

Kany García

"Watch The Throne"

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(Kanye West)

Hello, can I speak to, uh
Uh, yeah, you know who you are

You have no idea what you're dealin' with
Somethin' on some of this realest shit
Pop some nines, so I give you the Fifth
Somethin', somethin', yeah

That's my bitch
That's my bitch
Sh-shorty right there? That's my bitch
That's my bitch

I been waitin' for a long, long time
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

I paid for them titties, get your own
It ain't safe in the city, watch the throne
She say I care more about them "Basquiones"
Basquiats, she learnin' a new word, it's yacht
Blew the world up soon as I hit the club wit' her
Too Short called, told me "I fell in love wit' her"
Seen by actors, ballplayers, and drug dealers
And some lesbians that never loved niggas
Twisted love story, true romance
Mary Magdalene, from a pole dance
I'm a freak, huh? Rockstar life
The second girl wit' us? That's our wife
Hey, boys and girls, I got a new riddle
Who's the new old perm just tryn' play second fiddle?
No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle
But my dick worth money, I put moanie in the middle
Where she at, in the middle

(Elly Jackson)

I been waitin' for a long, long time

Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high (High, high,
high)

(Silly little vixen, mixes 'til mornin')

(Not swervin', ohh, yeah)
(Swore you never strolled on a bottle of that potion)
(Stop motion, ooh, yeah)

(Jay-Z)

Go harder than a nigga for a nigga, go figure
Told me "Keep my own money" if we ever did split up
How could somethin' so gangsta be so pretty in
pictures?
With jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers
Uh, Picasso was alive, he woulda made her
That's right, nigga, Mona Lisa can't fade her
I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice
But why all the pretty icons always all white?
Back to my Beyonces
You deserve three stacks for the Andre
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in mo-seums
You belong in binges, clothes, rushin' the whole
building
You belong with niggas who used to be known for
dope-dealin'
You too dope for any of those civilians
Now, shoo, Trigger, stop lookin' at 'er tense
Getcha own dog, ya heard? That's my bitch

I been waitin' for a long, long time
Just to get off and throw my hands up high
And live my life, and live my life
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

(Silly little vixen, mixes 'til modern)
(Not swervin', ohh, yeah)
(Swore you never strolled on a bottle of that potion)
(Stop motion, ooh, yeah)

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