

## Kanye West "Looking For Trouble"

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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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