

Barry Bonds (feat. Lil Wayne)

Kanye West & Lil Wayne

It's what you all been waitin' for, ain't it?
What people pay paper for, damn it
They can't stand it, they want somethin' new
So let's get reacquainted, became the hood favorite
I can't even explain it, I surprise myself too
Life of a don, lights keep glowin'
Comin' in the club wit that fresh shit on
With somethin' crazy on my arm
And here's another hit, 'Barry Bonds'
We outta here, baby
We outta here, baby
Dude, fresh off the plane, konichiwa bitches
Turn around another plane, my passport on pimpin'
As for what I did, that asshole done did it
Talked it and he lived it, spitted then he shitted
I don't need to write hits, I might bounce ideas
But only I could come up with some shit like this
I done played the underdog my whole career
I've been a very good sport, haven't I this year?
They said he goin' crazy and we seen this before
But I'm doin' pretty good as far as geniuses go
And I'm doin' pretty hood in my pink Polo
Nigga please, are you gonna say I ain't no low head?
'Cos my Dior got me more my dough head
I'm insulted, you should go here
And bow so hard till your knees hit your forehead
And the flow just hit code red
Top 5 MCs, you ain't gotta remind me
Top 5 MCs, you gotta rewind me
I'm high up on the line, you can get behind me
But my head's so big you can't sit behind me
Life of a don, lights keep glowin'
Comin' in the club wit that fresh shit on
With somethin' crazy on my arm
And here's another hit, 'Barry Bonds'
Yeah, yeah, we outta here, baby
Wha, wha, we outta here, baby
Hey Mr. West, we're so outta here, baby
And me, I'm Mr. Weezy, baby
I'm so bright like shady
My teeth and my eyes so bright like Shady
Ice in my teeth soigerated
I'm so fuckin' good like I'm sleepin' with Megan
I'm all about my Franklins, Lincolns and Regans
Whenever they make them, I shall have them
Oops, I meant have them, I'm so crazy
But if you play crazy, you be sleepin' with daisies
It's such a haybit, oops, I meant habit

And my drink's still pinker than the Easter rabbit
And I'm still cold like Keisha's family
Stove on my waist, turn beef to baddies And I ate it 'cause I'm so at it
And I don't front and I don't go backwards
And I don't practice and I don't lack shit
And you can get barred, suck my back, bitch We outta here, baby
We outta here, baby
We outta here, baby Swear I got a hundred and climbin', baby
Life of a don, lights keep glowin'
Comin' in the club wit that fresh shit on
Wit somethin' crazy on my arm
And here's another hit, 'Barry Bonds'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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