

Blood On The Leaves (EuthInMe Bootleg Remix)

Kanye West

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees I just need to clear my mind now

It's been racin' since the summertime

And I'm holdin' down the summer now

And all I want is what I can't buy now

Cause I ain't got the money on me right now

And I told you to wait

Yeah I told you to wait

So I'mma need a little more time now

Cause I ain't got the money on me right now

And I thought you could wait

Yeah, I thought you could wait

These bitches surroundin' me

All want somethin' out me

Then they talk about me

Would be lost without me

We could've been somebody

Thought you'd be different 'bout it

Now I know you not it

So let's get on with it

We could've been somebody

'stead you had to tell somebody

Let's take it back to the first party

When you tried your first molly

And came out of your body

And came out of your body

Running naked down the lobby

And you was screamin' that you love me

Before the limelight tore ya

Before the limelight stole ya

Remember we were so young

When I would hold you

Before the blood on the leaves

I know there ain't wrong with me

Something strange is happening

You could've been somebody

We could've ugh, we could've been somebody

Or was it on the first party

When we tried our first molly

And came out of our body

And came out of our body
Before they call lawyers
Before you tried to destroy us
How you gon' lie to the lawyer?
It's like I don't even know ya
I gotta bring it back to the 'nolia Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas
Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas
Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas
I ride with my niggas, I'll die for my... To all my second string bitches, try and get a baby
Trying to get a baby, now you talkin' crazy
I don't give a damn if you used to talk to Jay-Z
He ain't with you, he with BeyoncÃ©, you need to stop actin' lazy
She Instagram herself like #BadBitchAlert
He Instagram his watch like #MadRichAlert
He only wanna see that ass in reverse
Two-thousand-dollar bag with no cash in your purse
Now you sittin' courtside, wifey on the other side
Gotta keep 'em separated, I call that apartheid
Then she said she impregnated, that's the night your heart died
Then you gotta go and tell your girl and report that
Main reason cause your pastor said you can't abort that
Now your driver say that new Benz you can't afford that
All that cocaine on the table you can't snort that
That going to that owing money that the court got
All in on that alimony, uh, yeah-yeah, she got you homie
'til death but do your part, unholy matrimony That summer night holding long and long, 'din long
Now waiting for the summer rose and (breathe)
And breathe and breathe
And breathe and breathe
And breathe and breathe
And live and learn
And live and learn
And living and living like I'm lonely
Lonely, lonely
And living all I have
And living all
And live
And live

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

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