

Everything I Am

Kanye West

Damn, here we go again
Common passed on this beat
I made it to a jam
Now everything I'm not, made me everything I am
Damn, here we go again
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
I'll never be picture-perfect Beyonce'
Be light as Albi or black as Chauncey
Remember him from blackstreet
He was as black as the street was
I'll never be as laid back as this beat was
I never could see why people'll reach a
Fake-ass facade that they couldn't keep up
Ya see how I creeped up?
Ya see how I played a big role in Chicago like Queen Latifah?
I never rock a mink coat in a winter time like Killa Cam
Or rock some mink boots in the summertime like Will.I.Am
Let me know if you feel it man
Cause everything I'm not, made me everything I am
Damn, here we go again
Everybody sayin' what's not for him
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
Damn, here we go again
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
And I'm back to tear it up
Haters, start your engines
I hear 'em gearin' up
People talkin' so much shit about me at barbershops
They forget to get their haircut
Okay fair enough, the streets is flarin' up
Cause they want gun-talk, or I don't wear enough
Baggy clothes, Reebok's, or A-di-dos
Can I add that he do spaz out at his shows
So say goodbye to the N-double-A-C-P award
Goodbye to the India Arie award
They'd rather give me the nigga-please award
But I'll just take the I-got-a-lot a-cheese award
Damn, here we go again
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
Damn, here we go again
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
I know that people wouldn't usually rap this
But I got the facts to back this
Just last year, Chicago had over six hundred caskets

Man, killin's some wack shit
Oh, I forgot, 'cept for when niggas is rappin'
Do you know what it feel like when people is passin'?
He got changed over his chains, a block off Ashlin
I need to talk to somebody, pastor
The church want time, so I can't afford to pay
The slip on the door, cause I can't afford to stay
My 15 seconds up, but I got more to say
That's enough Mr. West, please no more todayDamn, here we go again
Everybody sayin' what's not for him
But Everything I'm not, made me everything I amDamn, here we go again
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

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