

Kanye West

"I Am A God"

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Damn, here we go again

Common passed on this beat

I made it to a jam

Now everything I'm not, made me everything I am

Damn, here we go again

People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

I'll never be picture-perfect Beyonce'

Be light as Albi or black as Chauncey

Remember him from blackstreet

He was as black as the street was

I'll never be as laid back as this beat was

I never could see why people'll reach a

Fake-ass versad that they couldn't keep up

Ya see how I creeped up?

Ya see how I played a big role in Chicago like Queen
Latifah?

I never rock a mink coat in a winter time like Killa Cam

Or rock some mink boots in the summertime like

Let me know if you feel it man

Cause everything I'm not, made me everything I am

Damn, here we go again

Everybody sayin' what's not for him

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

Damn, here we go again

People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

And I'm back to tear it up

Haters, start your engines

I hear 'em gearin' up

People talkin' so much shit about me at barbershops

They forget to get their haircut

Okay fair enough, the streets is flarin' up

Cause they want gun-talk, or I don't wear enough

Baggy clothes, Reebok's, or A-di-dos

Can I add that he do spaz out at his shows

So say goodbye to the N-double-A-C-P award

Goodbye to the India Arie award

They'd rather give me the nigga-please award

But I'll just take the I-got-a-lot a-cheese award

Damn, here we go again

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

Damn, here we go again

People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

I know that people wouldn't usually rap this

But I got the facts to back this
Just last year, Chicago had over six hundred caskets
Man, killin's some wack shit
Oh, I forgot, 'cept for when niggas is rappin'
Do you know what it feel like when people is passin'?
He got changed over his chains, a block off Ashlin
I need to talk to somebody, pastor
The church want time, so I can't afford to pay
The slip on the door, cause I can't afford to stay
My 15 seconds up, but I got more to say
That's enough Mr. West, please no more today
Damn, here we go again
Everybody sayin' what's not for him
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am
Damn, here we go again
People talkin' shit, but when the shit hit the fan
Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

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