

# Runaway (Remix) [feat. Krayzed)

## Kanye West

And I always find, yeah I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douche bags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerk offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can  
She find pictures in my email  
I sent this bitch a picture of my dick  
I don't know what it is with females  
But I'm not too good at that shit  
See, I could have me a good girl  
And still be addicted to them hood rats  
And I just blame everything on you  
At least you know that's what I'm good at  
And I always find  
Yeah I always find  
Yeah I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douche bags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerk offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can  
Runaway from me baby  
Runaway  
Runaway from me baby  
Runaway  
Crazy, just crazy  
Runaway as fast as you can  
Runaway from me baby  
Runaway  
Runaway from me baby  
Runaway

Crazy

Why cant she just runaway  
Baby I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can Twenty four seven, three sixty five  
Pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I-I did it  
All right, all right, I admit it  
Now pick your best move  
You could leave or live wit' it  
Ichabod Crane with that mothafuckin' top off  
Split and go where?  
Back to wearin' knockoffs, ha ha  
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off  
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off  
Hoes like vultures wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em they ain't never seen Versace sofas  
Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes with a price tag, baby face it  
You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty bitches in the baller-nigga matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless  
P!Never was much of a romantic  
I could never take the intimacy  
And I know it did damage  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killin' me  
I guessin' you're at an advantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything  
And I don't know where I'ma manage  
If one day you just up and leave And I always find, yeah I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast Let's have a toast for the douche bags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerk offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

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