

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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you mad,
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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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Like, like I don't know nobody
Like I don't know nobody, like I don't know nobody
you mad,
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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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