

Kanye West

"Christian Dior Denim Flow (feat. John Legend, Kid Cudi, LI)"

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[John Legend - Chorus]

I got the World in my hands, the master plan
But I don't know why I keep calling
Why I keep all of these girls at my shows
They loving me but I don't know why
I keep calling
Why I keep calling you

All the models to the floor right now
All the models to the floor right now
All the models to the floor right now
All the models to the floor right now

[Kanye West]

I'm in my Christian Dior with a Veronica Webb
Noemie Lenoir, Chanel, Sessilee Lopez
Arlenis Sosa, Selita Ebanks
If you work with my people, speak that Jourdan Dunn
language
Make a phone call, out to Joan Smalls
I wonder how it feel to lower (Lara) Stone's walls
Jessica Gomes, yall, I would damage her
And see if Jessica Stam got the stamina
I'm in the car with Leo and the Benz swerve
I heard Bar was friends with Esti Ginzburg
Coco Rocha, Kate Mimososa
Alessandra Ambrosia, Anja Rubik,
Get Olga Kurylenko, tell her I'm very single
Abbey Lee, too I'm a freak boo
I'm wylin I'm on a thousand
I wanna see Irina Shayk next to Doutzen.

[Chorus]

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[Kanye West]

Christian Dior denim flow
I told her I'm tryna eat out so what we going for dinner
for

[Pusha T]

Miami nights on the search for some T and A
Tryna hide what's obvious to see in me
We conversate a bit about your DNA
And my salmon coloured suits from the VMA's
Oh you was watching, who the f-ck wasn't
Me skip across that stage in 5 dozen
Yeah 60 grand for a minutes time
Italian vogue styled a n-gga for a minute rhyme
Lets be clear and lets be fair
The best things in music's being offered here
Its a round table full of bosses here
Still giving you it all like the coffins near

[Chorus]

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[Ryan Leslie]

It's time for a lesson in model behaviour
Damn, look at all the bad b-tches I gave you
Man I can see the flaws to your flavour
Look like wonder woman and still need a saviour
Maybe its a billionaire maybe its that cocaine
I done seen drugs and money run the whole game
A good girl lost in the city life
Agent Provocateur holding titties right
I'm haute couture of hoes galore
Give my girl a newport 'cause she's smoking yours
I'm the authority of model seniority
They call me Les but they all need more of me.

[Lloyd Banks]

He ain't Kraft material, champagne for cereal
Shorty stole my heart, criminal, my lucky charm
Fly clothes and Lear shows, type kind of stuff we on

Stuff all my problems in that bong and I'm puffin'
strong
I been locked in my way of thinking, now my cuffs are
gone
Must've been the liquor talkin', I'm beggin' the cups,
"C'mon"
Might come off as irregular, I come in custom form
T-G-I-F, GT breeze, my hustler's poem
My sound's full-grown, reminds me of my favorite
chronic (Kush)
Ball like a SuperSonic, make the haters vomit (Uh)
N-gga, make some money 'fore you make a comment
I meant to snap a while ago, but who knows where the
time went?
Probably dime chicks, whips with a Diddy
Now I'm back like a nine milli, runnin' New York City
See me clearly through the storm
The world's mine, sits pretty in my palm
Sean Don (Chandon?) as we continue on

[Chorus]

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[Kid Cudi]

N-ggas think they know I'm the guy with the story
They dont really know what's in my head, f-ckin' with
me
How can I be better?
I could start with just the basics
Dior, Dior, galore, I love the cut
I seem to have forgotten that I'm off the nini
To the people who dont know Cud', know what?
Rose gold presidential on my boney wrist
Took my ma to Chanel, had her LC the stunner
She got haters, some in the fam made us
But they don't really matter, we escaping with our
paper
"Hey ya", I'm on my Andre 3000
I'm all good now, a n-gga don't need no counseling
Woke up in the room and my mojo was active
Looks from the hoes that were more than likely passive
Back when let me not reflect on the old sh-t
I'm on to the new act, on to my new script
B-tches better have they thoughts before approaching
I done heard it all, baby, save it for them other n-ggas
Do things all before living, haters, copy, I'm the image

Haters, copy, I'm the image

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