

Picasso Baby

JAY-Z

I just want a Picasso, in my casa
No, my castle
I'm a hassa, no I'm a asshole
I'm never satisfied, can't knock my hustle
I wanna Rothko, no I wanna brothel
No, I want a wife that fuck me like a prostitute
Let's make love on a million, in a dirty hotel
With the fan on the ceiling, all for the love of drug dealing
Marble Floors, gold Ceilings
Oh what a feeling, fuck it I want a billion
Jeff Koons balloons, I just wanna blow up
Condos in my condos, I wanna row of
Christie's with my missy, live at the MoMA
Bacon and turkey bacon, smell the aroma Oh what a feeling
Picasso Baby, Ca Picasso baby
Ca ca Picasso Baby, Ca ca Picasso baby
Oh what a feeling
Picasso Baby, Ca Picasso baby
Ca ca Picasso Baby, Ca ca Picasso baby
It ain't hard to tell
I'm the new Jean Michel
Surrounded by Warhols
My whole team ball
Twin Bugattis outside the Art Basel
I just wanna live life colossal
Leonardo Da Vinci flows
Riccardo Tisci Givenchy clothes
See me throning at the Met
Vogueing on these niggas
Champagne on my breath, Yes
House like the Louvre or the Tate Modern
Because I be going ape at the auction
Oh what a feeling
Aw fuck it I want a trillion
Sleeping every night next to Mona Lisa
The modern day version
Yellow Basquiat in my kitchen corner
Go ahead lean on that shit Blue
You own it

Oh what a feeling
Picasso Baby, Ca Picasso baby
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Picasso Baby, Ca Picasso baby
Ca ca Picasso Baby, Ca ca Picasso baby "Et là je t'ai tout donné, montré, rien à cacher, tu es là Ivy, comme le
nombre d'or.
Jay, comment tu dis nombre d'or?" "The golden number." "Touché." "OK! I never stuck my cock in the fox's box
but
Damned if I ain't open Pandora's box
They try to slander your man
On CNN and Fox
My Mirandas don't stand a chance, with cops
Even my old fans like old man just stop
I could if I would but I can't
I'm hot, and you blow
I'm still the man to watch, Hublot
On my left hand or not
Soon I step out the booth
The cameras pops niggas is cool with it
Till the canons pop
Now my hand on the Bible
On the stand got your man in a jam, again
Got my hands in cuff
I'm like god damn enough
I put down the cans and they ran amok
My hairpin pierce skin, ruptures spleens
Cracks ribs, go through cribs, and other things
No sympathy for the king, huh?
Niggas even talk about your baby crazy
Eventually the pendulum swings
Don't forget America this how you made me
Come through with the 'Ye mask on
Spray everything like SAMO
I won't scratch the Lambo
What's it gon take
For me to go
For you to see
I'm the modern day Pablo

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

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