

Chain Heavy

Kanye West

your my devil your my angel,
your my heaven your my hell,
your my now your my never,
your my freedom your my jail,
your my lies your my truth,
your my war your my truce,
your my questions your my proof,
your stress and your my masseuse,
mama say mama say momma Dondas' son,
lost in this plastic life,

lets break out of this fake ass party and turn this into a classic night,
if we die in each others arms,
we'll still get laid in the after-life,
if we die in each others arms we'll still get laid.

Chain Heavy/Sweat off My Face

(chorus) my chain heavy yeah yeah my chain heavy, my chain heavy, my chain too heavy (repeat 2x)
they try to tell me my chain broke the levy,
maybe cuz its flooded,
why you walkin' round with a baby cross his cousin,
my teeth already white yall gone make me floss for nothing,
my teeth real diamonds what's the cause of the frontin',
while yall got all caps on?,
Don Cheadle Time,
get extra black on em',
burn Hollywood burn,
take too long for n***** to get their turn,
probably be cremated before I get my urn,
they try to tell that aliens built the pyramids,

I swear life's a bitch on a period,
For every inch they cut the nose off the Sphinx,
I made my jeweler add a few mo links,
you can look at me and tell I don't care what nobody think,
and my face always lookin' like somebody stink.

(chorus) my chain heavy yeah yeah my chain heavy, my chain heavy, my chain too heavy (repeat 2x)
here we go, like we should,
feel the sweat, on ya face,
here we go, like we should,
feel the sweat, on ya face,

alright okay, feel the sweat on ya face, h
ere we go, like we should, like we should, like we should
what color was the skin that bared the cross,
no matter how many lashes they couldn't beat it off,
how many caskets will we see in one lifetime?,
that's why Miles Davis coping is mic time,
I keep that notebook on my ottoman,
and wrote hooks about slaves that was slaughtered in the 1800's,
yall forget that I got called nigger on Twitter so many times,
man I lived that,
man I'm just trying to find out where to raise my kids at,
cuz they don't want n***** where they crib at,
hey real tom lookin' for a nice park,
twelve noon she say my family gone make it too dark,
this is the flow that solar eclipses,
so hopefully one day that real soul will eclipse the bullshit, they got us listenin' to,
in this existence,
don't give up now just a little mo persistence,
I want to thank Ice Cube and Michael Jackson(?),
Keep 'em away huh, something might happen,
this is the making of a masterpiece, so we broke out the chains and told the master peace.

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