

Runaway (feat. Pusha T)

Kanye West

And I always find, yeah, I always find somethin' wrong
You been puttin' up with' my shit just way too long
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast
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 to the jerkoffs
That'll never take work off
Baby, I got a plan
Run away fast as you can
She find pictures in my email
I sent this girl a picture of my dick.
I don't know what it is with females
But I'm not too good with 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
See, I always find
And I always find
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong
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I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast
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Every one of them that I know
Let's have a toast to the jerkoffs
That'll never take work off
Baby, I got a plan
Run away fast as you can
R-r-ru-ru-ru-run away
Run away from me, baby
(Look at, look at, look at, look at you)
Run away from me, baby
(Look at you, look at you, look at you)
Run away
Run away from me, baby
24/7, 365, pussy stays on my mind
I-I-I did it, all right, all right, 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 wearin' knockoffs, huh?
Knock it off, Neiman's, shop it off

Let's talk over mai tais, waitress, top it off
Fools 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 a baller-nigga matrix
Invisibly set, the Rolex is faceless
I'm just young, rich, and tasteless
P!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've got another advantage
'Cause you could blame me for everything.
And I don't know how I'm a manage,
If one day you just up and leave
Yeah, I always find somethin' wrong
You been puttin' up with my shit just way too long
I'm so gifted at findin' what I don't like the most
So I think it's time for us to have a toast
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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