

Power [Remix] (Ft. Jay-Z & Swizz Beatz)

Kanye West

[Jay-Z]

Is this thing on?

Oh, I thought they silenced us, Ye

Power to the people We livin' in that 31st century, futuristic fly shit

The penthouse is the projects and everybody flies private

New watch, know what time it is, watch us (You see us)

They can't stop us, prophets, beyotches [Kanye West]

No one man should have all that power (Yeah)

The clock's tickin', I just count the hours (Yeah)

Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the power

(No one man should have all that power) [Jay-Z]

Rumble, young man, rumble

Life is a trip, so sometimes, we gon' stumble

You gotta go through pain in order to become you

But once the world numbs you, you'll feel like it's only one you

Now you got the power to do anything you want to

Until you ask yourself, "Is this what it's all come to?"

Lookin' at life through sunglasses and a sunroof

But do you have the power to get out from up under you

F-ck Rollies, labels, f-ck what everybody wants from you

They tryna Axl Rose you, welcome to the jungle

To be continued, we on that Norman Mailer shit

In search of the truth, even if it goes through Taylor Swift

Tell her this No one man should have all that power

(Power-power-power-power-power)

And then they

And then they

And then they

And then they [Kanye West]

Now when I walk in, everybody do the "Power" clap

Clap, clap, clap

Fresh for the club, I just took a half an hour nap

Clap, clap, clap

I seen people go crazy on the whole world, an hour lap

Clap, clap, clap

My socket was out the plug, now it's time to get the power back

Clap, clap

I seen people abuse power, use power, misuse and then lose power

Power to the people at last, it's a new hour

Now we all ain't gon' be American Idols
But you can least grab a camera, shoot a viral
Huh? Take the power in your own hands
I'm a grown man, doin' my grown dance
I don't stop until I see the end, my vision clear, bitch
I'm on my Van Gogh, I don't hear shit[Chorus]
No one man should have all that power
The clock's tickin', I just count the hours
Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the power
'Til then, f-ck that, the world's ours And then they say
And then they say
And then they say
And then they say
And then they say
Now everything I'm rhymin' on cause a Ramadan
Been a don, prayin' for the families lost in the storm
Bring our troops back from Iraq, keep our troops out of Iran
So the next couple bars, I'ma drop them in Islam
They say assalamu alaikum, say wa alaikum asalaam
That's no Oscar Mayer bacon, you should run and tell your moms
Now the question is, how we gon' stop the next Vietnam?
Keep Flex out of Korea, 'cause you know he drop bombs[Swizz Beatz]
Showtime!
Hey, yo, Yeezy, stop playin' with these people, man
They want see you act all crazy in this muf-cka, man
Take that jacket off and go crazy on them niggas, man
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?[Kanye West]
What do it mean to be the boss?
It mean second place is the first one who lost
The crucifixion, the being nailed to the cross
Truth or fiction, it's a hell of a cost, do the dishes
I'm 'bout to hit that Jeff Gordon
Michael Jordan, the only one more important
But I be feelin' like Jordan when I'm recordin'
'Cause every time I record, I duck to slap the boards
I don't know what these rappers gon' do after wars
Prolly spaz like I might do at the awards
Huh, I got the whole crowd goin' crazy
Homie, I should be rewarded
Gettin' money, Yeezy, Yeezy, how you do it, huh?
Eatin' Wheaties, drinkin' Fiji, bein' greedy, huh?
Don't even think you can allude to the rumors
I'm immune to the booze, I'm a prude to you losers
It's all in time, my nigga
See, I dreamed my whole life that I could rhyme with Jigga

Now Jay my big brother and Bey my lil sister
And excuse me, but, you can't see my lil sister
Number one sound across the board, hey
Number one now and forevermore, hey
Number one rule is n-ggas don't hate Maybe I'll drop the album, nah, all y'all gotta wait
And on the 'Net they showin' pictures of my Cali place
My Maybach in NY, but it still got the Cali plates
All my old girls know that I'm the one that got away
I think about at Christmas, and play some Donny Hathaway
And keep my bulletproof hater coat on
Lookin' at some photos that I'm lookin' crazy dope on
Hand up, talkin' sh-t, yeah, I get my Pope on
And go home wit something to poke on
That's what Dre said, but this what 'Ye said
How 'Ye doin'? Who 'Ye screwin'?
That's for my dick to know, before you get to know em
She ain't give you ass? That pussy fictional
I gotta give her the eviction note
'Tis "Get yo' ass out, bitch, vamonos"
Five seconds to the song, and we gettin' close
I got the power, muf-cka, if you didn't know [Swizz]
Chill, chill, chill, chill, man
Chill, 'Ye, chill
Sh-t's burnt up already
It's over

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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