

Die Blauen Engel

"Heavy Hitters"

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[Kanye West]

Heavy hitters fo' life, heavy hitters fo' life

You rappers think I give a fuck about the way that they spit

Wanna be on my album but don't want me on they shit

Everybody thought I was makin' a compilation

I was really makin' myself, they competition

Fresh off the plane from the All-Star game

??? on TV so it's All-Star trains

Just picture man, no snitchin' man

Somethin' for the fiends fresh out the kitchen man

Last 9.11 I was poor on the ave

'Til I pulled out my map

Not it's course 9.11 and I'm floorin' the gas

Gotta lotta problems, but at least one that Annette have no more

Uh, well Dame look at how everybody changed

Tell Jay that I'm 'bout to change the game

Tell B.I.G. that we about to get paid

All my niggaz about to have it made

This makes everything else sound played

Goddamn Kanye (Kanye) Kanye!

Now hold up

Ain't nobody messin' with me dog

Now you say it (ain't nobody messin' with you at all)

I told dude "You can't even rap on my interlude"

Now does that make me as rude as you?

(When the album comin' out?) Man the peoples is askin'

Y'all don't model Adidas, just stick with the fashion

Y'all already got do' so just spit for the passion

The way ya rhyme give me Tribe Called Quest

flashbacks

And let's not even bring up the tracks man

Nope, nope, let's not do that man

You eatin' up the game like Pac-Man

He got the whole world shakin' just like crack fangs

[Hook: Kanye West]

Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life

Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up

Throw your diamonds
Let the beat ride out for a minute

[GLC (Kanye West)]
Let's take it there, take it there man
It's not supposed to be ???
???
(GLC where you at nigga?)

How many niggaz you know put their life on the line
and get signed
Did a few high crimes, almost got lifetime
After the sunshine you thinkin' it might count
How could I mic out, just look at my account
I used to work at the mall with nothin' at all
Seein' niggaz that ball, that shit was depressin'
Keep my clothes in the cleaners, I hate with the pressin'
When I copied hounds it was my best investment
Dre got shot and it taught me a lesson
I'm stickin' niggaz up and them rubbery masses
Mash like Batman minus the tight pants
Would hit your baby momma but her elbows is ashy
Fo' different blues, man your outfit is crashin'
You ain't got no muscles dude you weakling bastard
Man look at your haircut
Mm hmm, mm hmm, NAW, your hair sucks
How many niggaz you know is really heavy hitters
'87 go getters, two hoes like John Ritter
Even did it on his crime picture and ye
And offers to sell and yell, uh

[Hook: Kanye West]
Heavy hitters fo' life, Roc-a-Fella is fo' life
Throw your diamonds up, throw your diamonds up
Throw your diamonds

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