

# Kanye West, Devil In a New Dress (Ft. Rick Ross)

[Intro: Kanye West]

Uh

Uh

I love it, though

I love it, though, huh, you know?

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Uh, put your hands to the constellations

The way you look should be a sin, you my sensation

I know I'm preachin' to the congregation

We love Jesus, but you done learned a lot from Satan

I mean, a nigga did a lot of waiting

We ain't married, but tonight I need some consummation

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

May the Lord forgive us, may the gods be with us

In that magic hour, I seen good Christians

Make brash decisions, oh, she do it

What happened to religion? Oh, she lose it

She putting on her makeup, she casually allure

Text message break-ups, the casualty of tour

How she gon' wake up and not love me no more?

I thought I was the asshole, I guess it's rubbin' off

Hood phenomenon, the LeBron of rhyme

Hard to be humble when you stunting on a jumbotron

I'm looking at her like, "This what you really wanted, huh?"

Why we argue anyway? Oh, I forgot, it's summertime

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Put your hands to the constellations

The way you look should be a sin, you my sensation

I know I'm preachin' to the congregation

We love Jesus, but she done learned a lot from Satan

Satan, Satan, Satan

I mean, a nigga did a lot of waiting

We ain't married, but tonight I need some consummation

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

When the sun go down, it's the magic hour, the magic hour

And outta all the colors that'll fill up the skies

You got green on your mind, I can see it in your eyes

Why you standing there with your face screwed up?

Don't leave while you're hot, that's how Mase screwed up

Throwin' shit around, the whole place screwed up

Maybe I should call Mase so he could pray for us

I hit the Jamaican spot, at the bar, take a seat

I ordered the jerk, she said you are what you eat

You see, I always loved that sense of humor

But tonight, you should have seen how quiet the room was

The Lyor Cohen of Dior Homme

That's "Dior Homme," not "Dior, homie"

The crib Scarface, could it be more Tony?

You love me for me, could you be more phony?

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Put your hands to the constellations

The way you look should be a sin, you my sensation

Haven't said a word, haven't said a word to me this evening

Cat got your tongue?

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

Lookin' at my bitch, I bet she give your ass a bone

Lookin' at my wrist, it'll turn your ass to stone

Stretch limousine, sipping rosé all alone

Double-headed monster with a mind of his own

Cherry-red chariot, excess is just my character  
All-black tux, nigga's shoes lavender  
I never needed acceptance from all you outsiders  
Had cyphers with Yeezy before his mouth wired (Uh)  
Before his jaw shattered, climbing up the Lord's ladder  
We still speedin', running signs like they don't matter, uh  
Hater talkin' never made me mad  
Never that, not when I'm in my favorite paper tag  
Therefore, G4s at the Clearport  
When it come to tools, fool, I'm a Pep Boy  
When it came to dope, I was quick to export  
Never tired of ballin', so it's on to the next sport  
New Mercedes sedan, the Lex' sport  
So many cars, DMV thought it was mail fraud  
Different traps I was gettin' mail from  
Polk County, Jacksonville, right in Melbourne  
Whole clique appetites had tapeworms  
Spinnin' Teddy Pendergrass vinyl as my J burns  
I shed a tear before the night's over  
God bless the man I put this ice over (Uh)  
Getting 2Pac money twice over  
Still a real nigga, red Coogi sweater, dice-roller  
I'm makin' love to the angel of death  
Catchin' feelings, never stumble, retracin' my steps (Uh)  
Uh