

# Blood On The Leaves (BEEN TRILL Edit)

## Kanye West

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees  
Blood on the leaves I just need to clear my mind now  
It's been racin' since the summertime  
Now I'm holdin' down the summer now  
And all I want is what I can't buy now  
Cause I ain't got the money on me right now  
And I told you to wait  
Yeah I told you to wait  
So I'mma need a little more time now  
Cause I ain't got the money on me right now  
And I thought you could wait  
Yeah, I thought you could wait  
These bitches surroundin' me  
All want somethin' out me  
Then they talk about me  
Would be lost without me  
We could've been somebody  
Thought you'd be different 'bout it  
Now I know you not it  
So let's get on with it We could've been somebody  
Instead you had to tell somebody  
Let's take it back to the first party  
When you tried your first molly  
And came out of your body  
And came out of your body  
Running naked down the lobby  
And you was screamin' that you love me  
Before the limelight tore ya  
Before the limelight stole ya  
Remember we were so young  
When I would hold you  
Before the glory  
I know there ain't wrong with me  
Something strange is happening You could've been somebody  
We could've ugh, we could've been somebody  
Or was it all our first party  
When we tried our first molly  
And came out of our body  
And came out of our body

Before they call lawyers  
Before you tried to destroy us  
How you gon' lie to the lawyers?  
It's like I don't even know ya  
I gotta bring it back to the 'NoliaFuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas  
Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas  
Fuck them other niggas cause I'm down with my niggas  
I ride with my niggas, I'll die for myTo all my second string bitches, tryna get a baby  
Trying to get a baby, now you talkin' crazy  
I don't give a damn if you used to talk to Jay-Z  
He ain't with you, he with BeyoncÃ©, you need to stop actin' lazy  
She Instagram herself like #BadBitchAlert  
He Instagram his watch like #MadRichAlert  
He only wanna see that ass in reverse  
Two-thousand-dollar bag with no cash in your purse  
Now you sittin' courtside, wifey on the other side  
Gotta keep 'em separated, I call that apartheid  
Then she said she impregnated, that's the night your heart died  
Then you gotta go and tell your girl and report that  
Main reason cause your pastor said you can't abort that  
Now your driver say that new Benz you can't afford that  
All that cocaine on the table you can't snort that  
That going to that owing money that the court got  
On and on that alimony, uh, yeah yeah, she got you homie, yeah  
'Til death but do your part, uh, unholy matrimony

Songwriters

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