Kanye West, Barry Bonds (Ft. Lil Wayne)

[Verse 1: Kanye West]
It's what you all been waiting for, ain't it?
What people pay paper for, damn it
They can't stand it, they want something new
So let's get reacquainted, became the hood favorite
I can't even explain it, I surprise myself too

[Chorus: Kanye West]
Life of a Don, lights keep glowin'
Comin' in the club wit' that fresh shit on
Wit' somethin' crazy on my arm, uh-huh-hum
And here's another hit, Barry Bonds

[Refrain: Kanye West]
We outta here, baby! We outta here, baby!
We outta here, baby!

[Verse 2: Kanye West]
Dude! Fresh off the plane—Konnichiwa, bitches
Turn around another plane, my passport on pivot
Ask for it, I did it—that asshole done did it
Talked it, then he lived it, spit it, then he shit it
I don't need writers, I might bounce ideas
But only I could come up with some shit like this
I done played the underdog my whole career
I've been a very good sport, haven't I, this year?
They say, "He goin' crazy and we seen this before"
But I'm doing pretty good as far as geniuses go
And I'm doing pretty hood in my pink polo
Nigga, please, how you gon' say I ain't no Lo-head?
'Cause my Dior got me more model head?
I'm insulted, you should go 'head
And bow so hard 'til your knees hit your forehead
And the flow just hit code red
Top five MCs, you ain't gotta remind me
Top five MCs, you gotta rewind me
I'm high up on the line, you could get behind me
But my head's so big, you can't sit behind me (Sit behind me)

[Chorus: Kanye West]
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[Refrain: Lil Wayne]
Yeah, yeah, we outta here, baby!
What? What? We outta here, baby!
Ayy, Mr. West, we so outta here, baby!
And me? I'm Mr. Weezy Baby, yeah!

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]
I'm so bright, not shady
My teeth and my ice so white like Shady
Ice in my teeth so refrigerated
I'm so fuckin' good like I'm sleepin' with Meagan (Ha!)
I'm all about my Franklins, Lincolns, and Reagans
Whenever they make them, I shall hayve them
Oops, I meant "have them"—I'm so crazy
But if you play crazy, you be sleeping with daisies
I'm such a hayvoc—oops, I meant "havoc"
And my drink's still pinker than the Easter rabbit
And I'm still col' like Keyshia's family
Stove on my waist turn beef to patties (Bow!)

And I ate it 'cause I'm so avid (No homo)
And I don't front and I don't go backwards
And I don't practice, and I don't lack shit
And you can get buried—suck my bat, bitch (ha!)
[Refrain: Kanye West & Lil Wayne]
We outta here, baby!
We outta here, baby!
We outta here, baby!
Swag at a hundred and climbin', baby, yeah!

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]
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