Otis

Nane

[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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/