

# Power (feat. Dwele, Alvin Fields & Ken Lewis)

## Kanye West

I'm living' in that 21st century  
Doing something mean to it  
Do it better than anybody you ever seen do it  
Screams from the haters, got a nice ring to it  
I guess every superhero need his theme music No one man should have all that power  
The clock's ticking', I just count the hours  
Stop tripping', I'm tripping' off the power  
(21st century schizoid man) The system broken, the schools closed, the prisons open  
We ain't got nothing' to lose, ma' fucka', we rolling  
Huh? Ma'fucka', we rolling'  
With some light-skinned girls and some Kelly Rowlands  
In this white man's world, we the ones chosen  
So goodnight, cruel world, I see you in the mornin'  
Huh? I see you in the mornin'  
This is way too much, I need a moment No one man should have all that power  
The clock's tickin', I just count the hours  
Stop trippin' I'm trippin' off the power  
'Til then, fuck that, the world's ours And then they say (hey) and then they say  
And then they say (hey) and then they say  
And then they say (hey) and then they say (21st century schizoid man) Fuck S-N-L and the whole cast  
Tell 'em Yeezy said they can kiss my whole ass  
More specifically, they can kiss my ass-hole  
I'm an asshole? You niggas got jokes  
You short-minded niggas thoughts is Napoleon  
My furs is Mongolian, my ice brought the goldies in  
Now I embody every characteristic of the egotistic  
He knows, he so, fuckin' gifted  
I just needed time alone, with my own thoughts  
Got treasures in my mind but couldn't open up my own vault  
My childlike creativity, purity and honesty  
Is honestly being crowded by these grown thoughts  
Reality is catchin' up with me  
Takin' my inner child, I'm fighting for its custody  
With these responsibilities that they entrusted me  
As I look down at my dia-mond-encrusted piece  
Thinkin', no one man should have all that power  
The clock's tickin', I just count the hours  
Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the powder  
'Til then, fuck that, the world's ours And then they say (hey) and then they say

And then they say (hey) and then they say  
And then they say (hey) and then they say (21st century schizoid man) Holy, powers, Austin, Powers  
Lost in translation with a whole fuckin' nation  
They say "How was the abomination of Obama's nation?"  
Well that's a pretty bad way to start the conversation  
At the end of day, goddammit I'm killin' this shit  
I know damn well y'all feelin' this shit  
I don't need your pussy, bitch I'm on my own dick  
I ain't gotta power trip, who you goin' home with?  
How 'Ye doin'? I'm survivin'  
I was drinkin' earlier, now I'm drivin'  
Where the bad bitches, huh? Where ya hidin'  
I got the power, make yo' life so exciting (so exciting) Now this would be a beautiful death  
Jumping out the window  
Letting everything go  
Letting everything go Now this would be a beautiful death  
Jumping out the window  
Letting everything go  
Letting everything go Now this would be a beautiful death  
Jumping out the window  
Letting everything go  
Letting everything go You got the power to let power go?  
(21st century schizoid man)

Songwriters

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