

White Dress (FULL)

Kanye West

Just me and you girl
Whoa oh
Just me and you girl
Whoa oh Trying to sneak upstairs to your apartment
Aren't you a sight for red eyes
I just flew in and slipped in on your left side
Just a satin gown, you asleep with no make-up
I'm just tryna be inside you 'fore you wake up Just me and you girl
Whoa oh We had problems but it's all in the past
Everybody got problems baby, algebra class
Remember I used to do things that'd make you laugh
Like orderin' a girl drink in a masculine glass
You like piñatas coladas, getting caught in the rain
Or rocking flannels all summer like Kurt Cobain
Or that Dolce Gabbana with a few gold chains
And you the type of girl that probably deserve a new last name
But, they never let us do our thing
Everybody lying on who I bang
We was on fire but they blew our flame
Ain't no denying baby you have changed
Cause now your high heels clicking, your lip gloss glisten
Your hips start switching, you're pissed off, tripping
Cause even when we're kissing baby girl feel different
Friends all diss him like, "No he didn't?
No he didn't, is you talking about Kitten?
Is that bitch still stripping?
Trying to get a pair of Christians?"
I swear to God that they got you going crazy
But you play it off and say, "How is work baby?"
Well some of the models is too coked up to walk straight
But seem to still love the man that they all hate
But babe I call you back and say that you say that always
And kept me on the phone and demanded they all wait
See, she knew about all my lies the whole time
And my credit's so bad I can't get no one to cosign
I would've thought she would've bust in the door cryin'
But she upped and left a nigga and she ain't give me no sign
Now, she back in the club in a tight dress
With dreams of someday wearing a white dress

Seen with some lame, it's a miracle that she'd
Talk to a nigga with a ten-year ago swag
Plus I don't like none of her girlfriends
Quote unquote, "Cause her girlfriends got girlfriends."
On the phone, hollin' that "niggas is whatever"
Let's fly to Euro and make this the best summer ever
Now she heading to Rome, Rome is the home
Rome is where she act like she ain't got no fucking phone
I accept that I was wrong, except a nigga grown
So I can't bitch and moan, in a session gettin' stoned
So a nigga had to hop on a plane
A bus and a train, to try to come and talk and explain
Rented the whole bottom floor for a candlelight dinner
Turned the lights out and put my candle right in her
And told her, "Even though I met you in a club in a tight dress
At first sight I could picture you in a white dress."
Thirty foot train, diamond from Lorraine
Just to make up for all the years and the pain
Family on both sides, I'm so glad you came
Aunty couldn't make it, oh no that's a shame
Wedding in June, what could be better?
Let's fly to Euro, make this the best summer ever
Take the very last car of the Eurostar
Tell the conductor, "Just drive so far"
Told some of your friends and they wasn't excited
Well we gon' tour the countryside and they won't be invited
We will not be disturbed by the fussin' and fighting
Tell Peaches light the herb cause we just reunited
Let's make a move from these herds, go somewhere in private
I'm talking just me and you and the plane and the pilot

Songwriters

DON CANNON, OLUBOWALE AKINTIMEHIN, STEPHOND ROBINSON JR, LAMAR EDWARDS,
MOSES III BARRETT, JAYCEON TAYLOR, LARRANCE DOPSON, KANYE WEST, JAHMAL GWIN,
CYDEL CHARLES YOUNG, HOMER BANKS, CARL MITCHELL HAMPTON, RAYMOND EARL

JACKSONPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>