

# Everything I Am (Feat DJ Premier)

## Kanye West

Damn, here we go again  
Common passed on this beat  
I made it to a jam  
Now everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
Damn, here we go again  
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
I'll never be picture-perfect Beyonce'  
Be light as Albi or black as Chauncey  
Remember him from blackstreet  
He was as black as the street was  
I'll never be as laid back as this beat was  
I never could see why people'll reach a  
Fake-ass facade that they couldn't keep up  
Ya see how I creeped up?  
Ya see how I played a big role in Chicago like Queen Latifah?  
I never rock a mink coat in a winter time like Killa Cam  
Or rock some mink boots in the summertime like Will.I.Am  
Let me know if you feel it man  
Cause everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
Damn, here we go again  
Everybody sayin' what's not for him  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
Damn, here we go again  
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
And I'm back to tear it up  
Haters, start your engines  
I hear 'em gearin' up  
People talkin' so much shit about me at barbershops  
They forget to get their haircut  
Okay fair enough, the streets is flarin' up  
Cause they want gun-talk, or I don't wear enough  
Baggy clothes, Reebok's, or A-di-dos  
Can I add that he do spaz out at his shows  
So say goodbye to the N-double-A-C-P award  
Goodbye to the India Arie award  
They'd rather give me the nigga-please award  
But I'll just take the I-got-a-lot a-cheese award  
Damn, here we go again  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
Damn, here we go again  
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am  
I know that people wouldn't usually rap this  
But I got the facts to back this  
Just last year, Chicago had over six hundred caskets

Man, killin's some wack shit  
Oh, I forgot, 'cept for when niggas is rappin'  
Do you know what it feel like when people is passin'?  
He got changed over his chains, a block off Ashlin  
I need to talk to somebody, pastor  
The church want time, so I can't afford to pay  
The slip on the door, cause I can't afford to stay  
My 15 seconds up, but I got more to say  
That's enough Mr. West, please no more todayDamn, here we go again  
Everybody sayin' what's not for him  
But Everything I'm not, made me everything I amDamn, here we go again  
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan  
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

Songwriters

GEORGE CLINTON, PHILLIP MITCHELL, CARLTON DOUGLAS RIDENHOUR, ERIC T SADLER,  
HANK SHOCKLEE, KANYE WEST, KANYE OMARI WESTPublished by  
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