

# 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  
Bacons and turkey bacons, 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  
With better features  
Yellow Basquiat in my kitchen corner  
Go ahead lean on that shit Blue  
You own it Oh what a feeling

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Oh what a feeling  
Picasso Baby, Ca Picasso baby  
Ca ca Picasso Baby, Ca ca Picasso baby 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  
Picasso baby

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