

Kanye West, Gossip Files

Niggas gossiping, it runs the city, they don't know who watching them
When they coming to get me, so I hit the block and bend
Do about 60, and I put my glocks to them, like plow plow plow

Im gonna to get on this TV and put shit down
I aint finna let these lights skinned niggaz come back in style
Im finna turn to this class clown, should be crazy deep
They told my momma I was bipolar had A.D.D.
I told em, what-what I wanna do, I wanna be a baller
The dream spoilers are for ya
Hatin on you to they mans on the corners
Old folks said hed never make it off the corner
They are the virus that corrupts the soul
They are the cubic zirconia inside the 10 karat gold
That get green on ya, when you get green on em
You gotta wash ya hands of em, get clean on em
Somebody told me success is the best revenge
So they gon be fucked up when you do ya thing on em
Now hold ya plaques high, like who woulda thought
And tell em, ahem, thank you for your no support

They are the dreamkillers, they the dreamkillers
Who know a dream, they are the dream (killer Norman Bates)
They the dreamkillers, they the dreamkillers, dream
They are the dream (killer Norman Bates)

Now how you gonna talk about the way I spend my money
Everybody say it with me now, it's my money
And they know they hatin, but what they don't know is
They are my motivation, they are my inspiration
Cos we the leaders, and they the followers
And we the nut busters, and they the swallows
They are the rumours, they are the lies
We are the shit dog, and they the flies
How you gon tell me how to live my life
And you can't even get your own shit tight, right
They are the misery that loves company
Cuz that comfortable corporate job can't comfort me
Told em I finished school, and I started my own business
They said Oh you graduated? No I decided I was finished
Chasin yall dreams and what you got planned
Now I spit it so hot you got tanned
And they hate on your relationship, then break your marriage up
Can't kill ya dreams so they assassinate your character
Do anything to downplay ya or embarrass ya
Come around wit ya but they aint down wit ya
They the dreamkillers

And I'm through spittin these rappers my most heartfelt flow
They be like That's cool, you got some beats for me though?
Oh I get it, you wanna be Snoop and Dr. Dre
But don't nobody give a fuck what you got to say
Anyway what you finna rap about?
You never sold crack out ya house or put a gat to a mouth
Or put ya fist to ya spouse, so how you gon move the crowd?
I bet a thousand that you get booed out
I even heard that they even takin wages in jail
They bet ten boxes of cigarettes that I'm finna fail
Second you talk about me, they be like Peace
This nigga came from the Chi, moved to the east
You gotta kill at least one person at least
Or we'll evict you from the rap game, cancel your lease
How you go to New York, what you aint never took a tour there?
What you aint know you gotta be rich just to be poor there?

The dreamkillers

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