

## Kanye West "Hot 97"

Visit "[Hot 97](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pusha T]

Malice found religion, Tony found prison  
I'm just tryna find my way out this f-cking kitchen  
a birdseye view got me channelling my vision  
turn one to two now my kilo's got a sibling  
father knows best, watch my hands are forgiven  
we kicking up dust like the colosseum floors  
walls full of safe's like they mausoleum doors  
getting wet like she walking through my morgue  
Grant's, Jackson's no room for George  
yeh, the fear of God's in you muthaf-ckers  
this art imitate my life  
you WorldStarHipHop fame based off imitation white  
eliminate the fools ghoulimg imitation ice  
my music for your soul, inspiration for your life  
every dime made in his life more disastrous  
help my young n-ggas see my way through the  
bachelors  
while my old b-tch went back to get her Masters  
same graduation I was clapping in the rafters  
the truth hurts everytime it's revealed  
what goes around comes around, this is lights ferris  
wheel  
grab hold and reverse the steering wheel as I parrallel  
park  
Kentucky derby on the grill  
the fact that I'm free lets me know God is great  
ten year marathon of me selling concentrate  
these rappers talk crowns but I'd rather talk fear  
villian like candyman, say my name and I'll appear  
no weapon formed against me shall prosper  
a kuna matata, feet up sipping java  
strolling up the totem poll, what's my only problem  
scrolling through my Rolodex, who show up my toddler  
so many hands raised as the band plays  
I'm here now, watch how many plans change

[Kanye West]

Penitentiary chances, the devil dances  
and eventually answers to the call of Autumn  
all of them fallin' for the love of ballin'  
got caught with 30 rocks, the cop look like Alec Baldwin

inter 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 winning, this week has been a bad  
massage  
I need a happy ending and a new beginning  
and a new fitted and some job opportunities thats  
lucrative  
and sold your dreams, you don't know who did it  
i treat the cash, the way the government treats aids  
I won't be satisfied til all my n-ggas get it  
I need more drinks and more lights  
hot American Apparal girl in just tights  
she told the director she tryna get in a school  
told to take them glasses off and get in the pool  
it's been a while since I watched the tube  
its like a crip said: "I got way too many blues for any  
more bad news"  
I was looking at my resume feeling real fresh today  
they rewrite history I don't believe in yesterday  
what's a black beetle anyway, a ...roach  
I guess thats why they got me sitting in f-cking coach  
but God said I need a different approach  
cause people is looking at me like I'm sniffing coke  
it aint funny anymore try dipping jokes

tell 'em hug and kiss my ass, x and o  
kiss the ring while they at it, do my thing while I'm got it  
play strings for the dramatic  
and end all of that wack shh  
act like I aint had a belt in two classes  
I aint got it I'm going after whoever who has it  
I'm coming after whoever who has it  
you blowing up, that's good, fantastic  
that y'all, its like that ya'll

I don't really give a f-ck about it at all  
cause the same people that tried to black ball me  
forgot about 2 things, my black balls

Uh, I let you into my diary to admire me  
the making of this man, I let you see the higher me  
the self righteous drug dealer dichotomy  
I'm drawing from both sides, I'm Siamese  
the tug of war opens the door, entrada  
rip me apart and see what's inside this pinata  
and rolling kilos in gym(?) is one saga  
one chapter of black magic, I'm Harold potter  
feels like I'm doomed to dealing with women whom

relationships with their fathers won't allow us to bloom  
and blossom, I swear this Vegas nights was awesome  
but adios I blow my own dice before I toss 'em, loss 'em  
some other muthaf-ckers double crossed 'em  
tryna snatch my n-gga back I blew a small fortune  
Russell with the work, we was like the four horsemen  
Rick Flair with the flame, I'm muthf-cking Gorgeous,  
woah  
as the gull wing doors lift, Karate Kid, crane kick, no  
Jaden Smtih  
whiter than the coke brush that they paint me with  
sunk leather seats softer than an angels kiss  
but the devil red, tires double tread  
I'm posting parks up. that gets me double head  
tight rope walking tryna keep a level head  
the bright lights blind look what the devil did  
yeah

[Kanye West]

It's hip hop, this is euphemism for a new religion  
the soul music for the slaves that the youth is missing  
this is more than just my road to redemption  
Malcolm West had the whole nation standing to  
attention  
as long as I'm in Polo's they think they got me  
but they would try to crack me if they ever saw a black  
me

I thought I chose a field where they couldn't sack me  
if a n-gga aint running shootin a jump shot running a  
track meet  
but this pimp is, on the top of mount Olympus  
ready for the Worl's game, this is my Olympics  
we make 'em say ho cause the game is so pimpish  
choke a southpark writer with a fishstick  
and I assisted to get up offa this d-ck  
and these drugs, fans cant resist it  
remember, remind of when they tried to have Ali  
enlisted  
if I ever one of the greatest homie, I must have missed  
it!

Wow, they both went in!!!

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