

# On Sight

## Kanye West

Yeezy season approaching  
Fuck whatever y'all been hearing  
Fuck what, fuck whatever y'all been wearing  
A monster about to come alive again  
Soon as I pull up and park the Benz  
We get this bitch shaking like Parkinsons  
Take my number and lock it in  
Indian hair, no moccasins  
It's too many hoes in this house of sin  
Real nigga back in the house again  
Black Timbs all on your couch again  
Black dick all in your spouse again  
And I know she like chocolate men  
She got more niggas off than Cochran, huh?  
On sight, on sight How much do I not give a fuck?  
Let me show you right now 'fore you give it up  
How much do I not give a fuck?  
Let me show you right now 'fore you give it up He'll give us what we need  
It may not be what we want  
Baby girl tryna get a nut  
And her girl tryna give it up  
Chopped 'em both down  
Don't judge 'em, Joe Brown  
One last announcement  
No sports bra, let's keep it bouncing  
Everybody wanna live at the top of the mountain  
Took her to the 'Bleau, she tried to sip the fountain  
That when David Grutman kicked her out  
But I got her back in and put my dick in her mouth On sight, on sight Right now  
I need right now  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>