

# Vic Mensa, U Mad (feat. Kanye West)

I don't need y'all either  
don't wanna talk about it  
like I don't, like I don't know nobody  
Like I don't know nobody  
I guess I don't  
you mad /3x

She gon' be mad right? Ain't that too bad, right?  
Wanna catch that cab, right? Take back that bag, right?  
I guess that she just gon' go buy herself that purse, that purse  
I guess that she just gon' go swipe, buy her self worth, that's cold  
Now I'm the villain, no really I'm just chillin'  
Tryna stack these 20s, 50s, hundreds, millions, to the ceilin'  
Mary, Mary all I need, pussy, money, weed  
And all my women in doubles, I'm at the DoubleTree  
All I hear hoes callin' out wildin', on the road like every day  
We everywhere, any day and anywhere that the money say  
No questions, no questions please, just on your knees  
Blow, don't sneeze, bitch shut up, don't breathe  
Gasp, on the gas, 'til I crash, autopsy said that nigga mashed  
All praise to Allah, not Ramadan but these bitches fast  
Fuck in the party, pull up her skirt, then skrrr  
Who her? I forgot her name

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[Kanye West:]

There go another lawsuit  
In court so much, man I should've went to law school  
Everybody brawl in', it was all cool  
'Til I hit the bartender with the barstool  
I don't fuck with fake dudes wearin' fake Trues  
I just talked to 2 Chainz and he said, "TRUUU!"  
I feel like MJ, I'm in his shoes  
I'm talkin' Montell Jordan, this is how we do  
Bust a nigga head and then I lay low  
These niggas ass-water, get the Drano  
She ain't really bad, she a photo thot  
I should hire this bitch, she so damn good at Photoshop  
That Lexapro got me drowsy than a heart attack  
I think they finally think got me where they want me at  
I got 700 emails in my inbox  
What that mean? I ain't callin' nobody back

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I be catchin' too many stares this evening,  
God fearin' but God knows I'm on a roll  
At the Louvre in Paris, still be on the block like a corner store  
Ain't my fault you ain't the man, made a plan, man it was planned  
They sleeping on me like long flights, I pop a Xan on the way to France  
Paparazzi like, "Oh that's him!", pour that gin, let's get faded

Drinkin' like it's no tomorrow, what's today? I'm in the Matrix  
Hater, please let me live my life, swear to God I be tryna do right  
But if she bad I might hit a bitch in the elevator like Ray Rice  
Y'all pay the price, I pay the difference, it's just different  
Save money, ain't nothin' different, gunshots and jumpin' fences  
Hold on I'm tryna get loose, please don't get shit confused  
Ask Don C, I've been lit, this 'Ye shit just lit the fuse  
Now I'm on fire, everybody go quiet  
Like where was you last week?  
My nigga the fuck was you hidin'?  
Like I was laying on my arm I'm on my side  
South side, I'm down to start a riot

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