

# FLASHING LIGHTS

Words and Music by KANYE WEST  
and ERIC HUDSON

Moderate groove

♩ = 90



mp




Flash-ing



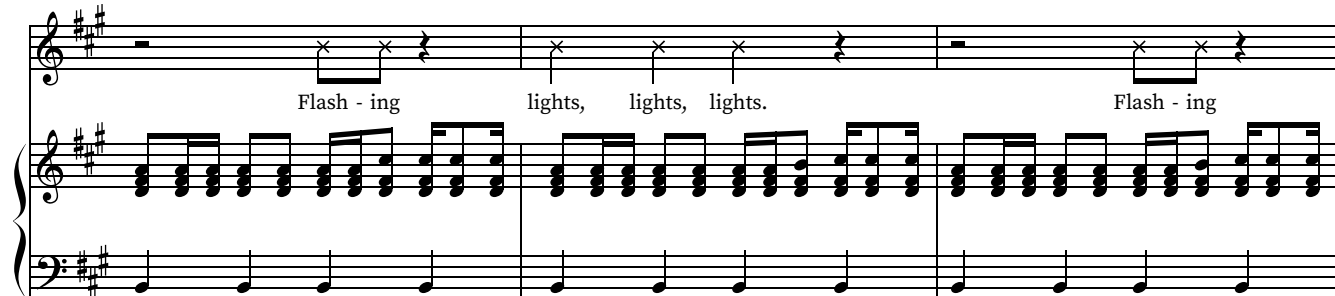
lights, lights, lights. Flash - ing lights, lights, lights.

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
Bm<sup>7</sup>



Flash - ing lights, lights, lights. Flash - ing



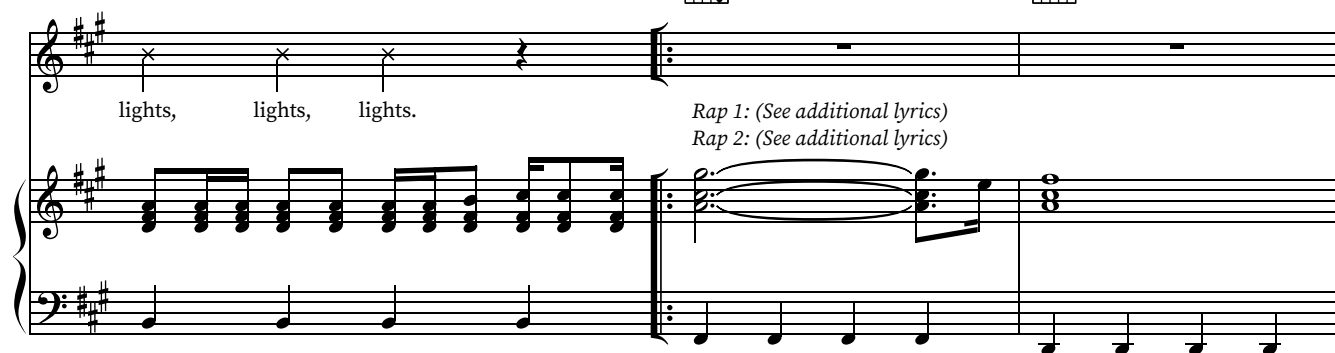

F#m<sup>9</sup> 2fr




lights, lights, lights.

Rap 1: (See additional lyrics)  
Rap 2: (See additional lyrics)


