

# Kanye West

## "Ay Ay Ay"

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[Saukrates]

Alright, east side

Big dogs, oh yeah

We coming through with this

You know what I'm saying

On that same vibe

Know what I'm saying, I mean

When you get to this mic, when you see this  
microphone

You got to see this microphone as you woman

Your plate of food, you know what I'm saying

Whether it's soul food, West Indian, whatever it may be

Be gone

Yo, uh, yo

Ay ay ay, leaving niggas with nothing to say-ay-ay

Go on fay-ay-ay, partners and compadre-ay-ays

Menu for today-ay-ay happens to be the emcee-ay-ay

With a slice of ham and a sunny side ay-ay-egg

I choose a new style to play-ay-ay

Me and James Ingram found more than a hundred way-  
ay-ays

Say say say what? Me and my niggas came to parlay-  
ay-ay

You couldn't fuck with us tomorrow or today-ay-ay

Lay back, keep it smooth Marvin Gaye-ay-way

Shit bangin harder than my ay-ay-A-K spray-ay-ay

Never curse those who player hay-ay-ate

Eventually y'all will come around my way-ay-ay

Like I said nothing to say-ay-ay

You fake niggas stray way like the mind of a child born  
into K-K-K

Ain't a dollar sign out there to match my resume-ay-ay

But if you insist, I'll take a mill-ion today-ay-ay-ay-ay

Save the other ten for me-ay-ay

Stutter stutter rap, bringing it back to slay-ay-ay

You niggas who lack originalitay-ay-ay

I'm bringing it back for y'all niggas who lack  
originalitay-ay-ay

Every copy you'll skip I'll sell from here to Pompei-ay-ay

My shit remains the bomb diggy-ay-ay

Remain ill to the saukratizzy way

I keep it bangin in your pun-punananay-nanay

CHORUS [Saukrates] (Niggas ov S.I.N.)  
(Ay ay ay) remain the bomb diggy day ay baby  
Keep it bangin in your pun-punan(ay ay ay)  
When I die use my funk for your carry carry oh-oh-okay-  
ay-ay  
Sing it now  
(Ay ay ay) remain the bomb diggy day ay baby  
Keep it bangin in your pun-punan(ay ay ay)  
When I die use my funk for your carry carry oh-oh-okay-  
ay-ay

[Saukrates]  
I was illing and cold chilling on the block and willing  
To let y'all niggas get away with the trash you spilling  
But, I ain't going to float and be your life perserver  
Play the police, turn this art to murder, word up!  
Would rather stay-ay unheard of to the common  
observer  
Who claim they heard of, keep my fans forver learners  
My plans forever hand to burner  
Understand you the man, but I'm Truck Turner  
Watching watching B-B-E-T on mute while I write the  
verse up  
Try not to curse up, we the big dogs you the first pup  
Who stuck spitting the illy, yo for really  
A broke hustler making y'all willie style look silly wild  
While I kill at will, or be killed by lyrical drill  
Ain't a competitor that will better the skill for real  
Now that you know the time do you feel  
Me enough to put me on you fitty dollar bill?  
Anyway-ay-ay, back to you pun-punananny-ay  
We was conversating on how to make your punanny  
spray-ay-ay  
Loving your body-ay-ay, my lifelong journey a pet for  
sexuality-ay-ay  
For real, give it to me doll and leaving those fake  
niggas starving  
For a bargain, my shit's never for free  
I beg your pardon, leaving them niggas with nothing to  
say  
Who keeps it banging in your sugar's pun-punannay

CHORUS

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