

Kany García

"Out Of Your Mind"

Visit "[Out Of Your Mind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Artist: Kanye West ft. John Legend

Album: Unreleased Studio Tracks

Song: Out Of Your Mind

[John Legend]

We can't even sit and talk, without you arguing
You're the one who started it

[Kanye West]

[Verse 1]

I got a girl at home but she don't cook
I have my condoms in the stove 'cause she wont look
And she never ever go to the grocery store
So I figure it's safe to pull a grocery hoe
She was buyin Alize out the liquor isle
She said "I hope it's not too ghetto"
Rocked all gold force back in style
I kept her number on file for my girl be actin wild
Like last week I told her take me to the mall
But she don't drive
My other girl picked me up at 3:05
She got a brand new car, 16
Now the car only 1 years old, oh
Man but the body look grown, whoa
Before I catch a case I better take my ass home
Where the problems is, arguments be +Daly+ like
Carson is
But the problem is..

[Chorus]

We can't even sit and talk no more, without you arguing
Girl you must be out of your mind, no no no
You're the one who started it

[Verse 2]

Hold up, wait a second man
That's that thrift store info, that's all second hand
Why don't you talk to the mouth of the horses 'bout my
porches
Condos in front of the golf courses
Instead you stay up, countin every second like a fake

rollie
I'm real, so you know I move real slowly
The way the censorship'll go off, you know me
I aint call you, you wanna know why?
Im in Noha, Hon aloha, pushin jet skis so I
Couldn't return the pages on my Motorola
Nextel, my cell, it don't work down there
What happened in Cancun? Stays down there
What's happenin here? Made me wish I stayed down
there
Take a seat, why you always makin a beef?
You know these walls too thin in this apart-a-ment
Now everybody hearin our arguments
But the problem is..

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Man, boo you know what I do
So don't trip when I come home after 2 or 3 or 4
I aint messin with them girls no more
It's weak, the benz coupe is so sweet
When I roll down the street, tears roll down her cheek
She said, "You must love that car more than me
And nigga I was with you before the cheese
So you need to work on your pri-or-ities
If she went with Fabolous I bet that she would be
A-R-G-U-I-N-G and please
I'm not actin like this 'cause I'm getting spins on
W-K-R-P in Cincinnati
You think I'd get my voice so deep like
W-K-R-P in Cincinnati
That's how much of a fuck I give
You seen cribs? That's how the fuck I live
As far as this?

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Kany García](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.