

# We Major (Featuring Nas And Really Doe)

## Kanye West

You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up and watch how we roll up and

I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts

I take a sip of that yak, I want to fuck

I take a hit of that chronic, it got me stuck

But really what's amazing is how I keep blazing

Towel under the door smoke until the days end

Puff, puff then pass, don't fuck up rotation

Hypnotic for Henny, now nigga that's your chaser

Turn nothing to something now pimpin' that's a savior

Best things are green now pimp and get your paper

High off the ground instead of skyscraper

Too low thinkin' we local, come on homie, we major We major (come on, homie, we major) Feeling better than  
some head on a Sunday afternoon

Better than a chick that say yes to soon

Until you have a daughter, that's what I call karma

And you pray to god she don't grow breasts too soon.

Projects to' up, gang signs is thrown up

Niggas hats broke off that's how we grow up

Why else you think shorty's write rhymes just to blow up?

Get they first car and then IRS show up

He ain't never had shit but he had that nine

Nigga come through flickin' and he had that shine

Put two and two together in a little bad weather

Gon' be a whole family on that funeral line

Ask the reverend was the strip club cool if my tips help send a pretty girl through school

That's all I want like wino's want they good whiskey

I ain't in the Klan, but I brought my hood with me You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up and watch  
how we roll up and

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Too low thinkin' we local, come on homie, we major I heard the beat and I ain't know what to write

First line, should it be about the hos or the ice?  
Four-four's or black Christ? Both flows would be nice  
Rap about big paper or the black man's plight  
At the studio console asked my man to the right  
What this verse sound like, should I freestyle or write?  
He said, Nas, what the fans want is Illmatic, Stillmatic  
Picked up the pad and pencil and jotted what I feel  
Been like 12 years since a nigga first signed  
Now I'm a free agent  
And I'm thinking it's time  
To build my very own Motown  
Cause rappers be deprived of executive 9 to 5s  
And it hurts to see these companies be stealing the life  
And I love to give my blood sweat and tears to the mic  
So y'all copped the LPs and y'all fiends got dealt  
I'm Jesse Jackson on the balcony where King got killed  
I survived the livest niggas around  
Lasting longer than more than half of you clowns  
Look, I used to cook before I had the game took  
Either way my change came like Sam Cooke. Feeling better than I ever felt before today  
Like better late than never is orientation  
Still we can make it better throwing all your cares away You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up and  
watch how we roll up and  
I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts  
I take a sip of that yak, I want to fuck  
I take a hit of that chronic, it got me stuck  
But really what's amazing is how I keep blazing  
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Songwriters

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