

Kanye West

"Looking For Trouble (feat. Big Sean, CyHi Da Prynce, J. Co)"

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[Pusha T]

Re-Up Gang Pusha

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it muthaf-cker

Yes

All I see is black roses, drug dealer poses

Shoveling that devil's angel up they noses

Never let jail turn my shine into Moses

Couldn't cleanse my soul with them civil rights spouses

Panoramic roof, under glass like a coaster

Backseat driver, racial slurs at the chauffeur

Killian loafers, Mikimoto chokes her

Photo-op this priceless, frame our wanted posters

The audacity, war brings casualty

Bitch have my son before I face that tragedy

Ugh, I order hits, she orders mahi

R.I.P. Vivian Blake, shout out the shower posse

Gone!!!

(You seek out problems)

(Looking for trouble, trouble, trouble)

But you found it m-therf-cker

[Kanye West]

I'm here, it's the misogyny

Bad bitches massaging me

Sometimes we lowered our standards at the colleges

So please don't judge me, ugh, for the following

Fat bitches swallowing, skinny bitches modeling

Take of that Givenchy and let's get raunchy

I have your face looking all Captain Crunchy

The devil stay testing

'cause when you chase the pussy it's a sin

But if it falls in your lap it's a blessing

Soon as I got salad, I spent it all on dressing

French, to be exact, that Balmain was impressive

Had used the main leathers (leathers, leathers,

leathers)

[Cyhi The Prynce]

Cyhi, Cyhi, Yeah

Boy, we looking for trouble
Maybe if we wasn't black then we wouldn't have
struggled
Player, all I got is trap n-ggas and crooks in my huddle
They cook and I smuggle
Got twenty pounds of kush in the duffle
So I'm running through them circles,
Boy I'm looking like Knuckles
Look at my knuckles, got the hook in 'cause n-ggas was
looking
I've taken some whoopings, so trust me, dog I'm good
for a scuffle
Don't be mad I whooped your ass 'cause I've taken a
couple
Feds asking n-ggas questions but I wouldn't rebuttal
'cause I'm Jake Gyllenhaal, I'm in the hood with the
bubble
With a tall model broad like I took her from Russell
Didn't play the cards I was dealt, I made the dealer re-
shuffle
Royal Flush, so kiss my royal nuts
Ain't nothing silver spooned, I came from the soil, bruh
But now I'm eating off of rather yellow gold
Exquisite ravioli with some happy yellow hoes
But don't get it confused when I rap these mellow flows
'cause all my Titos got bricks like a yellow road

[Big Sean]

GOOD, I do it
B.I.G. Sean Don n-gga
(But you found it mutherf-cker)
Bitch
I'm in, that no-smoke sec' rolling motherf-cking ounces
Marijuana mountains, drinks you're not pronouncing
Three chains on, I don't need no bouncers
Nothing less than a G stack's in my trousers
(Boy)
New double-D's smashed in her blouses
F-ck a hotel, my n-gga we rent houses (houses)
My n-gga, we rent houses
So many wedding rings lost in them couches
I'm just a Westside lover
I leave females in my sheets and all my feelings in a
rubber
This is showtime, showtime, boy
I hope you set the DVR
Stacking money face to face, dish it, look like CPR
'Ye invited me a seat to sit at the throne
So now I'm snapping like yo' ass just finished a poem
Does he sound like 'Ye, Jay, or Drizzy Drake?
Meanwhile, I'm chilling with all these n-ggas,

counting all this money you ain't
Consider yourself lucky to see a legend before the
prime
A killer before the crime, a BIG before the Dime
Greet me wit a middle finger when you see me
It's cool, 'cause I can't see yo' ass from this side of the
TV muthaf-cker

[J. Cole]

Hey, Cole World, make way for the chosen one
What you now hear is putting fear in all the older ones
Down played me to downgrade me like they don't
notice son
Your shoes too big too fill? I can barely squeeze my
toes in 'em
F-cking hoes while teaching n-ggas to hold your sons
This the rap Moses, scratch that, Mary and Joseph's son
High as f-ck with a cold flow and a loaded gun
Never say I'm better than Hov, but I'm the closest one
Heard you looking for trouble, what, I'm supposed to
run?
Yo' bitch invited me inside her, ain't I supposed to
cum?
Got n-ggas that'll blow your tee off, put a hole in one
Now you outside of heaven's gate, fronting like you
know someone
Talking hard, but y'all still ain't push me
They say you are what you eat, and I still ain't pussy
F-ck it, everybody can get it
When you're this hot, everybody's a critic
But when you're this high everybody's a midget
All this mean mugging from n-ggas that mean nothing
Could it be my position is one that you dreamed of?
Went from quarter to broke to half past rich
With my badass bitch
And you don't want no problems on some math class
sh-t
So check the young genius out
F-ck the World, bust a nut, and let my semen sprout
I thought that real sh-t is what you been fiending 'bout
What you been praying for? What you been screaming
'bout?
Ironic you been sleeping on the one that you been
dreaming 'bout

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