

# Runaway (feat. Pusha T)

## Kanye West & Pusha T

And I always find, yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up with' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douchebags,  
Let's have a toast for the assholes,  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags,  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can  
She find pictures in my email  
I sent this girl a picture of my dick.  
I don't know what it is with females  
But I'm not too good with that shit.  
See, I could have me a good girl  
And still be addicted to them hoodrats  
And I just blame everything on you  
At least you know that's what I'm good at  
See, I always find  
And I always find  
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douchebags,  
Let's have a toast for the assholes,  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags,  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can  
R-r-ru-ru-ru-run away  
Run away from me, baby  
(Look at, look at, look at, look at you)  
Run away from me, baby  
(Look at you, look at you, look at you)  
Run away  
Run away from me, baby  
24/7, 365, pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I did it, all right, all right, I admit it  
Now pick your next move, you could leave or live with' it

Ichabod Crane with that motherfuckin' top off  
Split and go where? Back to wearin' knockoffs, huh?  
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off  
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off  
Fools like vultures wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em, they ain't never seen Versace sofas  
Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes with a price tag, baby, face it  
You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty hoes in a baller-nigga matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless  
P!Never was much of a romantic,  
I could never take the intimacy.  
And I know I did damage,  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killing me,  
I guess you've got another advantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything.  
And I don't know how I'm a manage,  
If one day you just up and leave  
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douchebags,  
Let's have a toast for the assholes,  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags,  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

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

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