No More Parties In LA

Kanye West

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Please baby no more parties in LA, uh
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No more (Los Angeles)Hey baby you forgot your Ray Bans
And my sheets still orange from your spray tan
It was more than soft porn for the K-man
She remember my Sprinter, said "I was in the grape van"
Uhm, well cutie, I like your bougie booty
Come Erykah Badu me, well, let's make a movie
Hell, you know my repertoire is like a wrestler
I show you the ropes, connect the dots
A country girl that love Hollywood
Mama used to cook red beans and rice
Now it's Denny's, 4 in the morning, spoil your appetite
Liquor pouring and niggas swarming your section with erection
Smoke in every direction, middle finger pedestrians
R&B singers and lesbians, rappers and managers
Music and iPhone cameras
This shit unanimous for you, it's damaging for you, one thing
I think that pussy should only be holding exclusive rights to me, I mean
He flew you in this motherfucker on first class
Even went out his way so you could check in an extra bag
Now you wanna divide the yam like it equate the math?
That shit don't add up, you're making them mad as fuck
She said she came out here to find an A-list rapper
I said baby, spin that round and say the alphabet backwards
You're dealing with malpractice, don't kill a good nigga's confidence
Just cause he a nerd and you don't know what a condom is
The head still good though, the head still good though
Ladies say "Nam Myoho Renge Kyo"
Make a nigga say big words and act lyrical, make me get spiritual
Make me believe in miracles, Buddhist monks and Captain Crunch cereal
Lord have mercy, thou will not hurt me
Five buddies all herded up on a Thursday
Bottle service, head service, I came in first place
The opportunity, the proper top of breast and booty cheek
The pop community, I mean these bitches come with uni fee
And I walk through with ease, moving units through consumer streets

Then my shoe released, she was kicking in gratuity
And yeah G, I was all for it
She said K Lamar, you kind of dumb to be a poet
I'mma put you on game for the lames that don't know they're a rookie
Instagram is the best way to promote some pussyScary, scary
No more parties in LA
Please baby, no more parties in LA
Friday night tryna make it into the city
Breakneck speeds, passenger seat something pretty
Thinking back to how I got here in the first place
Second class bitches wouldn't let me on first base
A backpack nigga with luxury taste buds
And a Louis Vuitton store, got all of my pay stubs
Got pussy from beats I did for niggas more famous
When did I become A list? I wasn't even on a list
Strippers get invited to where they only get hired
When I get on my Steve Jobs, somebody gon' get fired
I was uninspired since Lauryn Hill retired
And 3 Stacks, man, you preach it to the choir
Any rumor you heard about me was true and legendary
I done got Lewinsky and paid secretaries
For all my niggas with babies by bitches
That use their kids as meal tickets
Not knowing the disconnect from the father
The next generation will be the real victims
I can't fault 'em really
I remember Amber told my boy no matter what happens she ain't going back to Philly
Back to our regularly scheduled programmin'
Of week content of slow jammin'
But don't worry, this one's so jammin'
You know that L.A. is so jammin'
I be thinkin' every day
Mulholland Drive, need to put up some got damn barricades
I be paranoid every time
The pressure, the problem ain't I be drivin'
The problem is I be textin'
My psychiatrist got kids that I inspired
First song they played to me was 'bout their friend that just died
Textin' and drivin' down Mulholland Drive
That's why I'd rather take the 405
I be worried 'bout my daughter, I be worried 'bout Kim
But Saint is baby Ye, I ain't worried 'bout him
I had my life threatened by best friends who had selfish intents
What I'm supposed to do?
Ride around with a bulletproof car and some tints?

Every agent I know know I hate agents
I'm too black, I'm too vocal, I'm too flagrant
Something smellin' like shit, that's the new fragrance
It's just me, I do it my way, bitch
Some days I'm in my Yeezys, some days I'm in my Vans
If I knew y'all made plans I wouldn't've popped the Xans
I know some fans who thought I wouldn't rap like this again
But the writer's block is over, emcees cancel your plans
I'm 38 years old, a 8 year old with rich nigga problems
Tell my wife that I hate the road so I ain't never drivin'
It took 6 months to take the Maybach all matted out
And my assistant crashed as soon as they backed it out
Got damn, got up of fade, I might slam
Pink fur, got Nori dressing like Cam, thank God for me
Whole family gettin' money, thank God for E!
I love rockin' jewelry, a whole neck full
Bitches say he funny and disrespectful
I feel like Pablo when I'm workin' on my shoes
I feel like Pablo when I see me on the news
I feel like Pablo when I'm workin' on my house
Tell 'em party's in here, we don't need to go out
We need the turbo thots, high speed, turbo thots
Drop-drop-drop-drop it like Robocop
She brace herself and hold my stomach, good dick'll do that
She keep pushin' me back, good dick'll do that
She push me back when the dick go too deep
This good dick'll put your ass to sleep
Get money, money, money, money
Big, big money, money, money, money
And as far as real friends tell my cousins I love 'em
Even the one that stole the laptop, you dirty motherfuckerPlease baby no more parties in LA
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Songwriters
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