

Kanye West

"A Million and One Freestyle"

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OKAY, I RELOADED! (The League Crew!) Yeah It's (a million) [Hook] I freestyle battle niggas for (a million) How many niggas bit the soul, bout (a million) How many hoes did I bone, bout (a million) Uh-uh, uh-uh, it's (a million), uh-uh There's (a million) ways to die, choose one (A million) [Verse One] A lot of people ask about the money I made Even Just Blaze How are they for real, is them niggas really paid? Rappers I met, or, dealt with direct Is it true he won't send a beat tape until he get a check? What's the position you hold? Could you really match the Neptunes, check my check And "H to the Izzo" is the only single that went gold? If this Roc-a-fella shit fold And you move back to the "Go" Is it back to ghost producer for D. Dot on the low? For the million time asking me Questions like Toni Braxton, harassing me Like you don't care about my son's feelings? Can I get a minute you wack bitch? I ain't gotta jack shit You heard "Takeover", who running this rap shit? Ugh Fake tits Shut up and make hits Can't we all just get along, +Spread Love+ like Take 6 What, you doing beats in LA for Eminem and Dr Dre? Them niggas sold ten mill I'm trying to get paid We do this shit for entertainment Bring guns to the arraignment While the judge in the chamber Let one up out the chamber BLAOW! [Hook] How many years did I wait, about (a million) How many niggas tryin' hate, about (a million) But when a nigga count his cake, it's bout (a million) [Verse Two] '04 the College Dropout I make the game different I don't know what the hell y'all niggas been sniffin' 'Ye still flicking Hoes is my addiction Five days out the week, you'll find me in the kitchen Smashing the game, nigga, unlike you Cause these beats change the game And the hook's right too I'm a crook like you Cats back in the Chi was buying tracks for dirt cheap Man, what could I do? Knowing I supposed to style I'm the fly boy poster child Bout to beat on Oprah now It's ironic and whatnot How I put no ice on the Bulgari watch Just to make it hot Now you see me on stages My hit resumes is Two pages For them niggas who played us Feet just raises Booming like Master Aces +Stand Up+, number one, and there's

more to come All I got for hoes is hard dick and bubble
gum While y'all brick like Fred, Barney, Rubble and
them Chi-town in this bitch, what's fucking with them?
Not a damn thing, nigga, we doing our damn thing
BLAOW! (A million)

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