

# Kanye West, We Major

(feat. Nas, Really Doe)

[Chorus]

You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up and watch how we roll up and  
I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts  
I take a sip of that yak, I wanna fuck  
I take a hit of that chronic, it got me stuck  
But really what's amazing is how I keep blazing  
Towel under the door smoke until the days end  
Puff, puff then pass, don't fuck up rotation  
Hypnotic for Henny, now nigga that's your chaser  
Turn nothin' to something now pimpin' that's a savior  
Best things are green now pimp and get your paper  
High off the ground instead of skyscraper  
Cool off thinkin' we local, come on homie, we major

We major (come on, homie, we major) [repeat]

Feeling better than some head on a sunday afternoon  
Better than a chick that say yes to soon  
Until you have a daughter, that's what I call karma  
And you pray to god she don't grow breasts too soon.  
Projects to' up, gang signs is thrown up  
Niggas hats broke off that's how we grow up  
Why else you think shorty's write rhymes just to blow up?  
Get they first car and then IRS show up  
He ain't never had shit but he had that nine  
Nigga come through flickin' and he had that shine  
Put two and two together in a little bad weather  
Gon' be a whole family on that funeral line  
Ask the reverend was the strip club cool if my tips help send a pretty girl through school  
That's all I want like wino's want they good whisky  
I ain't in the Klan, but I brought my hood with me

[chorus]

[Nas:]

I heard the beat and I ain't know what to write  
First line, should it be about the hos or the ice?  
Four-four's or black christ? Both flows would be nice  
Rap about big paper or the black man's plight  
At the studio consol asked my man to the right  
What this verse sound like, should I freestyle or write?  
He said, Nas, what the fans want is Illmatic, Stillmatic  
Picked up the pad and pencil and jotted what I feel  
Been like 12 years since a nigga first signed  
Now I'm a free agent  
And I'm thinking it's time  
To build my very own Motown  
Cuz rappers be deprived of executive 9 to 5s  
And it hurts to see these companies be stealing the life  
And I love to give my blood sweat and tears to the mic  
So y'all copped the LPs and y'all fiends got dealt  
I'm Jesse Jackson on the balcony where King got killed  
I survived the livest niggas around  
Lasting longer than more than half of you clowns  
Look, I used to cook before I had the game took  
Either way my change came like Sam Cooke.

Feeling better than I ever felt before today  
Like better late than never is orientation  
Still we can make it better throwing all your cares away

[chorus]

