

# Devil In a New Dress (feat. Rick Ross)

Kanye West

I love it though  
I love it though Uh put your hands to the constellations  
the way you look should be a sin, you my sensation  
I know I'm preaching to the congregation  
we love Jesus but you done learned a lot from Satan  
I mean a nigga did a lot of waiting  
we aint married but tonight I need some consummation may the Lord forgive us  
may the God's be with us  
and that magic hour I seen good christians make rash decisions  
oh she do it, what happened to Religion?  
oh she lose it  
she putting on her make up  
she casually allure  
text message break up, the casualty of tour  
how she gone wake up and not love me no more  
I thought I was the ass hole, I guess it's rubbing off  
hood phenomenom, the Lebron of rhyme  
hard to be humble when you stuntin on a jumbotron  
I'm looking at her like "this what you really want it, huh?"  
what we argue anyway, oh I forgot its summertime  
Uh put your hands to the constellations  
they way you look should be a sin, you my sensation  
I know I'm preaching to the congregation  
we love Jesus but she done learned a lot from Satan (Satan, Satan, Satan)  
I mean a nigga did a lot of waiting  
we aint married but tonight I need some consummation When the sun go down its the magic  
hour  
the magic hour  
and outta all the colours that are still up the skies  
you got green on your mind  
I can see it in your eyes  
why you standing there with your face screwed up  
don't leave while your hot that's how Mase screwed up  
throwing shit around, the whole place screwed up  
maybe I should call Mase so that he could pray for us  
I hit the Jamaican spot, at the bar, take a seat  
I ordered you jerk, she said "you are what you eat"  
you see I always loved your sense of humour  
but tonight you should have seen how quiet the room was  
the Lyor Cohen or Dior Homme thats Dior Homme not Dior homie  
the crib scarface couldn't be more Tony  
you love me for me could you be more phoney

Uh put your hands to the constellations  
they way you look should be a sin, you my sensation  
haven't said a word, haven't said a word  
to me this evening  
Cat got your tongue?

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Lookin' at my bitch I bet she give your ass a bone  
Lookin' at my wrist it'll turn your ass to stone  
Stretch limousine, sippin' Rosé all along  
Double-headed monster with a mind of his own  
Cherry red chariot, excess is just my character  
All black tux, nigga shoes lavender  
I never needed acceptance from all you outsiders  
Had cyphers with Yeezy before his mouth wired  
Before his jaw shattered climbin' up the Lord's ladder  
We still speedin', runnin' signs like they don't matter  
Uh, hater talkin' never made me mad  
Never that when I'm in my favorite papertag  
Therefore G4s at the Clearport  
When it come to tools, fool I'm a Pep Boy  
When it came to dope, I was quick to export  
Never tired of ballin' so it's on to the next sport  
New Mercedes sedan, they'll export  
So many cars DMV though it was mail fraud  
Different traps, I was gettin' mail from  
Polk County, Jacksonville, rep Melbourne  
Whole clique, appetite had tapeworms  
Spinnin' Teddy Pendergrass vinyl as my jay burns  
I shed a tear before the night's over  
God bless the man I put this ice over  
Gettin' 2Pac money twice over  
Still a real nigga, red Coogi sweater, dice roller  
I'm makin' love to the angel of death  
Catchin' feelings, never stumble, retracin' my steps

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