

# runaway (sirens of lesbos remake)

## Kanye West

And I always find, yeah I always find somethin' wrong

You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long

I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most

So I think it's time for us to have a toastLet's have a toast for the douche bags

Let's have a toast for the assholes

Let's have a toast for the scumbags

Every one of them that I know

Let's have a toast for the jerk offs

That'll never take work off

Baby, I got a plan

Run away fast as you canShe find pictures in my email

I sent this bitch a picture of my dick

I don't know what it is with females

But I'm not too good at that shit

See, I could have me a good girl

And still be addicted to them hood rats

And I just blame everything on you

At least you know that's what I'm good atAnd I always find

Yeah I always find

Yeah I always find somethin' wrong

You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long

I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most

So I think it's time for us to have a toastLet's have a toast for the douche bags

Let's have a toast for the assholes

Let's have a toast for the scumbags

Every one of them that I know

Let's have a toast for the jerk offs

That'll never take work off

Baby, I got a plan

Run away fast as you canRunaway from me baby

Runaway

Runaway from me baby

Runaway

Crazy, just crazy

Runaway as fast as you can

Runaway from me baby

Runaway

Runaway from me baby

Runaway

Crazy  
Why cant she just runaway  
Baby I got a plan  
Run away fast as you canTwenty four seven, three sixty five  
Pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I-I did it  
All right, all right, I admit it  
Now pick your best move  
You could leave or live wit' it  
Ichabod Crane with that mothafuckin' top off  
Split and go where?  
Back to wearin' knockoffs, ha ha  
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off  
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off  
Hoes like vultures wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em they ain't never seen Versace sofas  
Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes with a price tag, baby face it  
You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty bitches in the baller-nigga matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless  
P!Never was much of a romantic  
I could never take the intimacy  
And I know it did damage  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killin' me  
I guessin' you're at an advantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything  
And I don't know where I'ma manage

If one day you just up and leaveAnd I always find, yeah I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toastLet's have a toast for the douche bags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerk offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

#### Songwriters

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