

Kanye West, We Major (Ft. Nas & Really Doe)

[Chorus: Really Doe]

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 'gnac, 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, we smoke until the day's end
Puff-puff, then pass, don't fuck up rotation
HpnotiQ for Henny? Now, nigga, that's a chaser
Turn nothing to something, now, pimping, that's a savior
Best things are green, now, pimpin', get your paper
High off the ground, from stair to skyscraper
Cool out, thinking we local, c'mon, homie, we major

[Post-Chorus: Kanye West]

We major? C'mon, homie, we major
We major? C'mon, homie, we major
We major! C'mon, homie, we major
We major! C'mon

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Feeling better than some head on a Sunday afternoon
Better than a chick that say "Yes" too 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 tore up, gang signs is thrown up
Niggas hats broke off, that's how we grow up
Why else you think shorties 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 flicking and he had that shine
Put two and two together and a little bad weather
Gon' be your whole family on that funeral line
Asked the reverend, "Was the strip clubs cool?
If my tips helped send a pretty girl through school?"
That's all I want, like winos want they good whiskey
I ain't in the Klan, but I brought my hood with me

[Chorus: Really Doe]

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[Post-Chorus: Nas]

We major? C'mon, homie, we major
We major? C'mon, homie, we major
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[Verse 2: Nas]

I heard the beat and I ain't know what to write
First line—should it be about the hoes or the ice?
Four-fours or Black Christ? Both flows'd be nice
Rap about big paper or the black man plight

At the studio console, 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, still"
Looked at the pad and pencil, and jotted what I feel
Been like twelve 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
'Cause rappers be deprived of executive nine-to-fives
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 when King got killed
I survived the livest niggas around
Lasted 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

[Refrain: Tony Williams & Nas]
Ba-dop-ba-ba (Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Feeling better than I ever felt before today
Like better late than never; it's orientation
Still, we can make it better, throwing all your cares away
Oh, oh, oh, ooh!

[Chorus: Really Doe & Tony Williams]
You motherfuckers better do your job and roll up
And watch how we roll up, and (Ba-dop-ba-ba)
I can't control it, I can't hold it, it's so nuts
I take a sip of that 'gnac, 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, we smoke until the day's end
Puff-puff, then pass, don't fuck up rotation
Hypnotiq for Henny? Now, nigga, that's a chaser (Oh, oh, oh, ooh!)
Turn nothing to something, now, pimping, that's a savior (Ba-dop-ba-ba)
Best things are green, now, pimpin', get your paper
High off the ground, from stair to skyscraper
Cool out, thinking we local, c'mon, homie, we major

[Post-Chorus: Kanye West & Nas]
We major? (C'mon, homie, we major)
We major? (C'mon, homie, we major)
We major! (C'mon, homie, we major)
We major!

[Refrain: Tony Williams]
Oh, oh, oh, ooh! Ba-dop-ba-ba
Feeling better than I ever felt before today
But better late than never; it's orientation
Still, we can make it better, throwing all your cares away!

[Interlude: Kanye West & Tony Williams]
Can I talk my shit again?
Can I talk my shit again?
I can't believe I'm back up in this motherfucker
I'ma be late, though
I gotta figure out what I'm finna wear
Yeah
The Roc is definitely in the building
G.O.O.D. Music's definitely in the building, ugh
I gotta say "What's up" to Tony Williams
On the vocals!
Sings—He sings quite beautifully, don't you agree?
Don't you agree?
Ugh

And Jon Brion on the keys right now
And Warryn Campbell on the keys right now
So they asked me:
"Why you call it Late Registration, 'Ye?"
'Cause we takin' these motherfuckers back to school
La, la, la, la-la-la-la la
If you know this part right here, feel free to sing along
La la la la la, la-la-la

[Refrain: Tony Williams & Kanye West]
Ba-dop-bop-ba (Oh)
Feeling better than I ever felt before today (If you feeling good)
But better late than never; it's orientation (It's orientation)
But we can make it better, throwing all your cares away

[Outro]
We want you to get used to this
Oh, oh, oh, ooh! Ba-dop-bop-ba
Ugh, they can't do what we do, baby
Uh-uh, uh-uh! They can't do what we do baby
Uh-uh, uh-uh! They can't do what we do, baby
Yeah
Oh, oh, oh, ooh!