

# That's My Bitch

Jay-Z

[Kanye West:]

Hello, can I speak to a, a, yeah you know who you are  
Look, you had no idea what ya dealing with  
Something on some of this realest shit  
Something, something  
Yeah. thats my bitch

Thats my bitch  
Sh-shorty right there  
Thats my bitch  
Thats my bitch

[Chorus - Elly Jackson:]

I've been waiting for a long long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high  
And live my life  
And live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

[Kanye West:]

I paid for them titties, get your own  
It aint safe in the city, watch the throne  
You say I care more about them basquion's, basquiats  
She learning a new word, its yacht  
Blew the World up as soon as I hit the club with her  
Too Short called, told me "I fell in love with her"  
Seen by actors, ball players and drug dealers  
And some lesbians that never loved niggas  
Twisted love story True Romance  
Mary Magdalene from a pole dance  
I'm a freak huh, rock star life  
The second girl with us, thats our wife  
Hey boys and girls, I got a new riddle  
Who's the new old perv thats tryna play second fiddle  
No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle  
But my dick worth money I put Monie in the middle

[Chorus - Elly Jackson:]

I've been waiting for a long long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high  
And live my life  
And live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high, high, high, high

Silly little vixen, mixes 'til morning  
Not swerving, oh, yeah  
Swear you never strolled on a bottle of that potion  
Stop motion, ooh, yeah

[Jay-Z:]

Go harder than a nigga for a nigga go figure  
Told me "keep my own money" if we ever did split up  
How can somethin' so gangsta be so pretty in pictures?  
With jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers  
Uh, Picasso was alive he woulda made her  
Thats right nigga Mona Lisa can't fade her  
I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice

But why all the pretty icons always all white  
Back to my Beyonces  
You deserve 3 stacks for the Andre  
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in museums  
You belong in Vintage clothes watching the whole building  
You belong with niggas who used to be known for dope dealing  
You too dope for any of those civilians  
Now shoot trigga, stop looking at her tits  
Get ya own dog, ya heard  
Thats my bitch

[Chorus:]

I've been waiting for a long long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high  
And live my life  
And live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

Silly little vixen, mixes 'til morning  
Not swerving, oh, yeah  
Swear you never strolled on a bottle of that potion  
Stop motion, ooh, yeah

[Kanye West:]

You have no idea what you're dealing with  
Something on some of this realest shit  
Pop some nines, so I give you the Fifth  
Something, something, yeah

That's my bitch, That's my bitch  
Sh-shorty right there? That's my bitch  
That's my bitch