

# Devil in a New Dress

Kanye West

I love it though  
I love it though  
You know

Put your hands to the constellations  
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation  
I know I'm preachin' to the congregation  
We love Jesus but she done learned a lot from Satan

I mean a nigga did a lot of waitin'  
We ain't married but tonight I need some consummation  
May the Lord forgive us, may the God's be with us  
And that magic hour I seen good Christians make rash decisions

Oh she do it, what happened to religion?  
Oh she lose it, she putting on her make up  
She casually allure, text message break up, the casualty of tour  
How she gon' wake up and not love me no more

I thought I was the ass hole, I guess it's rubbin' off  
Hood phenomenon, the Lebron of rhyme  
Hard to be humble when you stuntin' on a Jumbotron  
I'm lookin' at her like, "This what you really want it, huh?"  
What we argue anyway, oh, I forgot it's summertime

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I know I'm preachin' to the congregation  
We love Jesus but she done learned a lot from Satan  
Satan, Satan, Satan

I mean a nigga did a lot of waitin'  
We ain't married but tonight I need some consummation  
When the sun go down it's the magic hour, the magic hour  
And outta all the colors that are still up the skies  
You got green on your mind, I can see it in your eyes

Why you standin' there with your face screwed up?  
Don't leave while you're hot, that's how Mase screwed up  
Throwin' shit around, the whole place screwed up  
Maybe I should call Mase so he could pray for us

I hit the Jamaican spot at the bar, take a seat  
I ordered you jerk, she said, "You are what you eat"  
You see I always loved your sense of humor  
But tonight you should have seen how quiet the room was

The Lyor Cohen or Dior Homme  
That's Dior Homme not Dior homie  
The crib scarface couldn't be more Tony  
You love me for me, could you be more phony?

Put your hands to the constellations  
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation  
Haven't said a word, haven't said a word to me this evenin'  
Cat got your tongue?

Lookin' at my bitch I bet she give your ass a bone  
Lookin' at my wrist it'll turn your ass to stone  
Stretch limousine, sippin' Rosé all along  
Double-headed monster with a mind of his own

Cherry red chariot, excess is just my character  
All black tux, nigga shoes lavender  
I never needed acceptance from all you outsiders  
Had cyphers with Yeezy before his mouth wired

Before his jaw shattered climbin' up the Lord's ladder  
We still speedin' runnin' signs like they don't matter  
Hater talkin' never made me mad  
Never that when I'm in my favorite paper tag

Therefore G4s at the Clearport  
When it come to tools fool I'm a Pep Boy  
When it came to dope I was quick to export  
Never tired of ballin' so it's on to the next sport

New Mercedes Sedan, they'll export  
So many cars DMV though it was mail fraud  
Different traps, I was gettin' mail from  
Polk County, Jacksonville, rep Melbourne

Whole clique's appetite had tapeworms  
Spinnin' Teddy Pendergrass vinyl as my jay burns  
I shed a tear before the nights over  
God bless the man I put this ice over

Gettin' 2Pac money twice over  
Still a real nigga, red Coogi sweater, dice roller  
I'm makin' love to the angel of death  
Catchin' feelings never stumble retracin' my steps