

# Otis

## Vini Reilly

[Otis Redding]It makes it easier, easier to bear  
You won't regret it, no, no  
No, girl they won't forget it  
Love is their home  
Happiness yeah  
Sq-sq-sq-squeeze her, don't tease her  
Never leave her?  
[Jay-Z]Sounds so soulful don't you agree  
I invented swag  
Poppin' bottles, puttin' supermodels in the cab, proof  
I guess I got my swagger back, truth  
New watch alert, Hublot's  
Or the big face Rollie I got two of those  
Arm out the window through the city I maneuver slow  
Cock back, snap back  
See my cut through the holes  
[Kanye West]Damn Yeezy and Hov,  
Where the hell ya been?  
Niggas talkin real reckless: stuntmen  
I adopted these niggas, Phillip Drummond 'em  
Now I'm bout to make them tuck they whole summer in  
They say I'm crazy, well, I'm 'bout to go dumb again  
They aint see me cause I pulled up in my other Benz  
Last week I was in my other other Benz  
Throw your diamonds up cause we in this bitch another 'gain  
[Jay-Z]Photo shoot fresh, looking like wealth  
I'm 'bout to call the paparazzi on myself  
  
Uh, live form the Mercer  
Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might murk ya  
Flee in the G450 I might surface  
Political refugee, asylum can be purchased  
Uh, everythings for sale, I got 5 passports  
I'm never going to jail  
[Kanye West]I made "Jesus Walks" I'm never going to hell  
Couture level flow, it's never going on sale  
Luxury rap, the Hermes of verses  
Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive  
I get it custom, you a customer

You ain't 'customed to going through Customs, you ain't been nowhere, huh?

And all the ladies in the house, got 'em showing off

I'm done, I hit ya up mana-naaaa!

[Jay-Z]Welcome to Havana

Smoking cubanos with Castro in cabanas

Viva Mexico, Cubano

Dominicano, all the plugs that I know

Driving Benzes, wit' no benefits

Not bad huh? For some immigrants

Build your fences, we diggin' tunnels

Can't you see? We gettin' money up under you

[Kanye]Can't you see the private jets flyin' over you?

Maybach bumper sticker read "What would Hova do?"

Jay is chillin', 'Ye is chillin'

What more can I say? We killin' 'em

Hold up, before we end this campaign

As you can see, we done bodied the damn lames

Lord, please let them accept the things they can't change

And pray that all of their pain be champagn

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