

# Barry Bonds (feat. Lil' Wayne)

## Kanye West

It's what you all been waiting for ain't it?  
What people pay paper for damn it, they can't stand it  
They want something 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 glowing  
Coming in the club with that fresh shit on  
With something crazy on my arm

Uh-uh-hum, and here's another hit, Barry Bonds We outta here baby! "Dude!" Fresh off the plane, "konichiwa,"  
bitches

Turn around another plane, my passport on pivot  
Ask for it I did it, that asshole done did it  
Talked it then he lived it, spit it then he shit it  
I don't need writers, 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 say "he going crazy and we seen this before"  
But I'm doing pretty good as far as geniuses go  
And I'm doing pretty hood in my pink polo  
Nigga please, how you gonna say I ain't no Lo-head  
Cause my Dior got me more model head  
I'm insulted, you should go 'head  
And bow so hard until 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 could get behind me  
But my head's so big you can't sit behind me  
Life of a Don, lights keep glowing  
Coming in the club with that fresh shit on  
With something crazy on my arm  
Uh-uh-hum, and here's another hit, Barry Bonds Yeah, yeah, we outta here baby!  
Wha, wha, we outta here baby!  
Hey Mr. West we so outta here baby And me, I'm Mr. Weezy Baby  
I'm so bright not shady  
My teeth and my ice so white like Shady  
Ice in my teeth so refrigerated  
I'm so fucking good like I'm sleeping with Megan  
I'm all about my Franklins, Lincolns and Reagans  
Whenever they make them, I shall have them

Oops, I meant "have them," I'm so crazy  
But if you play crazy you be sleeping with daisies  
I'm such a hay-vic, oops I meant "havoc"  
And my drink's still pinker than the Easter rabbit  
And I'm still cole like Keyshia's family  
Stove on my waist turn beef to patties  
And I ate it cause I'm so avid  
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 buried, suck my bat bitch  
We outta here baby! Swag at a hundred and climbin', baby, yeah  
Life of a Don, lights keep glowing  
Coming in the club with that fresh shit on  
With something crazy on my arm  
Ha Ha Hum, and here's another hit, Barry Bonds

Songwriters

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