

Kanye West "Gorgeous"

Visit "[Gorgeous](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ain't no question if I want it, I need it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
I'm on the edge so why you playing? I'm saying
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

Not for nothing, I've foreseen it, I dreamed it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
No more chances, if you blow this, you bogus
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

Penitentiary chances, the devil dances
And eventually answers to the call of autumn
All them fallin' for the love of ballin'
Get caught with 30 rocks, the cop looked like Alec
Baldwin

End of century anthems, based off inner-city tantrums
Based off the way we was branded
Face it, Jerome get more time than Brandon
And at the airport they check all through my bag

And tell me that it's random, but we stay winnin'
This week has been a bad massage, I need a happy
endin'
And a new beginning and a new fitted
And some job opportunities as lucrative

This the real world, homie school finished
They done stole your dreams, you don't know who did
it
I treat the cash the way the government treats A.I.D.S.
I won't be satisfied until all my niggas get it, get it?

Ain't no question if I want it, I need it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
I'm on the edge so why you playing? I'm saying
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

Is hip hop just a euphemism for a new religion?
The soul music of the slaves that the youth is missin'
But this is more than just my road to redemption
Malcom West had the whole nation standin' at attention

As long as I'm on colo smilin', they think they got me
But they'd try to crack me if they ever see a black me
I thought I chose a field where they couldn't sack me
If a nigga ain't shootin' the junk or runnin' a track meet

But this pimp is at the top of Mount Olympus
Ready for the world's games, this is my Olympics
We make 'em say "oh" 'cause the world so pimpish
Choke a "South Park" writer with a fish dick

I insisted they get up off of this dick
And these drugs, niggas can't resist it
Remind me when they tried to have Ali enlisted
If I ever wasn't the greatest nigga I must've missed it

Ain't no question if I want it, I need it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
I'm on the edge so why you playing? I'm saying
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

I need more drinks and less lights
And that American Apparel girl in just tights
She told the director she tryin' to get into school
He said take them glasses off and get in the pool

It's been a while since I watched the tube
'Cause like a Crip said I got way too many blues for any
more bad news
I was lookin' at my resume, feelin' real fresh today
Rewrite history, I don't believe in yesterday

And what's black beetle anyway? A fuckin' roach
I guess that's why they got me sittin' in fuckin' coach
My guy said I need a different approach
'Cause people is lookin' at me like I'm sniffin' coke

It's not funny anymore, try different jokes
Tell 'em hug and kiss my ass, X and O
And kiss the ring while they at it, do my thing while I got
it
Play strings for the dramatic, ain't none of that whack
shit

Act like I ain't had a belt in two classes
I ain't got it, I'm comin' after whoever who has it
I'm comin' after whoever who has it
You blowin' up, that's good, fantastic

That y'all, it's like that y'all
I don't really give a fuck about it at all

'Cause the same people that try to black ball me
Forgot about two things: my black balls

Ain't no question if I want it, I need it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
I'm on the edge so why you playing? I'm saying
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

Yo, I done copped Tims, lived in Linz's kid, Armani suits
Fresh fruits, vally boots, and Benzs
Countin' up, smokin', one cuff
Live as a red Jag, a Louis bag, grabbin' a blunt

Fuck it, steam about a hundred and one L's
Kites off to jail, buying sweats, runnin' up in Stetson
Nigga had game, was special
It matched every black haired night throwin' dice for
decimals

The older head, boulder head, betrayin' the soldier
head
Make sure you write in the field, not a soldier dead
That meant code red, bent off the black skunk
The black dutch, back of the old shed

If you can't live, you dyin', you can't rewind
Keep it real or keep it movin', keep grindin'
Keep shinin', to every young man
This is a plan, learn from others like your brothers Rae
and Kanye

Not for nothing, I've foreseen it, I dreamed it
I can feel it slowly drifting away from me
No more chances, if you blow this, you bogus
I will never ever let you live this down, down, down

Visit [Kanye West](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.