

Black Skinhead (Trumpdisco Remix)

Kanye West

For my theme song
My leather black jeans on
My by any means on
Pardon, I'm getting my scream on
Enter the kingdom
But watch who you bring home
They see a black man with a white woman
At the top floor they gone come to kill King Kong
Middle America packed in
Came to see me in my black skin
Number one question they asking
Fuck every question you asking
If I don't get ran out by Catholics
Here come some conservative Baptists
Claiming I'm overreacting
Like them black kids in Chiraq bitch
Four in the morning, and I'm zoning
They say I'm possessed, it's an omen
I keep it 300, like the Romans
300 bitches, where's the Trojans?
Baby we living in the moment
I've been a menace for the longest
But I ain't finished, I'm devoted
And you know it, and you know it
So follow me up cause this shit's about to go (down)
I'm doing 500, I'm outta control (now)
But there's nowhere to go (now)
And there's no way to slow (down)
If I knew what I knew in the past
I would've been blacked out on your ass
Four in the morning, and I'm zoning
They say I'm possessed, it's an omen
I keep it 300, like the Romans
300 bitches, where's the Trojans?
Baby, we living in the moment
I've been a menace for the longest
But I ain't finished, I'm devoted
And you know it, and you know it
Stop all that coon shit
Early morning cartoon shit
This is that goon shit
Fuck up your whole afternoon shit
I'm aware I'm a wolf

Soon as the moon hit
I'm aware I'm a king
Back out the tomb bitch
Black out the room, bitch
Stop all that coon shit
These niggas ain't doin' shit
Them niggas ain't doing shit
Come on homie what happened
You niggas ain't breathing you gasping
These niggas ain't ready for action
Ready-ready for action
Four in the morning, and I'm zoning
I think I'm possessed, it's an omen
I keep it 300 like the Romans
300 bitches, where the Trojans?
Baby, we livin' in the moment
I've been a menace for the longest
But I ain't finished, I'm devoted
And you know it, and you know it
So follow me up cause this shit's about to go (down)
I'm doing 500, I'm outta control (now)
But there's nowhere to go (now)
And there's no way to slow (down)
If I knew what I knew in the past
I would've been blacked out on your ass
God, God, God, God!
God, God, God, God!

Songwriters

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