

# Otis (feat. Otis Redding)

## Kanye West & JAY-Z

Otis Redding

It makes it easier, easier to bear

You won't regret it, no, no

No, girl they won't forget it

Love is their home

Happiness yeah

Sq-sq-sq-squeeze her, don't tease her

Never leave her...Jay-Z

Sounds so soulful don't you agree

I invented swag

Poppin' bottles, puttin' supermodels in the cab, proof

I guess I got my swagger back, truth

New watch alert, Hublot's

Or the big face Rollie I got two of those

Arm out the window through the city I maneuver slow

Cock back, snap back

See my cut through the holes Kanye West

Damn Yeezy and Hov,

Where the hell ya been?

Niggas talkin real reckless: stuntmen

I adopted these niggas, Phillip Drummond 'em

Now I'm bout to make them tuck they whole summer in

They say I'm crazy, well, I'm 'bout to go dumb again

They ain't see me cause I pulled up in my other Benz

Last week I was in my other other Benz

Throw your diamonds up cause we in this bitch another 'gain

Jay-Z

Photo shoot fresh, looking like wealth

I'm 'bout to call the paparazzi on myself

Uh, live form the Mercer

Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might murk ya

Flee in the G450 I might surface

Political refugee, asylum can be purchased

Uh, everythings for sale, I got 5 passports

I'm never going to jail Kanye West

I made "Jesus Walks" I'm never going to hell

Couture level flow, it's never going on sale

Luxury rap, the Hermes of verses

Sophisticated ignorance, write my curses in cursive

I get it custom, you a customer

You ain't 'customed to going through Customs, you ain't been nowhere, huh?

And all the ladies in the house, got 'em showing off

I'm done, I hit ya up mana-naaaa!Jay-Z  
Welcome to Havana  
Smoking cubanos with Castro in cabanas  
Viva Mexico, Cubano  
Dominicano, all the plugs that I know  
Driving Benzes, wit' no benefits  
Not bad huh? For some immigrants  
Build your fences, we diggin' tunnels  
Can't you see? We gettin' money up under youKanye  
Can't you see the private jets flyin' over you?  
Maybach bumper sticker read "What would Hova do?"  
Jay is chillin', 'Ye is chillin'  
What more can I say? We killin' 'em  
Hold up, before we end this campaign  
As you can see, we done bodied the damn lames  
Lord, please let them accept the things they can't change  
And pray that all of their pain be champagne

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>