

Gifted

Nasa

Verse (Kanye West)Hey eh
I'm known for running my mouth
I will not be accountable for what comes out uh
I don't know I might of said it
I was kinda gone and light-headed
My jacket kinda fresh, bright red-ed
And as usual my pants tight threaded
It seem like everybody dress tight now
And I just want my credit
Don't get it twisted or dreaded
I am the king and will not be-headed
To the mall no time soon brethren
Being broke made my head hurt
So I need the bread or an Excedrin
That'll only get my engine revvin'
While y'all on ten, I'm on eleven
I'mma make the news, be on at seven
Matter fact, I'm on this very second
I'm in first and y'all in second
And this verse only add to the freshness
Call to the club, tell 'em add to the guest list
What you think? Way more bitches?
I can never be to big for my britches
Y'all mutha fuckas know who this is
I'm gifted, Merry Christmas...

Merry ChristmasChorus (Lykke Li and Santogold)I'm armed with pens

And I got my rhymes
Whatever comes, I'll write it down
So knock me out
And shoot me down
With mics in hand
We'll stand against the test of timeVerse (Santogold)You don't know my mind
Like I said a thousand times
I try to stay ahead
Know what I'm fighting for
I leave you to your talk
Never seen my kind before
And you're all so thick headed
Follow and I know I led it

Part of me won't me quit
Won't let me just not say shit
So much there to be bored with
Can't be still, I can't afford it
Try to hold it in but it makes me sick
So I spit it out, say the hell with it
I dream it and I build it tall
Make a way for when it fallsChorus (Lykke Li and Santogold)I'm armed with pens
And I got my rhymes
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We'll stand against the test of timeBreakI'm armed with pens
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