

Good Friday

Tom Rhodes

(Kanye West)

Party people in the place to be
You are now in the midst of a real MC
Throw your hands in the air if you real as me
Ooooooooooooooh

(Kid Cudi)

Are you?

Ready to go?

I know the city gettin' ready for me

I know the city gettin' ready

(Kanye)

Such an easy mornin', we on a ride
And I'm feelin' smooth as the way the Benz drive
Turn the radio down if they playin' that bullshit
They don't want black people to think he drive
He think he live

(Common)

He think he live, he think he cold
He think I'm high, I'm in thinker mode
Eyes low'd, I let the skies hold the thoughts
The streets are like the high road that I go across
(Kanye)

I mean, my whole team 'bout to smash the streets
The Phillip Lim remind them that it's Fashion Week
And the weather wasn't barely hot
Did I mention that the sweater was a Jeremy Scott?
Did I mention G.O.O.D. Music, yeah, forever we hot
Motherfucker, are you ready or not?

Are you?

Ready to go?

I know the city gettin' ready for me

I know the city gettin' ready

Are you?

Ready to go?

I know the city gettin' ready for me

I know the city gettin' ready

(This goes out to the hardcore hip-hop)

(Can't stop! Yooou can't stop!)

(This goes out to the hardcore hip-hop)

(Can't stop! Yooou can't stop!)

(Pusha T)

As 'Ye flips the piano

The mood swings like the change of a channel

He's heating up like they wrapped him in flannel

Sellin' kilos through your iPod nano

Cocaine vandal, I induct scandal

Money drive you crazy, look at Marbury's handle

Vaseline face, reminiscent of my tires

Ice cream paint job, somethin' like Breyers

Euro tank top, Dior inspired

Sell it to you hard, no assembly required

(Eyuck!) I'm 2012 in 2010

Which makes this a time machine, not just any Benz

Floss for the members of the gang with 28

While haters wish death 'pon me, that's many men

Yeah, and if you slaim you on your paper route

Stop talkin', motherfucker, pull your paper out

Are you?

Ready to go?

I know the city gettin' ready for me

I know the city gettin' ready

Are you?

Ready to go?

I know the city gettin' ready for me

I know the city gettin' ready

(Big Sean)

Now tell me, do it feel good? Well, all right

Don't worry, we gon' be here all night

And you know a nigga rep that Westside (Westside!)

Westside, Westside!

So te-te-tell who the freshest of 'em all?

They claimin' that they fresh, they ain't fresher than my balls

A nigga suited fresh like I'm headed to the ball

MC hunting season, putting heads up on the wall

I sneak peeked ahead while we headed to the loft

Man, I always thought with the head inside my drawers

I guess that's why in school, my grades went from As to Bs to Cs

All over double Ds, I be absent all week

This is for my niggas, all the ones I ride for

Man, that's the fam, we let 'em in through the side door

Hold on: That's the girl you gave a wedding ring?

Man, me and my niggas nuttin' on her everything

(Charlie Wilson)

And let me hear you say ahhhh
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Let me hear you say ahhhh
Va-va-va-va-va-va
Va-va-va-va-va-va
(Kanye)
Ay, we promised
Now put your hands up to the sky
Until the day in that we die
And we'll be here all evenin'
G.O.O.D. Fridays, I hope you have a nice weekend
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
I know the city gettin' ready
Are you?
Ready to go?
I know the city gettin' ready for me
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