

# Kanye West, Vultures (Havoc Version) (feat. ¥\$, T

All eyes is on me  
Won't tell no lies, won't hold my tongue  
Don't cry for me  
(This Chicago, nigga)

I don't have no rapper friends, I hang wit' The Vultures  
Big-ass toaster, hit you with it, flip it over  
Big ol' nigga, he's a big ol' goofy, Rudy Gobert  
Jump off in that lane, you gon' get put on a poster  
LaFerrari F8, Lamborghini Roadster  
I turn ten bricks into twelve, them birds had a growth spurt  
We gon' do some shoppin' later, I'ma need some throat first  
I just got some head in a Ghost, then I ghost her  
Yeah, yeah, out of here, your boyfriend a gopher  
I see him out with her, I pretend like I don't know her  
I can't do no features with you, nigga, it's a "No, sir"  
Hardest nigga on Earth, I'm not really from Earth  
We don't dial 9-1-1, I let off that chrome first  
I put in my own work, better do your homework  
I can hear that money callin', I pick up the first ring  
What you gon' charge that old man for that pussy?  
Girl, don't hurt me (Go, go)

Iced out all my scammer hoes, boost all they insurance up  
Iced out all my ghetto hoes who turned into influencers  
Smurkio, fuck that bitch and leave, I don't care who she fuck  
Air shit out her closet, it's hot as hell, she got on Yeezy UGGS  
I got moes with me, Bump out the feds, mean I got foes with me  
You got goofies with you, before I do that, I keep some hoes with me  
Askin' for my gun when I'm in Cali', nigga, this your city  
Why you DM'in' my bitch actin' like we fuck? These hoes below-semi  
Street niggas want ramen, I don't like calamari  
Took her out that cheap shit, took her to Bvlgari  
Never tell her, "Sorry," this car a Ferrari  
Off set with this Cuban link, you think she was Cardi, go (This Chicago, nigga, go)

Three gang leaders with me all times  
I don't know who I fucked last night, I got Alzheimer's  
I don't know who them hoes is, man, they all lyin'  
Brody, tell me who them hoes is, man, they all fine  
Runnin' hooligans, and we with the foolishness  
How I'm anti-Semitic? I just fucked a Jewish bitch  
I just fucked Scooter's bitch and we ran her like Olympics  
Got pregnant in the threesome, so whose baby is it?  
Whose baby is it?  
My niggas puttin' belt to ass, pull up with the switches  
This ain't Jimmy Butler, but the heat got extensions  
This ain't Columbine, but we came in with the trenches

She askin' me to aim for her neck, 'cause her boyfriend bought that necklace  
With the trenches, precious, with the trenches  
Fuck it, I scratched another nigga woman up off my checklist  
With the trenches, I've been livin' reckless  
I wish Takeoff wasn't there that night in Houston, Texas (With the trenches)  
Wish I could bring G.Ca\$\$o back, that was my best friend  
Chordz, I need you to give me somethin' big, I'm talkin' 'bout dollar signs  
Skinny Pimp flow, tell the ho, "No, I don't wanna fuck"  
She can suck-suck-suck it 'til she suck it dry  
California nigga with some European freaks  
Bad-ass bitch from the Middle E-E-E-East wanna lick on me  
Stick on me, even though I got security  
Even though she got a man, she know he ain't as pure as me, seriously  
Soon as I get back, tradin' in my Urus for the Puro' keys  
Couple grey hairs up in my beard, that's showin' my maturity, yeah

Ayy, shoutout to my symphony  
9th Ave, Spaced Out, we did that shit so differently and brilliantly  
Dolla \$ign, Iggy, and we birth YG  
Fades in the backyard, no talkin', take flight instantly  
Ayy, Nate 3D, boot up my nigga, James Koo  
My nigga, that's D.R.U.G.\$  
She snortin' that P out the D  
She want me to put some of this coke in her butt, ugh  
She Russian, I beat up the pussy for Ukraine  
Bought her a bag and I filled it with loose change  
Just like my exes, she told me that, "You changed," yeah, yeah, yeah  
Dolla'd done rather be fuckin' it up  
Still screamin', "Free TC, Melly, and Thug"  
Fuck the police, the DA, and the judge  
Way out in Saudi, I found me a plug  
Don't wanna go out, she'd rather do drugs  
Can't be my main if we met in the club, ooh

Give me somethin', bitch, I'm talkin' 'bout dollar signs  
Look it here, ho, I don't wanna fuck  
Here's a buck, but a buck, buck, buck  
I'm shootin', game to light that  
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