

Runaway

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

Songwriters

MIKE DEAN, KANYE WEST, MALIK YUSEF EL SHABA JONES, EMILE HAYNIE, TERRENCE
 THORNTON, JEFF BHASKER, PETER O. PHILLIPS, JOHN ROGER BRANCH

Published 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://damnyrics.com/>