Dmaj<sup>7</sup>





F#m<sup>9</sup> 2fr






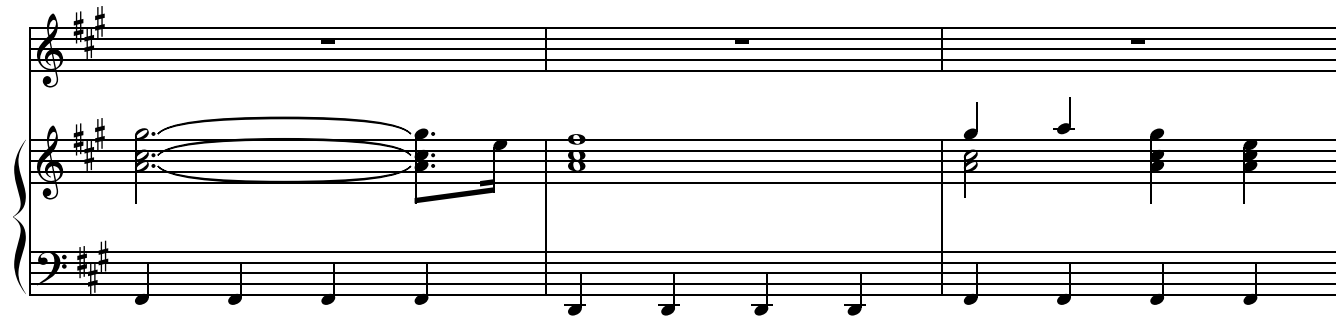
Dmaj<sup>7</sup>



Bm<sup>7</sup>

















As I re - call, — I know you love to show



off (off), but I nev - er thought — that you would take it this far (far). But what do I know?



Bm<sup>7</sup>



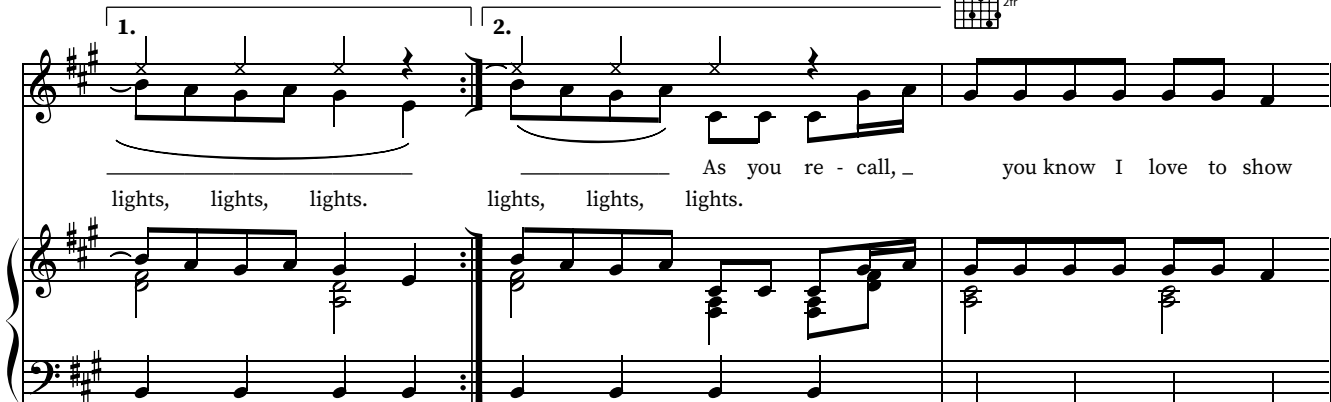
Flash - ing lights, lights. What do I know, \_\_\_\_\_ Flash - ing know? .







1. 2. F#m<sup>9</sup> 2fr




lights, lights, lights. lights, lights, lights. As you re - call, \_ you know I love to show




Dmaj<sup>7</sup> F#m<sup>9</sup> 2fr Dmaj<sup>7</sup> C#m<sup>7</sup> 4fr

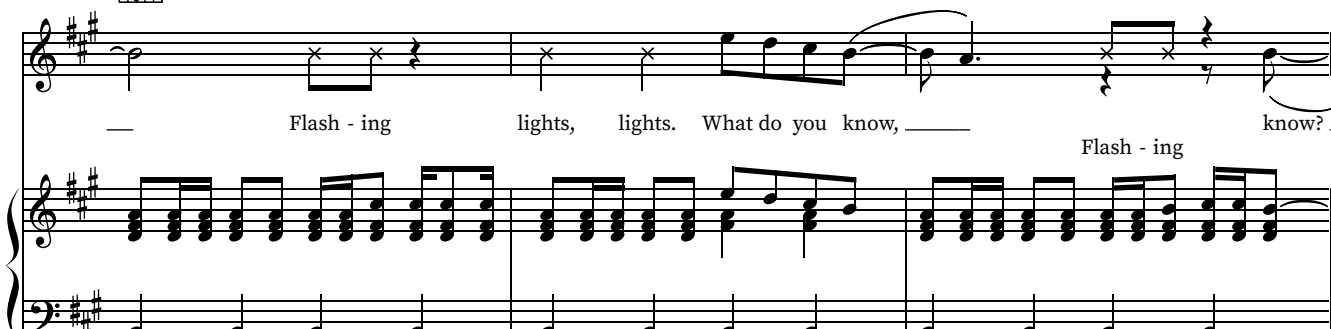
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



