

Blood on the Leaves (feat. Tony Williams)

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

CRAIG STEPHEN LAWSON, ANTONY VON WILLIAMS, LEWIS ALLEN, ROSS BIRCHARD, CALVIN BROADUS, MIKE DEAN, AWOOD MAGIC JOHNSON, JR., MALIK YUSEF JONES, CRAIG MILLER, LUNICE F. PIERRE, ELON RUTBERG, KANYE OMARI WEST, CYDEL YOUNG
Published by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Peermusic Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Ultra Tunes, Universal Music Publishing Group, REACH MUSIC PUBLISHING, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, MUSIC SALES CORPORATION
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>