

Kanye West And Jay-Z "That's My Bitch"

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[Intro: Kanye West]

Hello, can I speak to, uh..

Yeah, you know who you are, look

You had no idea what ya dealing with

Something on some of this realest shit

Pop champagne, I'll give you a sip

'Bout to go dumb: how come?

Yeah that's my bitch, that's my bitch

Shorty right there? That's my bitch

[Hook: Elly Jackson]

I've been waiting for a long long time

Just to get off and throw my hands up high

And live my life and live my life

Just to get off and throw my hands up high

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

I paid for them titties, get your own

It ain't safe in the city, watch the throne

She say I care more about them basquions

Basquiats, she learning a new word, it's yacht

Blew the world up as soon as I hit the club with her

Too Short called, told me I fell in love with her

Seat by actors, ball players and drug dealers

And some lesbians that never loved niggas

Twisted love story, True Romance

Mary Magdalene from a pole dance

I'm a freak, huh, rock star life

The second girl with us, that's our wife

Hey boys and girls, I got a new riddle

Who's the new old perv that's tryna play second fiddle

No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle

But my dick worth money I put Monie in the middle

Where she at? In the middle

[Hook]

[Bridge: Justin Vernon]

Silly little vixen, mixes 'til morning, I'm yearnin', ooh
yeah

Do you really think I give a damn 'bout that potion, stop
motion, ooh, yeah

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Go harder than a nigga for a nigga go figure
Told me keep my own money if we ever did split up
How can somethin' so gangsta be so pretty in pictures?
Ripped jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers
Uh, Picasso was alive he woulda made her
That's right nigga Mona Lisa can't fade her
I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice
But why all the pretty icons always all white?
Put some colored girls in the MoMA
Half these broads ain't got nothing on Willona
Don't make me bring Thelma in it
Bring Halle, bring Penélope and Salma in it
Back to my Beyoncé's
You deserve three stacks, word to Andre
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in museums
You belong in vintage clothes crushing the whole
building
You belong with niggas who used to be known for dope
dealing
You too dope for any of those civilians
Now shoo children, stop looking at her tits
Get ya own dog, ya heard? That's my bitch

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