

Wolves (Balmain Campaign)

Kanye West

Lost out, beat up
Dancin', down there
I found you, somewhere out
'Round 'round there, right right there
Lost and beat up
Down there, dancin'
I found you, somewhere out
Right down there, right 'round there
Lost and, found out
Turned out, how you thought
Daddy, found out
How you turned out, how you turned out
If mama knew now
How you turned out, you too wild
You too wild, you too wild
You too wild, I need you now
Got to love you
Found you, found you
Right now, right now
Right now, right now
If your mama knew how
You turned out, you too wild
You too wild, you too wild
You too wild, and I need you now
Lost and found now
Cry, I'm not sorry
Cry, who needs sorry when there's Hennessey?
Don't fool yourself
Your eyes don't lie, you're much too good to be true
Don't fire fight
Yeah I feel you burning, everything's burning
Don't fly too high
Your wings might melt, you're much too good to be true
I'm just bad for you
I was lost and beat up
Turned out, burned up
You found me, through a heartache
Didn't know me, you were drawn in
I was lost and beat up
I was warm flesh, unseasoned
You found me, in your gaze
I found me, oh Jesus

I was too wild And I need you now, lost and, found out, yeah You gotta let me know if I could be your Joseph
Only tell you real shit, that's the tea, no sip
Don't trip, don't trip, that pussy slippery, no whip
We ain't trippin' on shit, we just sippin' on this
Just forget the whole shit, we could laugh about nothin'
I impregnate your mind, let's have a baby without fuckin', yo
I know it's corny bitches you wish you could unfollow
I know it's corny niggas you wish you could unswallow
I know it's corny bitches you wish you could unfollow
I know it's corny niggas you wish you could unswallow
I know it's corny bitches you wish you could unfollow
I know it's corny niggas you wish you could unswallow
You tried to play nice, everybody just took advantage
You left your fridge open, somebody just took a sandwich
I said baby what if you was clubbin'
Thuggin', hustlin' before you met your husband?
Then I said, "What if Mary was in the club
When she met Joseph around hella thugs?
Cover Nori in lambs' wool
We surrounded by the fuckin' wolves"
"What if Mary was in the club
'Fore she met Joseph with no love?
Cover Saint in lambs' wool
We surrounded by the fuckin' wolves"

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