

## Jail pt 2

Kanye West

Take what you want  
Take everything  
Take what you want  
Take what you want

Better that I change my number so you can't explain  
Violence in the night, violence in the night  
Priors, priors, do you have any product?  
Well, that one time, I'll be honest  
I'll be honest, we all liars, let it go

I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'm pulled over and I got priors (Priors)  
Guess we goin' down, guess who's goin' to jail?

Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
God gon' post my bail tonight

Don't you curse at me on text, why you try to hit the flex?  
I hold up, like, "What?" I scroll, I scroll up like, "Next"  
Guess who's getting 'exed? Like, next  
Guess who's getting 'exed?  
You made a choice, that's your bad, single life ain't so bad  
But we ain't finna go there,  
Something's off, I'll tell you why  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight  
What a grand plan to sell you out  
I could scream and shout, let it out

I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'll be honest, we all liars  
I'm pulled over and I got priors  
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Man, tell them haters open up the jail  
(Open up the jail)  
And you can tell my baby mamas, "Get the bail money"  
(Bail me)  
I said one thing they ain't like  
Threw me out like they ain't care for me  
Threw me out like I'm garbage, huh?  
And that food that y'all took off my table  
You know that feed my daughters, huh? (Mmm)  
But I ain't really mad 'cause when I look at it  
I'm getting them snakes up out my grass and, nigga, that's a good habit  
I'm ready for war, let's get at 'em  
And teaming up ain't gon' help 'em  
'Cause beating the odds too deep  
Just me and God, shit, nigga, I'm good at it

Matter of fact, I'm great at it, my cell phone back at it  
I know these people gon' try to tell me how to talk  
Don't know what I seen or what I was taught  
My momma worked two or three jobs  
To take care of three of her kids, my uncles watched  
Yeah, we was raised by the crack addicts  
Mmm, raised by the drug dealers, killers, and the junkies, junkies  
Mama couldn't save us 'cause she had to get the...  
Mama couldn't save us 'cause she had to get the money  
Feel like your world falling, getting too hard to catch it, ain't it?  
You and your girl arguin', you don't like how she actin' lately  
Giving it everything that you can give and you don't get half the patience  
You was busy hustlin', the things come with your hustle  
They got in her head, corrupted her  
Yeah, that's probably what happened, ain't it?  
Large amount of capital, invested in myself  
Underground, I ain't even have a basement, I read the affidavit  
Let's see what it is with you  
Only thing I did to you  
Was always keep it real and true  
Guilty, guess they 'gon have to take me

Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
Guess who's goin' to jail tonight?  
God gon' post my bail tonight