Good Friday

DJ SS

(Kanye West)
Party people in the place to be
You are now in the midst of a real MC
Throw your hands in the air if you real as me
Ooooooooooh
(Kid Cudi)
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
(Kanye)
Such an easy mornin', we on a ride
And I'm feelin' smooth as the way the Benz drive
Turn the radio down if they playin' that bullshit
They don't want black people to think he drive
He think he live
(Common)
He think he live, he think he cold
He think I'm high, I'm in thinker mode
Eyes low'd, I let the skies hold the thoughts
The streets are like the high road that I go across
(Kanye)
I mean, my whole team 'bout to smash the streets
The Phillip Lim remind them that it's Fashion Week
And the weather wasn't barely hot
Did I mention that the sweater was a Jeremy Scott?
Did I mention G.O.O.D. Music, yeah, forever we hot
Motherfucker, are you ready or not?
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
(This goes out to the hardcore hip-hop)
(Can't stop! Yooou can't stop!)
(This goes out to the hardcore hip-hop)

(Can't stop! Yooou can't stop!)
(Pusha T)
As 'Ye flips the piano
The mood swings like the change of a channel
He's heating up like they wrapped him in flannel
Sellin' kilos through your iPod nano
Cocaine vandal, I induct scandal
Money drive you crazy, look at Marbury's handle
Vaseline face, reminiscent of my tires
Ice cream paint job, somethin' like Breyers
Euro tank top, Dior inspired
Sell it to you hard, no assembly required
(Eyuck!) I'm 2012 in 2010
Which makes this a time machine, not just any Benz
Floss for the members of the gang with 28
While haters wish death 'pon me, that's many men
Yeah, and if you slaim you on your paper route
Stop talkin', motherfucker, pull your paper out
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready

Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
(Big Sean)
Now tell me, do it feel good? Well, all right
Don't worry, we gon' be here all night
And you know a nigga rep that Westside (Westside!)
Westside, Westside!
So te-te-tell who the freshest of 'em all?
They claimin' that they fresh, they ain't fresher than my balls
A nigga suited fresh like I'm headed to the ball
MC hunting season, putting heads up on the wall
I sneak peeked ahead while we headed to the loft
Man, I always thought with the head inside my drawers
I guess that's why in school, my grades went from As to Bs to Cs
All over double Ds, I be absent all week
This is for my niggas, all the ones I ride for
Man, that's the fam, we let 'em in through the side door
Hold on: That's the girl you gave a wedding ring?
Man, me and my niggas nutted on her everything
(Charlie Wilson)

And let me hear you say ahhhh
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Let me hear you say ahhhh
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Va-va-va-va-va-va
(Kanye)
Ay, we promised
Now put your hands up to the sky
Until the day in that we die
And we'll be here all evenin'
G.O.O.D. Fridays, I hope you have a nice weekend
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
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I know the city gettin' ready

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