
A MESSAGE FROM KANYE

I know what I'm doing.

Because I've been doing this a long time. Since before Kim. Before Taylor. Before I said what every black person in America was thinking about what George Bush thought about them. Before the accident. Before *Chappelle's Show*.

That man is a genius for putting me on his show.

You don't understand the responsibility that sits heavy on my shoulders every day. You ever gotten married? Not to the woman whose sex tape you jerked off to. The woman who has more than SIXTY MILLION Instagram followers, who Instagram would be NOTHING without. The result of God's love and Kris's genius and that Kim K. luck and more squats than people that watch her show every week.

But maybe you got married to some regular woman, and a bunch of aunties kissed your head and uncles slipped you cash. It was probably the best day of your life. And it doesn't even come close to EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE. Do you even understand? I can't piss at the airport without someone trying to take my picture. Anyone ever try to take a photo of you pissing, saying shit about your



BY ANNA PEELE

wife, your daughter, trying to make you angry while you're holding your dick so they can sell it to magazines? When Kanye gets mad, they're doing their job. When Kanye gets mad, I'M doing their job. I don't blame them. Respect to everyone working hard to keep a roof over their kids. But *In Touch* should pay ME every time I smash a paparazzi camera. I don't even think Jesus could understand the level of fame I'm operating at.

I wish I could talk to Him about being so misunderstood. Like, He came down from heaven. He's GOD'S SON. And what did He get? HATERS. PHARISEES. DOUBTING THOMASES. JUDAS. They nailed Him on that cross because they couldn't take His greatness. And that is what I deal with every day.

I know I'm not Jesus. My number-one enemy has been my ego. I know that. I know when I say this shit how people will take it. "Oh, Yeezy's comparing himself to Jesus." But if you want me to be an asshole, I'll be the best asshole on this earth. Everything I do I take to another level.

Can you imagine what it was like for Jesus, everyone coming up and begging for miracles, prostitutes following Him around the desert trying to fuck with Him while He tried not to fuck with them?

It might be harder for me than it was for Jesus. There are more thirsty girls in the Valley than there were people in the whole Roman Empire. You don't know what it's like having these girls—these porn stars, strippers, Victoria's Secret models—texting me all kinds of photos, telling me they'd let me do anything to them to be a part of what Yeezy has going on. People got upset when I put that sketch on *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*—ONE OF THE GREATEST ALBUMS OF ALL TIME. NO ALBUM OF THE YEAR GRAMMY!!!!—where Chris Rock talked about reupholstering that girl's pussy. But Chris gets it. Chris has had bitches begging him to reupholster their pussies since he was holding Eddie Murphy's wallet for him in the eighties, praying Eddie would slow down the Ferrari because the hundred-dollar bills kept blowing out the window.

Chris is getting divorced now because he knows what these women are like. BILL COSBY INNOCENT!!!!!! These women guilty. You DO NOT UNDERSTAND. You ever

I can't stop because I can't deny the world my GREATNESS.

had two girls try to suck your dick in the same night? You ever had TEN girls try to suck your dick in the same night? You ever had ten girls come up to you all together and offer to suck your dick in a dick-sucking train, like a dick-sucking human centipede? You don't believe all those women could have had sex with Bill Cosby because they wanted to because you can barely get the woman you take to Chili's every Saturday night to want to have sex with you. You don't believe fifty women could have had sex with Bill Cosby because they wanted to because you haven't

had sex with fifty women in your entire life, even if you counted all the women your brother and your next-door neighbor had sex with, too.

You know how much money Gloria Allred has?

I AM IN PERSONAL DEBT FOR MY ART.

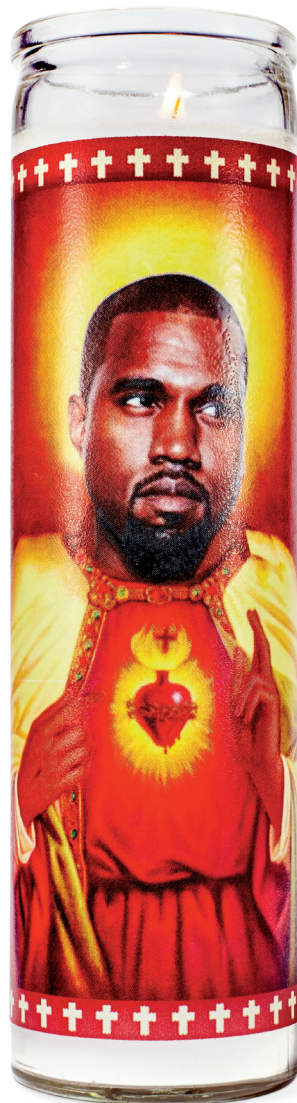
When I say, "I feel like me and Taylor might still have sex," I'm saying she OWES me. She said it! Then when she's on stage getting her SECOND Album of the Year Grammy, she talks about me trying to take credit. I MADE THAT BITCH FAMOUS!!! Who even was she before I walked on that stage at the VMAs and bestowed her with the greatest gift of her career? I made her a real person. I made you feel sorry for her. I made you root for the pretty flat-assed blond girl singing songs about dry-humping Jonas brothers. And then I wrote "Runaway" and she wrote "Innocent."

