

# Kanye West, Blood On the Leaves

[Intro: Nina Simone]

Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees  
Blood on the leaves

[Verse 1]

I just need to clear my mind now  
It's been racin' since the summertime  
Now I'm holdin' down the summer now  
And all I want is what I can't buy now  
'Cause I ain't got the money on me right now  
And I told you to wait  
Yeah, I told you to wait  
So I'ma need a little more time now  
'Cause I ain't got the money on me right now  
And I thought you could wait  
Yeah, I thought you could wait  
These bitches surroundin' me (Black bodies)  
All want something out me  
Then they talk about me  
Would be lost without me  
We could've been somebody  
Thought you'd be different 'bout it  
Now I know you naughty  
So let's get on with it

[Chorus 1]

We could've been somebody  
'Stead, you had to tell somebody  
Let's take it back to the first party  
When you tried your first molly  
And came out of your body  
And came out of your body  
Running naked down the lobby  
And you were screamin' that you love me  
Before the limelight tore ya  
Before the limelight stole ya  
Remember we were so young  
When I would hold you  
Before the blood on the leaves  
I know there ain't wrong with me  
Something strange is happenin'

[Chorus 2]

You could've been somebody  
We could've, ugh, we could've been somebody  
Or was it on the first party  
When we tried our first molly  
And came out of our body  
And came out of our body  
Before they call lawyers  
Before you tried to destroy us  
How you gon' lie to the lawyer?  
It's like I don't even know ya  
I gotta bring it back to the 'nolia

[Bridge]

Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas  
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas  
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas  
I ride with my niggas, I'd die for my...

[Verse 2]

To all my second-string bitches, tryin' get a baby  
Tryin' get a baby, now you talkin' crazy

I don't give a damn if you used to talk to JAY-Z  
He ain't with you, he with Beyoncé, you need to stop actin' lazy  
She Instagram herself like #BadBitchAlert  
He Instagram his watch like #MadRichAlert  
He only wanna see that ass in reverse  
Two-thousand-dollar bag with no cash in your purse  
Now you sittin' courtside, wifey on the other side  
Gotta keep 'em separated, I call that apartheid  
Then she said she pregnant-ated, that's the night your heart died  
Then you gotta go into your girl and report that  
Main reason 'cause your pastor said you can't abort that  
Now your driver say that new Benz, you can't afford that  
All that cocaine on the table, you can't snort that  
That go into that, all that money that the court got  
All in on that alimony, uh  
Yeah-yeah, she got you, homie, yeah  
'Til death, but do your part, uh  
Unholy matrimony

[Outro]

That summer night holdin' long and long, 'din long  
No waiting for the summer rose and (Breeze)  
And breathe and breathe  
And breathe and breathe  
And breathe and breathe  
And live and learn  
And live and learn  
And livin' and livin' like I'm lonely  
Lonely, lonely  
And livin' all I have  
And livin' all  
And live  
And live