

30 Hours (ft. André 3000)

Kanye West

Baby lion goes
Where the islands go You say you never saw this comin', well you're not alone
Million dollar renovations to a happy home
My ex says she gave me the best years of her life
I saw a recent picture of her, I guess she was right
I wake up, assessin' the damages
Checkin' MediaTakeOut
Pictures of me drunk walkin' out with a bitch
But it's blurry enough to get the fake out
I wake up, all veggies no eggs
I hit the gym, all chest no legs
Yep, then I made myself a smoothie
Yeah, then me and wifey make a movie
Chicago - St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago
Andale Andale E.I, E.I, uh, oh
You had me drivin' far enough to switch the time zone
You was the best of all time at the time though
Yeah, you wasn't mine though But I still drove 30 hours
But still drove 30 hours to you I remember rapping for Jay and Cam
Young producer just trying to get his flows off
I remember being nervous to do Victoria Secret
'Til I pictured everybody with they clothes off
Expedition was Eddie Bauer edition
I'm drivin' with no winter tires in December
Skrrt skrrt skrrt like a private school for women
Then I get there and all the Popeye's is finished, girl
You don't love me, you just pretendin'
I need that happy beginnin', middle and endin'
Chicago, St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago
It's gettin' hot in hurr, that's all that I know
Got a hotel room, 3 stars for you
You call down for an omelet
Girl it's 5 in the morning
You realize we at the DoubleTree, not the Aria
Only thing open is Waffle House, girl don't start with me
I used the Western Union for you like it's no prob
Cause you was in college complainin' about it's no jobs But you were suckin' a nigga's dick the whole time
Well I guess a blowjob's better than no job And I drove back 30 hours Were remains that long to lose sad
Better unsaid

Always turn, oh3 Stacks, can you help me out?
30 hours
Yeah, this the type of shit you ride out to
30 hours
30 hours
I just be like, it was my idea to have an open relationship
Now a nigga mad
Now I'm 'bout to drive 90 miles like Matt Barnes to kill...
30 hours
Just to kill.
Just to...
Just to...
I'm about to drive 90
90 miles like Matt Barnes just to whoop a nigga ass
It was my idea and now a nigga
30 hours
Now a nigga mad, now a nigga, uh
A stunna
Whoop him after school just to show I got class
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh with you, yeah
30 hours
You know what I'm sayin'? Drop some shit like that
Ay, woop him after school
30 hours
Whoop him after school just to show I got class
Uh, 3 Stacks
30 hours
30 hours
Just ride out to that
Check it out, this the bonus track, this the bonus
My favorite albums just have like bonus joints like this
That's why they kick it off like this
Just did that Madison Square Garden
30 hours
Had to put the flyest nigga on this shit
The pyramids shall rise
30 hours
Look at all these Ultralight Beams flowin'
For all the moms, dads, the kids, the families that shared this moment with us
Let's rock out for 'bout
30 hours
You know, ay you know
Ay, you know, ay, you know
30 hours

Whole design team, Yeezy team, music team
Remember when the whole block'd get shout out?

This my version of a shout out track

30 hours

Let that mothafucka rock, let that, let that, yeah

To my brother Yasiin, holding it out in Africa

30 hours

To my family, thank you for holding me down

The media be after us

Phone call

That's Gabe calling

Yo Gabe

I'm just doing a... just doing an adlib track right now

What's up?

30 hours

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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