

# Runaway

Kanye West

And I always find, yeah, I always find something wrong  
You been putting up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at finding what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast Let's have a toast for the douchebags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know Let's have a toast for the jerk-offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Runaway fast as you can She find pictures in my email  
I sent this bitch a picture of my dick  
I don't know what it is with females  
But I'm not too good at that shit See, I could have me a good girl  
And still be addicted to them hood rats  
And I just blame everything on you  
At least you know that's what I'm good at And I always find, yeah, I always find, yeah, I always find something  
wrong  
You been putting up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at finding what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast Let's have a toast for the douchebags  
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Every one of them that I know Let's have a toast for the jerk-offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Runaway fast as you can Runaway from me, baby  
Runaway, runaway from me, baby  
Runaway I'm about to get crazy, then runaway  
Use the thug plan, runaway as fast as you can Runaway from me, baby  
Runaway, runaway from me, baby  
Runaway, I'm about to get crazy  
Why can't she just runaway? Baby I got a plan, runaway as fast as you can 24/7, 365, pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I did it, alright, alright, I admit it  
Now pick your next move  
You could leave or live with it I chabod Crane with that motherfucking top off  
Split and go where? Back to wearing knockoffs, ha, ha  
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off  
Let's talk over Mai Tai's, waitress, top it off Ho's like vultures, wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em, they ain't never seen Versace sofas

Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes with a price tag, baby, face it You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty ho's in the baller-nigger matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich and tasteless, PNever was much of a romantic  
I could never take the intimacy  
And I know it did damage  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killing me I guess you knew another vantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything  
And I don't know how I'ma manage  
If one day you just up and leave And I always find, yeah, I always find something wrong  
You been putting up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at finding what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast Let's have a toast for the douchebags  
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Runaway fast as you can

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