

Power (OST Saints Row: The Third)

Kanye West

I'm living' in that 21st century

Doing something mean to it

Do it better than anybody you ever seen do it

Screams from the haters, got a nice ring to it

I guess every superhero need his theme music No one man should have all that power

The clock's ticking', I just count the hours

Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the power

(21st century schizoid man) The system broken, the schools closed, the prisons open

We ain't got nothing' to lose, ma' fucka', we rolling

Huh? Ma'fucka', we rolling'

With some light-skinned girls and some Kelly Rowlands

In this white man's world, we the ones chosen

So goodnight, cruel world, I see you in the mornin'

Huh? I see you in the mornin'

This is way too much, I need a moment No one man should have all that power

The clock's tickin', I just count the hours

Stop trippin' I'm trippin' off the power

'Til then, fuck that, the world's ours And then they say (hey) and then they say

And then they say (hey) and then they say

And then they say (hey) and then they say (21st century schizoid man) Fuck S-N-L and the whole cast

Tell 'em Yeezy said they can kiss my whole ass

More specifically, they can kiss my ass-hole

I'm an asshole? You niggas got jokes

You short-minded niggas thoughts is Napoleon

My furs is Mongolian, my ice brought the goldies in

Now I embody every characteristic of the egotistic

He knows, he so, fuckin' gifted

I just needed time alone, with my own thoughts

Got treasures in my mind but couldn't open up my own vault

My childlike creativity, purity and honesty

Is honestly being crowded by these grown thoughts

Reality is catchin' up with me

Takin' my inner child, I'm fighting for its custody

With these responsibilities that they entrusted me

As I look down at my dia-mond-encrusted piece

Thinkin', no one man should have all that power

The clock's tickin', I just count the hours

Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the powder

'Til then, fuck that, the world's ours And then they say (hey) and then they say

And then they say (hey) and then they say

And then they say (hey) and then they say (21st century schizoid man)Holy, powers, Austin, Powers

Lost in translation with a whole fuckin' nation

They say "How was the abomination of Obama's nation?"

Well that's a pretty bad way to start the conversation

At the end of day, goddammit I'm killin' this shit

I know damn well y'all feelin' this shit

I don't need your pussy, bitch I'm on my own dick

I ain't gotta power trip, who you goin' home with?

How 'Ye doin? I'm survivin'

I was drinkin' earlier, now I'm drivin'

Where the bad bitches, huh? Where ya hidin'

I got the power, make yo' life so exciting (so exciting)Now this would be a beautiful death

Jumping out the window

Letting everything go

Letting everything goNow this would be a beautiful death

Jumping out the window

Letting everything go

Letting everything goNow this would be a beautiful death

Jumping out the window

Letting everything go

Letting everything goYou got the power to let power go?

(21st century schizoid man)

Songwriters

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