Devil In A New Dress

Kanye West

I love it though
I love it thoughUh put your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
I know I'm preaching to the congregation
We love Jesus but you done learned a lot from SatanI mean a nigga did a lot of waiting
We ain't married but tonight I need some consummationMay the Lord forgive us
May the God's be with us
And that magic hour
I seen good Christians
Make brash decisions
Oh she do it,
What happened to Religion?
Oh she lose it
She putting on her make up
She casually allure
Text message break up, the casualty of tour
How she gone wake up and not love me no more
I thought I was the ass hole, I guess it's rubbing off
Hood phenomenon, the Lebron of rhyme
Hard to be humble when you stuntin' on a jumbotron
I'm looking at her like "this what you really wantedt, huh?"
What we argue anyway, oh I forgot its summertimePut your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
I know I'm preaching to the congregation
We love Jesus but you done learned a lot from Satan(Satan, Satan, Satan)I mean a nigga did a lot of waiting
We ain't married but tonight I need some consummationWhen the sun go down its the magic hour
The magic hour
And outta all the colors that are still up the skies
You got green on your mind
I can see it in your eyes
Why you standing there with your face screwed up
Don't leave while your hot that's how Mase screwed up
Throwing shit around, the whole place screwed up
Maybe I should call Mase so that he could pray for us
I hit the Jamaican spot, at the bar, take a seat
I ordered you jerk, she said "you are what you eat"
You see I always loved your sense of humor
But tonight you should have seen how quiet the room was
The Lyor Cohen or Dior Homme that's Dior Homme not Dior homie

The crib Scarface couldn't be more Tony
You love me for me could you be more phoneyUh put your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
Haven't said a word, haven't said a word to me this evening
Cat got your tongue?Lookin' at my bitch I bet she give your ass a bone
Lookin' at my wrist it'll turn your ass to stone
Stretch limousine, sippin' Rose all along
Double-headed monster with a mind of his own
Cherry red chariot, excess is just my character
All black tux, nigga shoes lavender
I never needed acceptance from all you outsiders
Had cyphers with Yeezy before his mouth wired
Before his jaw shattered climbin' up the Lord's ladder
We still speedin' runnin' signs like they don't matter
Uh, hater talkin' never made me mad
Never that when I'm in my favorite paper tag
Therefore G.4's at the Clearport
When it come to tools fool I'm a Pep Boy
When it came to dope I was quick to export
Never tired of ballin' so it's on to the next sport
New Mercedes sedan, the Lex' sport
So many cars D.M.V. though it was mail fraud
Different traps, I was gettin' mail from
Polk County, Jacksonville, rep Melbourne
Whole clique's appetite had tapeworms
Spinnin' Teddy Pendergrass vinyl as my jay burns
I shed a tear before the nights over
God bless the man I put this ice over, uh
Gettin' 2Pac money twice over
Still a real nigga, red Coogi sweater, dice roller
I'm makin' love to the angel of death
Catchin' feelings never stumble retracin' my steps

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