

N.E.R.D f/ Kanye West, Lupe Fiasco, Pusha T

"Everyone Nose"

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[Kanye West]

Hey do you have any black inside you?
Would you like some (like some)?
Ha, You know you got a right to do whatever you like to
Don C we got the right one that right one
In the club always the flyest
Always got her hands the highest
She stopped drinking diet coke
She on that coke diet
She bat she bat her eyelids
That girl is so wired
I know she so tired, but ooh she on fiyah
Hundred dollar bill look at you look at you
A hundred dollar bills this ain't new this ain't new
From that Paris Lindsay Britney, Mary-Kate and Whitney
People say that they clean motherfucker don't bullshit
me

[Chorus]

All the girls standing in the line for the bathroom (3x)

[Pharrell]

You left your nigga home
You said you at your sister's
You and your girlfriends' wrong
You in here taking pictures
You ain't gotta tell us
You spending daddy's cash
Your girlfriend's jealous
You got the fattest ass
One down to pee, one trying to leave
It's hot as fuck but you just dying to ski
It's clear as black and white, like a fat panda
Your brain is Magic City
Your nose is Atlanta
I said think about your future
You can't do that tomorrow
But you don't hear a word, you see that SLR
You like "Hey Pharrell I ain't trying to kill your mood
But I can do the Star Trak sign see, killa dude"

[Chorus]

[Lupe Fiasco]

Now she got high hopes
Just to say hi to us
She want the high life
She like them higher ups
She know we high rollin'
She know it's high stakes
That's why she high speedin', out on that highway
She say she high maintenance
She say she high fashion
She say she high priced
I think she high cappin'
She had her high heels, I had my high tops
Sippin' a Hi-C, eatin' a Hydrox
I asked her how it feel up on this high rise
She said this high score this was the high lie
She got her hi-Pod bumpin' her hi-Tunes
This higher education welcome to high school

[Chorus]

[Pusha T]

Like I got a crown made of powder
Everybody knows who the king of the coke flow be
All I hear is oh ki every line is oh ki
All you rappers okey dokey
Nigga you don't paint pictures
I paint miracles on you niggas
And dime 'ye speedy bag bitches
Buy and sell I can accomodate your clientele
Shamu weight motherfucker breaks your scales
P to the usha, with a name like that what you look for
More less like P with the hook up
Hit me on the bat phone if you want it cooked up
Ride with me, as I'm switchin lane to lane
In my play clothes as I'm grippin' grain
In a hail of bullets how I write my name
Whether soft or hard motherfucker 'caine is 'caine

[Chorus]

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