

# That's My Bitch (Ft. Jay-Z & La Roux)

Kanye West

Uh, hello, can I speak to uh, uh,  
Yeah you know who you are  
Look, you had no idea what ya dealing with  
Something on some of this realest shit  
Pop champagne yeah I'll give you a sip  
'Bout to go dumb how come,  
Yeah, that's my bitch That's my bitch, sh-shorty right there  
That's my bitch, that's my bitch 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 I paid for them titties, get your own  
It ain't 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, that's our wife  
Hey boys and girls, I got a new riddle  
Who's the new old perv that's tryna play second fiddle  
No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle  
But my dick worth money I put Monie in the middle I've been waiting for a long long time (Where she at? In the middle)  
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  
I'm yearning, oh, yeah  
Swear you never strolled on a bottle of that potion  
Stop motion, ooh, yeah 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  
That's 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  
Put some colored girls in the MoMA  
Half these broads ain't got nothing on Willona  
Don't make me bring Thelma in it  
Bring Halle, bring PenÃ©lope and Salma in it  
Back to my Beyonces  
You deserve three 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  
That's my bitch 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

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