

Breathe in Breathe Out

Kanye West

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus]

Yeah, breathe in, breathe out

If ya iced up, pull ya sleeves out

Push a big truck, pull ya keys out

Girls go wild and pull ya d's out

Breathe in, breathe out

Let them hoes fight, pull her weave out

If a nigga act up, pull a Desert E's out

When I pull the piece out niggas like "Peace out!" Golly, more of that bullshit ice rap

I got to apologize to Mos and Kweli (probably)

But is it cool to rap about gold

If I told the world I copped it from Ghana and Mali? (Mali!) First nigga with a Benz and a backpack

Ice chain, Cardi lens, and a knapsack

Always said if I rapped I'd say somethin' significant

But now I'm rappin', 'bout money, hoes, and rims again And it's still about the Benjamins

Big faced hundreds and whatever other synonyms

Strippers named Cinnamon

More chips than Pentium

What'cha gon' buy next? Whatever new trend it is I'm tryin' to spend my stacks

And I'm so broke I look back like "Damn, was I on crack?"

I mean twelve platinum chains, was I on that?

What the hell was wrong with me dog?

Sing along with my y'all [Chorus] Now even though I went to college and dropped out of school quick

I always had a Ph.D... a Pretty Huge Dick

Ladies tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like this

And givin' head is like a whale that's usin' a toothpick Well, I'm in the club for a limited time

Act now and get some action for \$3.99

Later on I might charge for mÃ©nage

Heard her man was the boss of the floss But she still want to toss me the drawers

And it ain't goin' cost me because she my caddy

'Cause she grabbed my golf balls in the club

And I'm still actin' calm than a mug She asked "Can you drive me and the hunnies to where my Altima was?"

While we drive she tellin' me 'bout problems with her man
Baby I fully understand
Let me help you with a plan While he trickin' off, don't get no rich nigga
Give me some head, that'll really piss him off [Chorus] I blow past low class niggas with no cash
In the fo' dash six, bitch you can go ask
So when I go fast popo just laugh
Right until I run out of gas or 'til I go crash Whatever comes first I'm prepared for the worst
Whatever comes second I'll be there with my weapon
Pullin' up in the Lexus's one on both hand
So I guess them GS's was ambidextrous Could of sworn her breasteses was sendin' me messages
"K I need a free hand mammogram
I got weed, drink, and a Handicam
All of which is legal in Amsterdam" So say my name like Candyman
And I'm a come and fix you up like the handyman
But if you don't need a fix, girl you gotta leave
You can't take that all at one time ya gotta breathe [Chorus] Can you say Chi city

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