## **Gifted (Radio Edit)**

## N.A.S.A.

Verse (Kanye West)Hey eh I'm known for running my mouth I will not be accountable for what comes out uh I don't know I might of said it I was kinda gone and light-headed My jacket kinda fresh, bright red-ed And as usual my pants tight threaded It seem like everybody dress tight now And I just want my credit Don't get it twisted or dreaded I am the king and will not be-headed To the mall no time soon brethren Being broke made my head hurt So I need the bread or an Excedrin That'll only get my engine revvin' While y'all on ten, I'm on eleven I'mma make the news, be on at seven Matter fact, I'm on this very second I'm in first and y'all in second And this verse only add to the freshness Call to the club, tell 'em add to the guest list What you think? Way more bitches Y'all mutha fuckas know who this is I'm gifted, Merry Christmas... Merry Christmas Chorus (Lykke Li and Santogold)I'm armed with pens And I got my rhymes Whatever comes, I'll write it down

With mics in hand
We'll stand against the test of timeVerse (Santogold)You don't know my mind
Like I said a thousand times

So knock me out And shoot me down

I try to stay ahead
Know what I'm fighting for
I leave you to your talk
Never seen my kind before
And you're all so thick headed
Follow and I know I led it

Part of me won't me quit
Won't let me just not say shit
So much there to be bored with

Can't be still, I can't afford it Try to hold it in but it makes me sick So I spit it out, say the hell with it I dream it and I build it tall Make a way for when it falls Chorus (Lykke Li and Santogold)I'm armed with pens And I got my rhymes Whatever comes, I'll write it down So knock me out And shoot me down With mics in hand We'll stand against the test of timeBreakI'm armed with pens And I got my rhymes Whatever comes, I'll write it down So knock me out And shoot me down With mics in hand We'll stand against the test of time

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/