

# The Joy (feat. Curtis Mayfield)

## Kanye West & JAY-Z

[Chorus]

A little sugar, honey suckle lamb  
Great expression of happiness  
Boy, you could not miss with a dozen roses  
Such would astound you  
The joy of children laughing around you  
These are the makings of you  
It is true, the makings of you, oh I do it for the fore-fathers and the street authors  
that are not A&R's in the cheap office  
rappers that never got signed but they keep offers  
girls that's way too fine for us to keep off us  
gave her a handshake only for my man's sake  
she in her birthday suit cause of the damn cake  
now there's crumbs all over the damn place  
and she want me to cum all over her damn face  
I never understood planned parenthood  
cause I never met nobody plan to be a parent in the hood  
taking refills of that plan B pill  
another shorty that won't make it to the family will  
If I don't make it, can't take it, hope the family will  
they aint crazy they don't know how insanity feel  
Don C just had a shorty so it's not that bad  
but I still hear the ghosts of the kids I never had  
A little sugar, honey suckle lamb  
Great expression of happiness  
Boy, you could not miss with a dozen roses  
Such would astound you  
The joy of children laughing around you  
These are the makings of you  
It is true, the makings of you, oh No Electro, no metro, a little retro, I perfect  
you know the demo, ya boy act wild  
you aint get the memo, Yeezy's back in style  
now when Rome go Gidget the other got Bridget  
what's more tripped out though is they sisters  
nah, you aint listen, they black, they sisters  
they momma, named them after white bitches  
so next time you see me on your fallopian  
though the Jewelry's Egyptian, know the hunger's Ethiopian  
stupid questions like "Is he gon be dope again?"  
Have You seen him? has anybody spoke to him?"  
This beat deserves Hennessy, a bad bitch and a bag of weed the Holy Trinity  
in the mirror where I see my only enemy,

your life's cursed, well mine's an obscenity  
 A little sugar, honey suckle lamb  
 Great expression of happiness  
 Boy, you could not miss with a dozen roses  
 Such would astound you  
 The joy of children laughing around you  
 These are the makings of you  
 It is true, the makings of you, oh  
 This is my momma sh-t  
 I used to hear this through the walls in the hood when I was back in my pyjama sh-t  
 afro's and marijuana sticks, seeds and the ganja hat will be popping like the sample that I'm  
 rhyming with  
 Pete Rock, let the needle drop  
 I seen so much as a kid they surprised I don't needle pop  
 taking sips of pop, six packs of millanips  
 pink champel, Valentine L  
 Bally's on my feet help me balance out well  
 that and the sh-t I used to balance on the scale  
 I got it honest from the parties from my momma's  
 Virgin Mary's try to judge her, I'm like "where the Madonna's now?"  
 give all glory to Gloria, they said "you raised that boy too fast, but you was raising a warrior"  
 we victorious, they'll never take the joy from us  
 Keep you hands up, get mine up  
 don't let them take your fire  
 Keep you hands up, get mine up  
 don't let them take your fire  
 Keep you hands up, get mine up  
 don't let them take your fire  
 Keep you hands up, get mine up  
 yeaaaah, okay  
 It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
 It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
 It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay  
 It's Pete Rock, Kanye, One, two, okay

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>