

# Send It Up

Kanye West

Reliving the past  
Yuh lost

Rock star bitch call me Elvis  
M.O.B, she call me selfish  
Success got 'em jealous  
Shorty's killing, while I'm drilling  
Tattoos, how they break the news  
It was real if you made the news  
Last night my bitches came in twos  
And they both suck like they came to lose  
Dropped out the first day of school  
'Cause niggas got cocaine to move  
I be going hard, I got a name to prove  
Killing 'em, honey how I make the pain improve

We can send this bitch up, it can't go down

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This the greatest shit in the club  
Since "In Da Club"  
It's so packed I might ride around  
On my bodyguard's back like Prince in the club  
She say "Can you get my friends in the club?"  
I say "Can you get my Benz in the club?"  
If not, treat your friends like my Benz  
Park they ass outside 'til the evening end  
When I go raw, I like to leave it in  
When I wake up, I like to go again  
When I go to work, she gotta call it in  
She can't go to work, same clothes again  
And her heart colder than the souls of men  
Louboutin on the toes again  
Tight dress dancing close to him  
Yeezus just rose again

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Memories don't live like people do  
They always 'member you  
Whether things are good or bad  
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