

Family Business

Kanye West

How's your son? (all, all, all the things, things)
He make the team this year? (all, all, all the things things)
Aw th-, they said he wasn't tall enough?
(all, all, all that glitters is not gold)
Yeah me we gon' cook this up (all gold is not reality)
(real is what you live to be) This is family business
And this is for the family that can't be with us
And this is for my cousin locked down, know the answer's in us
That's why I spit it in my songs so sweet
Like a photo of your granny's picture
Now that you're gone it hit us
Super hard on Thanksgiving and Christmas, this can't be right
Yeah you heard the track I did man, this can't be life
Somebody please say grace so I can save face
And have a reason to cover my face
I even made you a plate, soul food, know how Granny do it
Monkey bread on the side, know how the family do it
When I brought it why did the guard have to look all to it?
As kids we used to laugh
Who knew that life would move this fast?
Who knew I'd have to look at you through a glass?
And look, you tell me you ain't did it, then you ain't did it
And if you did, then that's family business And I don't care 'bout (all the, all the diamond rings,
diamond rings)
They don't mean a thing (all, all, all the things)
All these fancy things I tell you that all (all the glitter is not gold) my weight in gold (gold is not
reality) Now all I know I know all these things (real is what you live to be)
This is family business
And this is for everybody standin' with us
Come on, let's take a family Grammy picture
Abby, remember when they ain't believe in me?
Now she like, "See, that's my cousin on TV"
Now, we gettin' it and we gon' make it
And y'all gon' hate it and I'm his favorite
I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider
But when we get together be electric slidin'
Grandma, get 'em sup
Aw naw, don't open the photo book up
I got an Aunt Ruth that can't remember your name
But I bet them Polaroids'll send her down memory lane
You know that one auntie, you don't mean to be rude
But every holiday nobody eatin' her food

And you don't wanna stay there 'cause them your worst cousins
Got roaches at their crib like them your first cousins
Act like you ain't took a bath with your cousins
Fit three in the bed while six of y'all
I'm talkin' 'bout three by the head and three by the leg But you ain't have to tell my girl I used to
piss in the bed
Rain, rain, rain go away
Let the sun come out and all the children say
Rain, rain, rain go away Let the sun come out and all the children say
I woke up early this mornin' with a new state of mind
A creative way to rhyme without usin' knives and guns
Keep your nose out the sky, keep your heart to God
And keep your face to the risin' sun
All my niggas from the Chi, that's my family dog
And my niggas ain't my guys, they my family dog
I feel like one day you'll understand me dog
You can still love your man and be manly dog
You ain't got to get heated at every house warmin'
Sittin' here, grillin' people like George Foreman Why Uncle Ray and Aunt Sheila always
performin'?
The second she storm out, then he storm in
Y'all gon' sit down, have a good time this reunion
And drink some wine like Communion
And act like everything fine and if it isn't We ain't lettin' everybody in our family business
(all the, all the diamond rings, diamond rings)
They don't mean a thing (all, all, all the things)
They don't mean a thing (all the, all the diamond rings, diamond rings) They don't mean a thing,
a thing
And I don't care 'bout (all the, all the diamond rings, diamond rings)
They don't mean a thing (all, all, all the things)
All these fancy things
I tell you that all (all the glitter is not gold) my weight in gold (gold is not reality)
Now all I know I know all these things (real is what you live to be)
(oooh) All these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)
All these things (oooh) all these things (these things)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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