

## Kanye West "Selfish"

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I'm callin'  
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
Out to  
(I want you to myself I can't help it)  
All my  
(Yeah, maybe I'm selfish)  
Y'all my, ladies and I can't  
(Maybe I'm selfish)

(I can't)  
Let you  
(Let you)  
(I want you to myself I can't help it)  
Be with, no one, but me, baby  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

To my thick chicks down in Texas  
All the way to New Orleans where the girls cook catfish  
And in L.A. every chick's an actress  
Hollywood status with the shaded glasses

To Detroit, yeah the place that I rest  
Where the ladies got ass to sell a lot sex  
And Hot Atlanta, y'all is one of the best  
Where they speak southern and slang and smoke la  
cess

And New York women are way too fresh  
Too much on your mind, let me ease that stress  
I wish you all were mine, it's so selfish  
Maybe I'm feelin' myself too much, I guess

But, to my ladies all across the globe  
In small towns that I don't even know  
To all local international codes  
Whether you see me in streets or catch me at shows,  
I'm callin'

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And I'll be tryin' to come around my girl actin' like Mr.  
Friendly  
And steal the spotlight like Mr. Bentley  
I spotted her like Spud McKenzie  
And for them fake boobies I payed them Benjies

Get your own, I got Paris, he got Nicky, he tried to get  
Ã¢Â€Âˆem a clone  
He said, yeah, you know, you got extra hoes  
And everything you do is extra cold  
From the Polo fleece to the Jesus piece

I got family in high places like Jesus' niece  
Can I please, say my peace  
If y'all fresh to death, then I'm deceased  
And this one here, is a heat rocks

Spit like a beat box, the way the beat rocks  
New version of Pete Rock  
But for that Benz I get CL love  
So I switch my girls around like 3L-dub, I'm callin'

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What up Pam how your little man doin' in New Jersey

Last I heard he caught the flu and you was worried  
Hope he feels better, and thanks Jonetta from  
Cleveland  
For that good head in your Jetta better believe it

Shanice, you're my piece from Compton  
Before I mark the plane make sure, you cop them trees  
to spark up  
Danielle ATL got them pictures in the mail  
You sealed with a kiss and you send it with Chanel

You lookin' good in that one showin' off your body  
Had a Beverly Hills mami that would buy me Cardi's  
Take me to after parties her name was Carrie  
And it sucks that we didn't keep in touch I'm sorry

But, hey Kim how's Minneapolis?  
You so pretty hate to show off your titties for silly  
classes  
'Cause I love you girls though you ain't mine  
I wish my arms was long enough to hug you all of the  
same time

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