

Kanye West "Devil in a New Dress"

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I love it though
I love it though
You know

Put your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
I know I'm preachin' to the congregation
We love Jesus but she done learned a lot from Satan

I mean a nigga did a lot of waitin'
We ain't married but tonight I need some
consummation
May the Lord forgive us, may the God's be with us
And that magic hour I seen good Christians make rash
decisions

Oh she do it, what happened to religion?
Oh she lose it, she putting on her make up
She casually allure, text message break up, the
casualty of tour
How she gon' wake up and not love me no more

I thought I was the ass hole, I guess it's rubbin' off
Hood phenomenon, the Lebron of rhyme
Hard to be humble when you stuntin' on a Jumbotron
I'm lookin' at her like, "This what you really want it,
huh?"
What we argue anyway, oh, I forgot it's summertime

Put your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
I know I'm preachin' to the congregation
We love Jesus but she done learned a lot from Satan
Satan, Satan, Satan

I mean a nigga did a lot of waitin'
We ain't married but tonight I need some
consummation
When the sun go down it's the magic hour, the magic
hour
And outta all the colors that are still up the skies
You got green on your mind, I can see it in your eyes

Why you standin' there with your face screwed up?
Don't leave while you're hot, that's how Mase screwed
up
Throwin' shit around, the whole place screwed up
Maybe I should call Mase so he could pray for us

I hit the Jamaican spot at the bar, take a seat
I ordered you jerk, she said, "You are what you eat"
You see I always loved your sense of humor
But tonight you should have seen how quiet the room
was

The Lyor Cohen or Dior Homme
That's Dior Homme not Dior homie
The crib scarface couldn't be more Tony
You love me for me, could you be more phony?

Put your hands to the constellations
They way you look should be a sin, you my sensation
Haven't said a word, haven't said a word to me this
evenin'
Cat got your tongue?

Lookin' at my bitch I bet she give your ass a bone
Lookin' at my wrist it'll turn your ass to stone
Stretch limousine, sippin' RosÃ© all along
Double-headed monster with a mind of his own

Cherry red chariot, excess is just my character
All black tux, nigga shoes lavender
I never needed acceptance from all you outsiders
Had cyphers with Yeezy before his mouth wired

Before his jaw shattered climbin' up the Lord's ladder
We still speedin' runnin' signs like they don't matter
Hater talkin' never made me mad
Never that when I'm in my favorite paper tag

Therefore G4s at the Clearport
When it come to tools fool I'm a Pep Boy
When it came to dope I was quick to export
Never tired of ballin' so it's on to the next sport

New Mercedes Sedan, they'll export
So many cars DMV though it was mail fraud
Different traps, I was gettin' mail from
Polk County, Jacksonville, rep Melbourne

Whole clique's appetite had tapeworms
Spinnin' Teddy Pendergrass vinyl as my jay burns

I shed a tear before the nights over
God bless the man I put this ice over

Gettin' 2Pac money twice over
Still a real nigga, red Coogi sweater, dice roller
I'm makin' love to the angel of death
Catchin' feelings never stumble retracin' my steps

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