

Otis

Jay-Z

[Otis Redding]

It makes it easier, easier to bear, yeah
You won't regret it, no no
No, girls they don't forget it
LOVE is their home, happiness, yeah
Squee... squee... squee... squeeze her
Don't tease her, never leave her

[Jay-Z]

Sounds so soulful, don't you agree?
OWW! Uhh

I invented swag
Poppin bottles, puttin supermodels in the cab
Proof...
I guess I got my swagger back, truth
New watch alert, Hublot's
Or the big face Roley, I got two of those
Arm out the window through the city, I maneuver slow
Cock back, snap back, see my cut through the holes; go

[Kanye West]

"Damn Yeezy and Hov', where the hell you been?"
Niggaz talkin real reckless, stuntmen
I adopted these niggaz, Phillip Drummond 'em
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 see 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

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, photo shoot fresh, lookin 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 G-450 I might surface
Political refugee asylum can be purchased
Uh, everything's for sale
I got five passports, I'm never goin to jail

[Kanye West]

I made "Jesus Walks" I'm never goin to hell
Couture level flow, it's never goin on sale
Luxury rap, the Hermes of verses
Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive
I get it custom, you a customer
You ain't 'custommed to goin through customs, you ain't been nowhere, huh?
And all the ladies in the house got 'em showin off
I'm done, I'll hit you up mañana-naaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

[Jay-Z]

Welcome to Havana
Smokin Cubanass with Castro in cabanas
Viva México, Cubano
Dominicano, all the plugs that I know
Drivin 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?

[Kanye West (Jay-Z)]
Can't you see the private jets flyin over you?
Maybach bumper sticker read "What would Hova do?"
Jay is chillin (uhh) 'Ye is chillin (uhh)
What more can I say? (What more can I say?) We killin 'em
Hold up, before we end this campaign
As you can see we done bodied the damn lanes
Lord, please let them accept the things they can't change
And pray that all of their pain be champagne

[Otis Redding]
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Scream it! [3X]