

All Day (Trillwave Redux) | PANDA EDM SHOW

Kanye West

All day, niggaHow long you niggas ball? All day, nigga
How much time you spent at the mall? All day, nigga
How many runners do you got on call? All day, nigga
Swish, swish, how long they keep you in court? All day, nigga
Take you to get this fly? All day, nigga
Tell your P.O. how-how long you been high? All day, nigga
You already know I'm straight from the Chi, all day, nigga
South, south, south side! All day, niggaThis Ye, nigga
Shoppin' for the winter, and it's just May, nigga
Ball so hard, man, this shit cray, nigga
And you ain't gettin' money 'less you got eight figures
For that Jesus piece, man, I've been saved, nigga
Just talked to Farrakhan, that's sensei, nigga
Told him I've been on ten since the 10th grade, nigga
Got a middle finger longer than Dikembe, my nigga, uh
I don't let 'em play with me
I don't let 'em talk to me no kind of way
Uh, they better watch what they say to me
People still gettin' popped on the day to day
Though I still got the 100 with the small face, nigga
Might spend 50 racks on my off day, nigga
You a fake Denzel like the Allstate nigga
If you run into me, better have Allstate with you, uh
You a Rico Suave, nigga
Ride around listening to Sade, nigga
If you ain't with us, you in our way, nigga
You an actor, you should be on Broadway, nigga
Cause you do shit the broad way, nigga
Your bitch got an ass, but my broad way thicker
Late for the class, in the hallway, nigga
Yeah, the dropout at it as always, nigga, as alwaysAll day, niggaI took a deep sweet breath, and I reached into
my head
Gave him what I had left
At that moment I dispersedAll day, niggaHow-h-how long you ball? All day, nigga
How much time you spent at the mall? All day, nigga
How long it take you to get this fly? All day, nigga
Tell your P.O. how-how long you been high? All day, nigga
Pour some Hen out for my niggas that died, all day, nigga
And I keep a bad bitch on the passenger side, all day, nigga

You already know that I'm straight from the Chi, all day, nigga
South, south, south side! All day, niggaI could do this all day, boy, I'm finna turn this bitch out
They need that Ye in the streets, boy, there's been a motherfucking drought
Don't really matter what I make, boy, you know I still go wild
Like a light skinned slave, boy, we in the mothafuckin' house
Right now, lookin' real sus right now
I swear I've been on this flight like a month right now
Stupid niggas gettin' money, Forrest Gump right now
Shout-out to Jackie Chan, I need to stunt right now
They've been lookin' at the Gram, I've been lookin' at the Grammys
Like, woo, that's us right now
24/7, 365 days, everybody gettin' paid
Niggas lookin' at me like I'm worth both MJ's
People saying, "Ye, Ye, take it easy"
20 Gs for the Yeezy's off of eBay
Niggas do the most and they ain't done shit
Only way I can sum it up, son of a bitch(Hands up, hands up)
Some want you dead, ayAll day niggaI took a deep sweet breath, and I reached into my head
Gave him what I had left
At that moment I dispersedGet low, alright
Get low, alright
What up? Alright, alright
Stay low, alright
Stay low, alright
South, south, south side, all day niggaWell, well, well
Let me run
Let me run to see who came undone
You've been right in my face
Let me run 'til you're off my case
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Songwriters

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