

# Kanye West, Runaway

And I always find, yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast  
Let's have a toast for the douchebags!  
Let's have a toast for the assholes!  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

She find pictures in my email  
I sent this bitch a picture of my dick  
I don't know what it is with females  
But I'm not too good at that shit  
See, I could have me a good girl  
And still be addicted to them hoodrats  
And I just blame everything on you  
At least you know that's what I'm good at

And I always find  
Yeah, I always find  
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up wit' my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

Let's have a toast for the douchebags!  
Let's have a toast for the assholes!  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

Run away from me, baby  
Run away  
Run away from me, baby  
Run away  
Never thought it would get crazy  
Just run away  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away as fast as you can

Run away from me, baby  
Run away  
Run away from me, baby  
Never thought it would get crazy  
Why can't she just run away?  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away as fast as you can

24/7, 365, pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I did it, all right, all right, I admit it  
Now pick your next move, you could leave or live wit' it  
Ichabod Crane with that motherfuckin' top off  
Split and go where? Back to wearin' knockoffs, ha?  
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off  
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off  
Hoes like vultures, they wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em, they ain't never seen Versace sofas

Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes wit' a price tag, baby, face it  
You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty hoes in the baller-nigga matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless

Never was much of a romantic  
I could never take the intimacy  
And I know it did damage  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killin' me  
I'm guessin' you're at an advantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything  
And I don't know how I'ma manage  
If one day you just up and leave

And I always find  
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong  
You been puttin' up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

Let's have a toast for the douchebags!  
Let's have a toast for the assholes!  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can