Who would be talking about Taylor this week if it weren't for me?

WHAT WOULD TAYLOR WRITE ABOUT IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME????

I didn't think about what would happen to her. I did it for Beyoncé, for Jay, for people doing work that MATTERS. Can you even remember the name of the song Taylor won for that year? I'll give you a MILLION DOLLARS if you know Taylor's choreography better than Beyoncé's.

I got Kim cuticle scissors for



Christmas. I got her 149 other presents, too. Prada. Louis Vuitton. Saint Laurent. I curated that shit like I was Larry Gagosian picking what Matisse's to put in his gallery. When I was little, my mama worked late every day to take care of me when no one was taking care of her. On weekends, she and her sisters would treat themselves, just doing each other's nails and gossiping and forgetting about the rent and the guy who was cheating. One Sunday, Mama's cuticle scissors broke, and I walked to Walgreens and spent an hour taking all the different kinds of clippers off the shelf and hiding from the manager behind the toilet paper, trying them all out on my hangnails until I found the dopest cuticle scissors in the store: Sally Hansen. And I brought them home to Donda so she and my aunties could have their afternoon and it would be perfect, until I grew up and could make everything perfect for her. When I gave Kim those Sally Hansen cuticle scissors, she understood that they meant as much to me as the matching mink coats I got her and Nori.

I DESERVE THE GIFTS GOD HAS GIVEN ME. Do you know how hard it is to keep being this brilliant when you don't even have to? Would you still deliver Pepsi if you won the lottery? I already won the lottery. I fuck Kim Kardashian every day. I sold more than THIRTY-TWO MILLION albums. I created more art than anyone else in the twenty-first century. "Gold Digger." "Black Skinhead." "Through the Wire." "Flashing Lights." "Diamonds from Sierra Leone." "Waves." I can't stop because I can't deny the world my GREATNESS.

I turned her into a VOGUE cover. You think Anna Wintour would have taken that call if I hadn't been on the line?

Kim. Kim turned herself from a club girl into a porn star into the biggest reality star in the world. The most famous PERSON in the world. Then I turned her into a *VOGUE* cover. You think Anna Wintour would have taken that call if I hadn't been on the line? I made someone who is a hundred times more famous than me LEGITIMATE. I took a sample from a song people had stuck in their heads and changed the beat and put a verse over it and made it ART. She's KIM KARDASHIAN WEST, the only person who could break the App Store. No, FUCK the App Store. The Internet. And I break that dick off in her every day.



I JUST WANT THE CREDIT I DESERVE!!! I read these fashion bloggers that begged for a seat at my show saying my line looks like homeless Spanx. Do they understand that I sign off on every hole? That I'm playing on the fact that no one has done more to put Spanx in the public eye than my in-laws? That I put Kylie in the show and Kendall, who is the BIGGEST SUPER-MODEL IN THE WORLD, in the audience on purpose?

And you still doubt me? You think because I'm not sewing

every pair of Yeezy pants that I'm not a designer. Steve Jobs didn't make your MacBook in his garage. He was the one with the VISION. You ever been in an Apple Store? OF COURSE you've been in an Apple Store! Steve Jobs picked the best designer in the world, and then that guy brought

My life is a game of Duck Duck Goose and I'm always IT.

him a thousand stair ideas and he said no to all of them before he picked those glass stairs that you don't even think about. But even though you don't comprehend that PERFECTION, you still walk up them to buy the phone that connects you to everything. THOSE STAIRS TAKE YOU TO HEAVEN!!!!!! I go to Nobu with my wife's family and the server takes a pineapple and cuts off all the fruit besides a little square from the very middle. It tastes bet-

ter than any pineapple you've ever had. THAT IS HOW I LIVE. MY GENIUS IS GETTING RID OF EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T PERFECT.

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. YES!!!!!!

My life is a game of Duck Duck Goose and I'm always IT. I am HYPE. I make that DOPE SHIT. I am WOKE WHEN YOU ASLEEP. I am this generation's DISNEY. I am continuing the work of STEVE JOBS. I am the CREATOR. JESUS WALKS WITH ME BECAUSE HE WANTS TO HANG.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. 🙄