

Heavy Hitters (feat. GLC)

Kanye West

[Kanye West]

Heavy hitters fo' life, heavy hitters fo' life
You rappers think I give a fuck about the way that they spit
Wanna be on my album but don't want me on they shit
Everybody thought I was makin' a compilation
I was really makin' myself, they competition
Fresh off the plane from the All-Star game
? on TV so it's All-Star trains
Just picture man, no snitchin' man
Somethin' for the fiends fresh out the kitchen man
Last 9.11 I was poor on the ave
'Til I pulled out my map
Not it's course 9.11 and I'm floorin' the gas
Gotta lotta problems, but at least one that Annette have no more
Uh, well Dame look at how everybody changed
Tell Jay that I'm 'bout to change the game
Tell B.I.G. that we about to get paid
All my niggaz about to have it made
This makes everything else sound played
Goddamn Kanye (Kanye) Kanye!
Now hold up
Ain't nobody messin' with me dog
Now you say it (ain't nobody messin' with you at all)
I told dude "You can't even rap on my interlude"
Now does that make me as rude as you?
(When the album comin' out?) Man the peoples is askin'
Y'all don't model Adidas, just stick with the fashion
Y'all already got do' so just spit for the passion
The way ya rhyme give me Tribe Called Quest flashbacks
And let's not even bring up the tracks man
Nope, nope, let's not do that man
You eatin' up the game like Pac-Man
He got the whole world shakin' just like crack fangs
[Hook: Kanye West]
Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life
Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up
Throw your diamonds
Let the beat ride out for a minute[GLC (Kanye West)]
Let's take it there, take it there man
It's not supposed to be?

?

(GLC where you at nigga?)

How many niggaz you know put their life on the line
and get signed

Did a few high crimes, almost got lifetime
After the sunshine you thinkin' it might count
How could I mic out, just look at my account
I used to work at the mall with nothin' at all
Seein' niggaz that ball, that shit was depressin'
Keep my clothes in the cleaners, I hate with the pressin'
When I copied hounds it was my best investment
Dre got shot and it taught me a lesson
I'm stickin' niggaz up and them rubbery masses
Mash like Batman minus the tight pants
Would hit your baby momma but her elbows is ashy
Fo' different blues, man your outfit is crashin'
You ain't got no muscles dude you weakling bastard
Man look at your haircut
Mm hmm, mm hmm, NAW, your hair sucks
How many niggaz you know is really heavy hitters
'87 go getters, two hoes like John Ritter
Even did it on his crime picture and ye
And offers to sell and yell, uh[Hook: Kanye West]
Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life
Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up
Throw your diamonds

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

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