

Kanye West "All Of The Lights Remix"

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[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]

Lights on, I see your face
She eat me up, she got expensive taste
I see you dreaming, but you still awake
Big slices, that's how you cut the cake
It's cold as hell, I show and tell
Weezy home, our nigga out of jail
In this give or take world I got what it takes
Put you out your misery, Kathy Bates
I'm Young Money, I'm Cash Money
If we could buy time, I spend my last money
Now I'm spending time, you in a blind
This little light of mine, I'ma let it shine

Bright lights, night lights, head lights
Shh, no lights but the infrared lights
Yeah, long life, don't like to ask twice
You killing me baby, this the past life

[Chorus - Rihanna]

Turn up the lights in here baby
Extra bright, I want y'all to see this
Turn up the lights in here, baby
You know what I need
Want you to see everything
Want you to see all of the lights

[Verse 2 - Big Sean]

Ready, set
Go, go, go, go, go, till you can't go no more
I'm ill times ill, dope plus dope
Westside bitch, quote, unquote
Whoa there boy, don't go there hoe
If you cross that line I might overload
I swear these lights-lights-lights be talking to me
But I can't read Morse code
Why every rapper name BIG got body huh?
But every rapper named Sean got money, ooooh
Well I guess my chances are fifty, fifty
But my vision is twenty, twenty
So I'll be counting a hundred hundreds
(All of the lights)

Oh, my Allah, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
I took your chick now you want beef
And I'm just chuckling like a Porky
Because you spend all day with her spooning
I spend all night with her forking
That's a one way ticket to hell
And they want these bullets to book it for me
Man, I'm shitting on every statistic that said I'll be dead
or fucking broke
This is history
Your kids, kids, kids, kids going to book report me but
And I think they want to murder me
I'm shining hard, because bitch I'm an emergency
B-I, GOOD G, I do it, boy

[Chorus]

[Alicia Keys]
Whoa-oh-whoa
Whoa-oh-whoa-oh

[Elton John]
I tried to tell you but all I could say is ohhhh

[Verse 3 - Drake]
Bad decisions, good intentions
Man, I'm riding, Weezy with me
I just left out of the strip club
Made five thousand look like fifty
I spend all my time in Houston
Smoke that kush but I don't do Whitney
I don't do Britney, I don't do Lindsay
I made two million since last Wednesday
And I hate y'all
Y'all got too much free time
Saying I ain't dropped shit
Everything'll be fine
Worrying about your old girl
Trying to see if she's mine
Nigga she's with me
When she tells you she needs some "me" time
It's our time, so fuck y'all
I really about to go Spring Break now
Start taking shots in this motherfucker
And you didn't really have all that ass last month
Girl you got some shots in that motherfucker?
Yeah, we got the Roc in this motherfucker
And you thought niggas was going to pop in this
motherfucker?
Uh, Young Money, power, respect in this bitch
You would think we got the Lox in this motherfucker

I made mistakes, I made some bread
I even made a way for them to get ahead
To my surprise, nobody replacing me
Take care and Carter IV
It won't be long till they could see the lights
And I'm on one, I got one
You a pussy nigga, I'm not one
So call it a night, call it a night
And I run this, and y'all know that
I take the purple and pour that
All in a Sprite, all in a Sprite

[Kid Cudi]
Getting mine, baby
Got to let these niggas know, yeah
Get it right, aye
You should go and get your own

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