

Thats My Bitch (feat. Jay-Z, Elly Jackson)

Kanye West

Uh, hello, can I speak to uh, uh,
Yeah you know who you are
Look, you had no idea what ya dealing with
Something on some of this realest shit
Pop champagne yeah I'll give you a sip
'Bout to go dumb how come,
Yeah, that's my bitch That's my bitch, sh-shorty right there
That's my bitch, that's my bitch I've been waiting for a long long time
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high I paid for them titties, get your own
It ain't safe in the city, watch the throne
You say I care more about them Basquion's, Basquiats
She learning a new word, its yacht
Blew the world up as soon as I hit the club with her
Too Short called, told me "I fell in love with her"
Seen by actors, ball players and drug dealers
And some lesbians that never loved niggas
Twisted love story "True Romance"
Mary Magdalene from a pole dance
I'm a freak huh, rock star life
The second girl with us, that's our wife
Hey boys and girls, I got a new riddle
Who's the new old perv that's tryna play second fiddle
No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle
But my dick worth money I put Monie in the middle I've been waiting for a long long time (Where she at? In the middle)
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high, high, high, high Silly little vixen, mixes 'til morning
I'm yearning, oh, yeah
Swear you never strolled on a bottle of that potion
Stop motion, ooh, yeah Go harder than a nigga for a nigga go figure
Told me "keep my own money" if we ever did split up
How can somethin' so gangsta be so pretty in pictures?
With jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers
Uh, Picasso was alive he woulda made her
That's right nigga Mona Lisa can't fade her
I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice

But why all the pretty icons always all white
Put some colored girls in the MoMA
Half these broads ain't got nothing on Willona
Don't make me bring Thelma in it
Bring Halle, bring PenÃ©lope and Salma in it
Back to my Beyonces
You deserve three stacks for the Andre
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in museums
You belong in Vintage clothes watching the whole building
You belong with niggas who used to be known for dope dealing
You too dope for any of those civilians
Now shoot trigga, stop looking at her tits
Get ya own dog ya heard
That's my bitch I've been waiting for a long long time
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high, high, high, high

Songwriters

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