

## Kanye West

### "Start It Up"

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Ladies and gentleman

You know they mad 'cause of, 'cause of, 'cause I'm  
hood rich  
You never ever, ever seen a nigga good trick  
You want a problem? Start it up, start it up  
Start it up, wait a minute

Big blue, cotton city shoe, cotton candy Coupe  
Hard knock, orphan Annie loop, off the stoop  
Play with me, see what the screamy do, my canary  
shoe  
High beams pointed right at you, peek-a-boo

Benji paper made me hater-proof, all your family dues  
MÃ©nage a trios, purple haze and Goose, got me  
loose  
Kick my way in and now I got the juice, Gucci bubble  
boots  
Thousand kicks, couple hundred boots, getting fuckin'  
loop

My top down, I'm flashing on 'em  
I'm passing all 'em, pullover and hit the hazards on 'em  
The ratchets on 'em, paid my dues, now it's back to  
ballin'  
My raps are pouring dead men, I get the casket for 'em

I'm back performing, I bag 'em, break they back, don't  
call 'em  
Look down on 'em like Dikembe, Patrick Mourning  
Cash is pourin', stunt stormin', got these bitches  
soaked  
Camera phones capture everything that pictures don't

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We keep these G's in a alloy safe  
And stash the weed in a Altoid case  
They say good things come to those who wait  
So I'm be at least about a hour late

I'm so fresh, bitch, I should be arrested  
New Cody Chester with my nuts on your chest, bitch  
She said "Hey, yeah", I said "Yes, bitch"  
Damn, I'm only asking you a question

I met this MILF at the All Star getting action  
A cougar with more rings than Phil Jackson  
Told her beauty is why God invented eyeballs  
And her booty is why God invented my balls

I'm a rock star, huh, start it up  
Start it up, huh, start it up  
So popular you should get a shot of us  
Niggas don't take shots at us that is only obvious

The first album I vomited, the second I colonic'd it  
Ain't nobody fucking with me, I platonic'd it  
Bet I got some slippers on, bet niggas gon' honor it  
These ain't even real clothes, homie, I'm pajama rich

Banks told me, homie, go switch the style up  
These bitches on me, homie, only to arouse us  
Told her I ain't paying tonight I'm only browsing  
She pulled her blouse up, said "It's free", I said "Wow"

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Ninja, Kawasaki  
Ducati, my old Harley  
Rock the party, move ya body

Wassup, everybody

Start it up, start it up

Start it up, start it up

Start it up

Let's get it started, get it started, get it started, yeah,  
yeah

Ladies and gentlemen

Plenty hate, they be taking shots, never penetrate

Money generated, if we ain't in the house, renovate

Tryin' to eat, we ain't fixin' to wait, where's the dinner  
plates?

BMW, ten to 8, interstate

95, passenger, baddest bitch in the states

Half Spanish, half Trinidad, complexion Henny straight

Y'all ain't got your business straight, track star, finna  
state

Time is money and I can't afford to be a minute late

It's time to make a movie let the haters watch

Diamonds spinning round the bezel, that's tornado  
watch

My independent chick, I like my ladies koch

She got an appetite for dick, I guess her place my  
crotch

Y'all soft as tater top, long niggas try me not

Under the wing, fried rice at the Chinese spot

I hear 'em talking it but they ain't really living it

Opinions are like assholes, so, who gives a shit

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