

## Kanye West And Jay-Z

### "The Joy"

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[Chorus]

A little sugar, honey suckle lamb  
Great expression of happiness  
Boy, you could not miss with a dozen roses  
Such would astound you  
The joy of children laughing around you  
These are the makings of you  
It is true, the makings of you, oh

[Kanye West]

I do it for the fore-fathers and the street authors  
That are not A&R's in the cheap office  
Rappers that never got signed but they keep offers  
Girls that's way too fine for us to keep off us  
Gave her a handshake only for my man's sake  
She in her birthday suit cause of the damn cake  
Now there's crumbs all over the damn place  
And she want me to cum all over her damn face  
I never understood planned parenthood  
Cause I never met nobody plan to be a parent in the  
hood  
Taking refills of that plan B pill  
Another shorty that won't make it to the family will  
If I don't make it, can't take it, hope the family will  
They aint crazy they don't know how insanity feel  
Don C just had a shorty so it's not that bad  
But I still hear the ghosts of the kids I never had

[Chorus]

[Kanye West]

No Electro, no metro, a little retro, I perfecto  
You know the demo, ya boy act wild  
You aint get the memo, Yeezy's back in style  
Now when Rome go Gidget the other got Bridget  
What's more tripped out though is they sisters  
Nah, you aint listen, they black, they sisters  
They momma, named them after white bitches  
So next time you see me on your fallopian  
Though the Jewelry's Egytian, know the hunger's  
Ethiopian

Stupid questions like "Is he gon be dope again?  
Have You seen him? has anybody spoke to him?"  
This beat deserves Hennessy, a bad bitch and a bag of  
weed the Holy Trinity  
In the mirror where I see my only enemy,  
Your life's cursed, well mine's an obscenity

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

This is my momma sh-t  
I used to hear this through the walls in the hood when I  
was back in my  
Pyjama sh-t  
Afro's and marijuana sticks, seeds and the ganja hat  
will be popping like  
The sample that I'm rhyming with  
Pete Rock, let the needle drop  
I seen so much as a kid they surprised I don't needle  
pop  
Taking sips of pop, six packs of millanips  
Pink champel, Valentine L  
Bally's on my feet help me balance out well  
That and the sh-t I used to balance on the scale  
I got it honest from the parties from my momma's  
Virgin Mary's try to judge her, I'm like "where the  
Madonna's now?"  
Give all glory to Gloria, they said "you raised that boy  
too fast, but you  
Was raising a warrior"  
We victorious, they'll never take the joy from us

[Kid Cudi]

Keep you hands up, get mine up  
Don't let them take your fire  
Keep you hands up, get mine up  
Don't let them take your fire  
Keep you hands up, get mine up  
Don't let them take your fire  
Keep you hands up, get mine up  
Yeaaah, okay

It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
[End]

