

[Hook: Ludacris]

Yeah, breathe in, breathe out  
If ya iced up, pull ya sleeves out  
Push a big truck, pull ya keys out  
Girls go wild and pull ya deez out  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Let them hoes fight, pull her weave out  
If a nigga act up, pull a Desert E's out  
When I pull the piece out niggas like "Peace out!"

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Golly, more of that bullshit ice rap  
I got to 'pologize to Mos and Kweli (probably)  
But is it cool to rap about gold  
If I told the world I copped it from Ghana and Mali? (Mali!)  
First nigga with a Benz and a backpack  
Ice chain, Cardi lens, and a knapsack  
Always said if I rapped I'd say somethin' significant  
But now I'm rappin' 'bout money, hoes, and rims again  
And it's still about the Benjamins  
Big faced hundreds and whatever other synonyms  
Strippers named Cinnamon  
More chips than Pentium  
What'cha gon' buy next? Whatever new trend it is  
I'm tryin' to spend my stacks  
And I'm so broke I look back like "Damn, was I on crack?"  
I mean twelve platinum chains, was I on that?  
What the hell was wrong with me dog?  
Sing along with my y'all

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[Verse 2: Kanye West]

Now even though I went to college and dropped out of school quick  
I always had a Ph.D.: a Pretty Huge Dick  
Ladies tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like this  
And givin' head is like a whale that's using a toothpick  
Well, I'm in the club for a limited time  
Act now and get some action for \$free.99  
Later on I might charge for ménage  
Heard her man was the boss of the floss  
But she still want to toss me the drawers  
And it ain't gon' cost me because she my caddy  
Cuz she grabbed my golf balls in the club  
And I'm still actin' calm than a mug  
She asked "Can you drive me and the hunnies to where my Altima was?"  
While we drive she tellin' me 'bout problems with her man  
Baby I fully understand  
Let me help you with a plan  
While he trickin' off, don't get no rich nigga  
Give ME some head, that'll really piss him off  
[inhales]

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[Verse 3: Kanye West]

I blow past low class niggas with no cash  
In the fo' dash six, bitch you can go ask  
So when I go fast popo just laugh  
Right until I run out of gas or 'til I go crash  
Whatever comes first I'm prepared for the worst  
Whatever comes second I'll be there with my weapon  
Pullin' up in the Lexuses/lexeses, one on both hand  
So I guess them GSeS was ambidextrous  
Coulda sworn her breasteses was sendin' me messages  
"K I need a free hand mammogram  
I got weed, drink, and a Handicam

All of which is legal in Amsterdam"  
So say my name like Candyman  
And I'ma come and fix you up like the handyman  
But if you don't need a fix, girl you gotta leave  
You can't take that all at one time ya gotta breathe

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["Can you say Chi city?" scratched repeatedly]