

Kanye West

"Lord Lord Lord"

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[Intro - Swizz Beatz]

This is something special

This is something new

(Repeat)

[Mos Def]

The power of observation

Marvels and frights and strange delights

Attributes, properties, disciplines and novelties

Ecstatic patterns in the calendar design

Wilderness tours guided by and for the blind

Cool ruler standing still sweating through the shade

He knew those lights only grew bright to fame

Dead wrong pageantry, lottery and games

Sleight of hand provided by extravagant and fake

The carnival tilt bell will hustle for the age

They clutch what they covet, but what must they give
away

Who was uninvited, who was asked to come and stay

Surprise it's your life, it's your business anyway

So please, pardon these and such curious minds

Peace, safe passage, precious time

Hither and gone, the day of days

Yonky yone this tiny stone illuminated by a star far
gone

Only a star so large, many more

To make our largest star show small

Furthermore, the end is not the end no stop but a
pause

What we can witness is all that is at all

Cuss the mock over scotch and pork chops

The passion, expansion, the order of the random

See the dreamers see the sleepers

Why would you wake 'em, sweet Jesus and life on Earth

Seek heaven first

Let put in this work

[Charlie Wilson - Chorus]

Lord Lord Lord

Lord Lord Lord

Lord... Lord

(Repeat)

(This is something special)

(This is something new)

[Kanye West]

Her heels set the mood

Where did you acquire those are liars

When I met you I heard Jesus bells, strings and a choir

I got lines better than n-ggas albums, plural

King of the urban make your sh-t sound rural

She said I hit it so deep she need an epidural

Them other n-ggas have you looking like a squirrel

And that's nuts

I only hang around with white boys that like black sluts.

Tell em Plain Pat yo that track sucks

We aint dissin' you between

The position you play something for us to listen to

I'm tryin' to worry about my scratch minus the crabs

I aint stopping for you n-ggas like yellow cabs

I got scripts so why we need a movie

And if I'm a douche than put me in your coochie

I swear they should have never gave these n-ggas

looseleaf

And excuse me if I'm trapped by the boobies

Booby trap, holla back

[Swizz Beatz]

AK on the lap like what's that

Click clack

[Charlie Wilson - Chorus]

Lord Lord Lord

Lord Lord Lord

Lord... Lord

(Repeat)

(This is something special)

(This is something new)

[Swizz Beatz]

All white Bentley I call that momma

My life crazy, like Obama's

You talk slick well I'm Osama

Bin Laden, what's happenin' I get it crackin'

All black carbon, Ima rich yeah

It's gonna take you a couple years to get this here

Thank AP while they thank me

And I'd be mad too if you aint me

Call me Mr Deeds or Mister boss

See me riding clean in a Rolls Royce

N-ggas talking funny that's old money

N-ggas looking crazy but they acting funny
Nowadays rappers, they like bloggers
You see me I'm a bank hogger
Coming through your hood and I brings trucks
With 25â€²s on it like what the f-ck
Hundred feet and better why they f-ck you stick
Paparzzi on the water, why the f-ck you stick
My face got the f-ck you pricks
My beats go hard like f-ck you d-cks
Pourin' champagne damn thing
Sit there rockin' suede n-gga in the damn rain
Aint a damn thing, money aint a damn thing
Ask Yeezy and Mos we do the God damn thing
Get down to the precious lovers

[Charlie Wilson - Chorus]

Lord Lord Lord

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(Repeat)

(This is something special)

(This is something new)

[Raekwon]

Ayo, open glass on my fingers

I sit back like I'm caged but still cakin'

My n-ggas is hatin'

It's like being in the livest Lambo in the hood

You a piece of steak I'd rather be that than some bacon

Every project is a throne, only just bigger stones they
throw

That why I wear a big hat and roll weed

Where you going, if you don't know where you came or
when you came

All you know is weed and cocaine

Non believers, no game

I'm zooted down, rollin' a spliff

Maxin' flamin' like wheels got traction

I'm son he's attracted

Guaranteed to service the real n-ggas

Or cruisin' in a Volvo

A duffle for dolo, puffy polo

That blow house is where I reside

Live amongst fiends, countin' currency, hittin' blunts

Only to hear the door rumble

Grab the four, hope it aint the law

Or maybe some n-gga tryna score

[Charlie Wilson - Chorus]

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(Repeat)

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