

Blood On the Leaves

Kanye West

[Produced by TNGHT, Kanye West, Mike Dean, Arca, Carlos "6 July" Broady, and 88 Keys]

[Intro: Nina Simone]

Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees
Blood on the leaves

[Verse 1]

I just need to clear my mind now
It's been racin' since the summertime
Now I'm holdin' down the summer now
And all I want is what I can't buy now
'Cause I ain't got the money on me right now
And I told you to wait
Yeah, I told you to wait
So I'ma need a little more time now
'Cause I ain't got the money on me right now
And I thought you could wait
Yeah, I thought you could wait
These bitches surroundin' me
All want something out me
Then they talk about me
Would be lost without me
We could've been somebody
Thought you'd be different 'bout it
Now I know you not it
So let's get on with it

[Verse 2]

We could've been somebody
'stead you had to tell somebody
Let's take it back to the first party
When you tried your first molly
And came out of your body
And came out of your body
Running naked down the lobby
And you was screamin' that you love me
Before the limelight tore ya
Before the limelight stole ya
Remember we were so young
When I would hold you

Before the blood on the leaves
I know there ain't wrong with me
Something strange is happenin'

[Verse 3]

You could've been somebody
We could've, ugh, we could've been somebody
Or was it on the first party
When we tried our first molly
And came out of our body
And came out of our body
Before they call lawyers
Before you tried to destroy us
How you gon' lie to the lawyer?
It's like I don't even know ya
I gotta bring it back to the 'nolia

[Bridge]

Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas
Fuck them other niggas 'cause I'm down with my niggas
I ride with my niggas, I'd die for my...

[Verse 4]

To all my second-string bitches, tryin' get a baby
Tryin' get a baby, now you talkin' crazy
I don't give a damn if you used to talk to JAY-Z
He ain't with you, he with Beyoncé, you need to stop actin' lazy
She Instagram herself like #BadBitchAlert
He Instagram his watch like #MadRichAlert
He only wanna see that ass in reverse
Two-thousand-dollar bag with no cash in your purse
Now you sittin' courtside, wifey on the other side
Gotta keep 'em separated, I call that apartheid
Then she said she pregnant-ated, that's the night your heart died
Then you gotta go and tell your girl and report that
Main reason 'cause your pastor said you can't abort that
Now your driver say that new Benz, you can't afford that
All that cocaine on the table, you can't snort that
That go into that, all that money that the court got
All in on that alimony, uh
Yeah-yeah, she got you, homie, yeah
'Til death, but do your part, uh
Unholy matrimony

[Outro]

That summer night holdin' long and long, 'din long
Now waiting for the summer rose and (Breathe)
And breathe and breathe

And breathe and breathe
And breathe and breathe
And live and learn
And live and learn
And livin' and livin' like I'm lonely
Lonely, lonely
And livin' all I have
And livin' all
And live
And live

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