you, yeah

[Verse 2: Kanye West]
I remember rappin' for Jay and Cam
Young producer just trying to get his flows off
I remember being nervous to do Victoria's Secret
'Til I pictured everybody with they clothes off
Expedition was Eddie Bauer edition
I'm drivin' with no winter tires in December
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, like a private school for women
Then I get there and all the Popeye's is finished, girl
You don't love me, you just pretendin'
I need a happy beginnin', middle and endin'
Chicago, St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago
It's gettin' hot in here, that's all that I know
Got a hotel room, three stars for you
You call down for an omelet, girl, it's 5 in the morning
You realize we at the DoubleTree, not the Aria
Only thing open is Waffle House, girl, don't start with me
I used the Western Union for you like it's no prob'
'Cause you was in college complainin' 'bout it's no jobs
But you were suckin' a nigga dick the whole time
Well, I guess a blowjob's better than no job

[Chorus: Kanye West]
And I drove back thirty hours, uh

[Bridge: Arthur Russell]
Where the main ties onto the sail
Better on sighting
For astern, oh
[Outro: Kanye West & André 3000]
3 Stacks, can you help me out?
Thirty hours
Yeah, this type of shit you just ride out to
Thirty hours
Thirty hours
I just be like, it was my idea to have an open relationship
Now a nigga mad

Now I'm 'bout to drive ninety miles like Matt Barnes to kill
Thirty hours
Just to kill
Just to
Just to
I'm about to drive ninety
Ninety miles like Matt Barnes just to whoop a nigga ass
It was my idea and now a nigga (Thirty hours)
Now a nigga mad, now a nigga, uh
A stunna
Whoop him after school just to show I got class
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh with you, yeah (Thirty hours)
You know what I'm sayin'? Drop some shit like that
Ayy, ayy, ayy-ayy, ayy, uh
Whoop him after school just to
Thirty hours
Whoop him after school just to show I got class
Uh, igh, uh, uh, 3 Stacks
Thirty hours
Just ride out to that, uh
Check it out: this the bonus track, this the bonus
Thirty hours
My favorite albums used to have like bonus joints like this
That's why they kick it off like this
Yeah, just did that Madison Square Garden
Thirty hours
Had to put the flyest nigga on this shit, ayy, ayy
The pyramids shall rise
Thirty hours
Look at these ultralight beams flowin'
For all the moms, the dads, the kids, the families that shared this moment with us
Let's rock out for 'bout
Thirty hours
You know, ayy, you know
Ayy, you know, ayy, you know
Thirty hours
Whole design team, Yeezy team, music team, ayy
Remember when the whole block'd get shout out?
This my version of a shout-out track
Thirty hours
Let that mothafucka rock, let that, let that, yeah
To my brother Yasiin, holding it down in Africa
Thirty hours
To my family: thank you for holding me down
The media be acting like
Thirty hours
That's Gabe calling
Yo, Gabe
I'm just doing a— I'm just doing an adlib track right now
What's up?
Thirty hours
Thirty hours