

# Kanye West, Runaway (Ft. Pusha T)

[Intro: Rick James & James Brown]

Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya, look at ya  
Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya, look at ya  
Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya, look at ya  
Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya, look at ya (Ladies and gentlemen, ladies, ladies and gentlemen)

[Pre-Chorus: Kanye West]

And I always find, yeah, I always find something wrong  
You been puttin' up with my shit just way too long  
I'm so gifted at finding what I don't like the most  
So I think it's time for us to have a toast

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Let's have a toast for the douchebags  
Let's have a toast for the assholes  
Let's have a toast for the scumbags  
Every one of them that I know  
Let's have a toast for the jerk-offs  
That'll never take work off  
Baby, I got a plan  
Run away fast as you can

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

She find pictures in my email  
I sent this bitch a picture of my dick  
I don't know what it is with females  
But I'm not too good at that shit  
See, I could have me a good girl  
And still be addicted to them hoodrats  
And I just blame everything on you  
At least you know that's what I'm good at

[Pre-Chorus: Kanye West]

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Yeah, I always find something wrong  
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[Chorus: Kanye West]

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Run away fast as you can

[Bridge: Kanye West & Rick James]

Run away from me, baby  
Ah, run away  
Run away from me, baby (Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya)  
Run away  
When it starts to get crazy (Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya)  
Then run away  
Babe, I got a plan, run away as fast as you can  
Run away from me, baby  
Run away  
Run away from me, baby (Look at, look at, look at, look at, look at, look at, look at ya)  
Run away  
When it starts to get crazy (Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya, look at ya)  
Why can't she just run away?  
Baby, I got a plan

Run away as fast as you can (Look at ya, look at ya, look at ya)

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

Twenty-four seven, three sixty-five, pussy stays on my mind  
I-I-I did it, alright, alright, I admit it  
Now pick your next move, you could leave or live with it  
Ichabod Crane with that motherfuckin' top off  
Split and go where? Back to wearing knockoffs?  
Haha, knock it off, Neimans, shop it off  
Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off  
Hoes like vultures, wanna fly in your Freddy loafers  
You can't blame 'em, they ain't never seen Versace sofas  
Every bag, every blouse, every bracelet  
Comes with a price tag, baby, face it  
You should leave if you can't accept the basics  
Plenty hoes in the baller-nigga matrix  
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless  
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless, P

[Verse 3: Kanye West]

Never was much of a romantic  
I could never take the intimacy  
And I know I did damage  
'Cause the look in your eyes is killing me  
I guess you knew of that advantage  
'Cause you could blame me for everything  
And I don't know how I'ma manage  
If one day, you just up and leave  
[Pre-Chorus: Kanye West]  
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