

Kanye West**"Pro Nails"**

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Got her toes done up with her fingernails matchin'
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Shake it up, up rock ya body
Make it knock, knock when you partyin'
Take a break, break in the audience
Do ya footwork break and stop again?

I'm lookin' sharp
You can't compete with the champ
Steady flickin'
I'm holdin' done that layaway rack

Aye, rhinestones all in they face
Gold charms and paper chase
Talk smack from around the way
Gotta put these chickenheads in they place

I ain't rockin' no stupid, babes
I ain't trippin', I juke all day
I ain't slippin' 'cause either way
When I hit the block all the people say

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Aye yo this mothafucka jammin', I'm on it, it's a anthem
Who is that in the Phantom? Please no cameras
They gone have me on concrete loot in my pajamas
To hide the goods, I would need pants big as
Hammer's

I be tippin' them dancers, they be sayin' I'm handsome
I was pretty before the dough but now I'm just the man
You remind me of my old chick on that '84 shit
Oh shit, did you see the way she got her toes did?

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Girls be so thirsty, thirsty
Fast forward to the end of my song
And say third verse me, verse me
Whenever I hit the block I see

Tricks try to rehearse me, hearse me
From manicure sets to silky weaves
They be so grimy, nasty, bogus
Turkey, germy, dirty

Uh oh, Shol' did, you ain't slick, no
Let the pioneer blast my shit
Wait a minute, hold up, nigga
Bubble letters on my butt say fresh

Oops, I'ma go, nails like whoa
Acrylic base, top all gold
Clothes on my back to the paint on my toes
Stay fresh 'cause I'm accustomed to gold

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