

# Kanye West, 30 Hours

[Intro: Arthur Russell]

Baby lion goes  
Where the islands go

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

You say you never saw this comin', well, you're not alone  
Million dollar renovations to a happy home  
My ex says she gave me the best years of her life  
I saw a recent picture of her, I guess she was right  
I wake up, assessin' the damages  
Checkin' MediaTakeOut  
Pictures of me drunk walkin' out with a bitch  
But it's blurry enough to get the fake out  
I wake up, all veggies no eggs  
I hit the gym, all chest no legs  
Yep, then I made myself a smoothie  
Yeah, then me and wifey make a movie  
Chicago, St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago  
Ándale, ándale E.I, E.I, uh-oh  
You had me drivin' far enough to switch the time zone  
You was the best of all time at the time, though  
Yeah, you wasn't mine, though

[Chorus: Kanye West]

But I still drove thirty hours  
And I, I still drove thirty hours to you, yeah

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

I remember rappin' for Jay and Cam  
Young producer just trying to get his flows off  
I remember being nervous to do Victoria's Secret  
'Til I pictured everybody with they clothes off  
Expedition was Eddie Bauer edition  
I'm drivin' with no winter tires in December  
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, like a private school for women  
Then I get there and all the Popeye's is finished, girl  
You don't love me, you just pretendin'  
I need a happy beginnin', middle and endin'  
Chicago, St. Louis, St. Louis to Chicago  
It's gettin' hot in here, that's all that I know  
Got a hotel room, three stars for you  
You call down for an omelet, girl, it's 5 in the morning  
You realize we at the DoubleTree, not the Aria  
Only thing open is Waffle House, girl, don't start with me  
I used the Western Union for you like it's no prob'  
'Cause you was in college complainin' 'bout it's no jobs  
But you were suckin' a nigga dick the whole time  
Well, I guess a blowjob's better than no job

[Chorus: Kanye West]

And I drove back thirty hours, uh

[Bridge: Arthur Russell]

Where the main ties onto the sail  
Better on sighting  
For astern, oh

[Outro: Kanye West & André 3000]

3 Stacks, can you help me out?  
Thirty hours  
Yeah, this type of shit you just ride out to  
Thirty hours  
Thirty hours  
I just be like, it was my idea to have an open relationship  
Now a nigga mad

Now I'm 'bout to drive ninety miles like Matt Barnes to kill  
Thirty hours  
Just to kill  
Just to  
Just to  
I'm about to drive ninety  
Ninety miles like Matt Barnes just to whoop a nigga ass  
It was my idea and now a nigga (Thirty hours)  
Now a nigga mad, now a nigga, uh  
A stunna  
Whoop him after school just to show I got class  
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh  
Duh-duh with you, yeah (Thirty hours)  
You know what I'm sayin'? Drop some shit like that  
Ayy, ayy, ayy-ayy, ayy, uh  
Whoop him after school just to  
Thirty hours  
Whoop him after school just to show I got class  
Uh, igh, uh, uh, 3 Stacks  
Thirty hours  
Just ride out to that, uh  
Check it out: this the bonus track, this the bonus  
Thirty hours  
My favorite albums used to have like bonus joints like this  
That's why they kick it off like this  
Yeah, just did that Madison Square Garden  
Thirty hours  
Had to put the flyest nigga on this shit, ayy, ayy  
The pyramids shall rise  
Thirty hours  
Look at these ultralight beams flowin'  
For all the moms, the dads, the kids, the families that shared this moment with us  
Let's rock out for 'bout  
Thirty hours  
You know, ayy, you know  
Ayy, you know, ayy, you know  
Thirty hours  
Whole design team, Yeezy team, music team, ayy  
Remember when the whole block'd get shout out?  
This my version of a shout-out track  
Thirty hours  
Let that mothafucka rock, let that, let that, yeah  
To my brother Yasiin, holding it down in Africa  
Thirty hours  
To my family: thank you for holding me down  
The media be acting like  
Thirty hours  
That's Gabe calling  
Yo, Gabe  
I'm just doing a— I'm just doing an adlib track right now  
What's up?  
Thirty hours  
Thirty hours