

Kanye West "Heavy Hitters"

Visit "[Heavy Hitters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Heavy Hitter for life
Heavy hitters for life

(Kanye West)

You rappers think I give a f*ck about the way that they spit
Want to be on my album but don't want me on they sh*t
Everybody thought i was makin a compelation
I was really makin myself they competation.
Fresh off the plane from the all star game.
Bone girls on t.v so it's all star trains
Just picture man. No stichin man.
Somethin for the phiends fresh out the kitchen man.
Last 9/11 I was poor on a half till I plurald my math
Now it's Porsche 9/11 and I'm floorin the gas
Got a lot of problems money's one that i'll not have no more.
Well damn look at how everybody den changed
all my ni**as is bout to have it made
Tell j that i'm bout to change the game
this makes everything else sound played
Goddamn Kanye! Kanye! Kanye!
Now hold up. Ain't nobody messin' with me dog now
you say it.
Ain't nobody messin with you at all
I told dude you can't even rap on my interlude
Now does that make me as rude as Jude?
When the album comin out? man the people is askin
Yamamoto adidas ya sick with the fashion
Ya already got dough so ya spit for the passion
The way ya rhyme give me Tribe Called Quest flash
backs
And let's not even bring up the tracks man
Nope, nope let's not do that man
Ya eatin up the game like Pac man
And got the whole world shakin just like crack phiends.
Heavy hitters for life
Roc A Fella is for life
Throw them diamonds up throw them diamonds up
throw ya diamonds

Just let the beat ride out for a minute (Kanye)

Take it there, take it up man (GLC)

(GLC)

How many ni**as you know done put they life on the
line
And get signed into few high crimes, almost had lights
out
After the sun shine been thinkin' it might count
How could i doubt, just look at my count
I used to work at the mall with nothin' at all
Seein' ni**as with ball that sh*t was depressin'
Keep my toes in the cleaners i hang with the pressin'
When i cop them pounds it was my best investments
Dre got shot and it taught me a lesson
I'm stickin ni**as up in them robbery masks
Mask like Batman
Minus the tight pants
Would hit your baby momma but her elbows is ashy
Four different blues, man, your outfit is clashin'
You ain't got no muscles, you weakling b*stard
Man, look at your hair cut
Uh hmm, uh hmm
Naw, your hair sucks!
How many ni**as you know is really heavy hitters
87 gold getters
Two hoes like John Ritter
Even did it on his crime picture yeah
And i'm finsta sell, yeah

Heavy hitters, for life
Roc A Fella, is for Life
Throw ya diamonds up, throw ya diamonds up, throw
ya diamonds

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.