Bm<sup>7</sup>






Flash - ing lights, lights. What do you know, \_\_\_\_\_ Flash - ing know? .










lights, lights, lights.

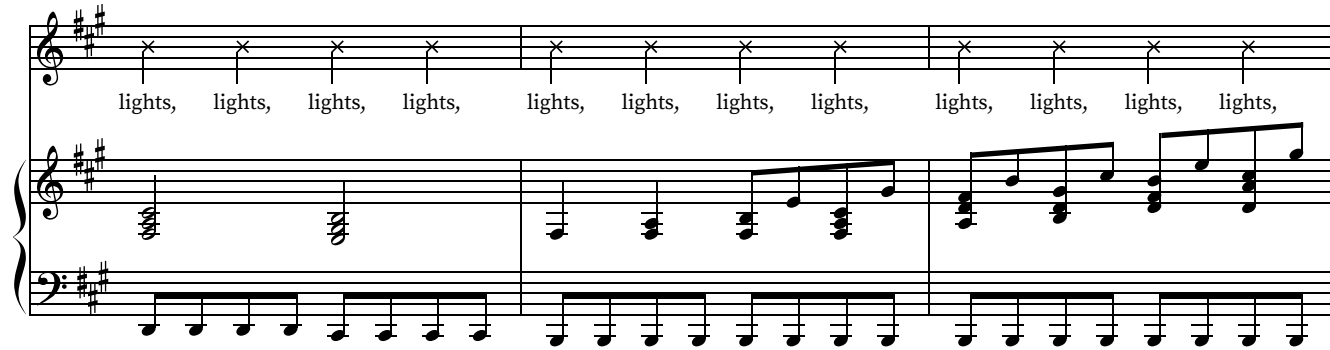
Flash - ing

lights, lights, lights. Flash - ing lights, lights, lights, lights,

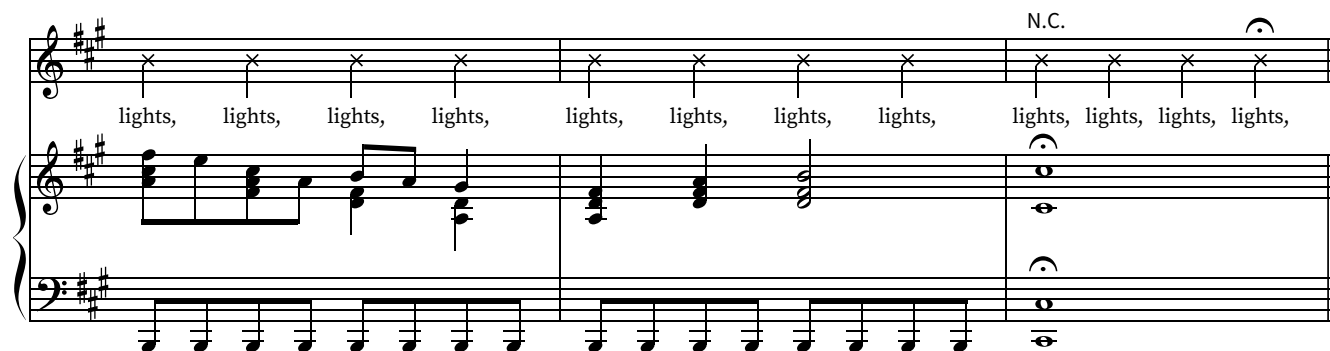





lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights,





lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights,



lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights, lights,

N.C.

#### Additional Lyrics

*Rap 1: She don't believe in shootin' stars but she believe in shoes and cars. Wood floors in the new apartment. Couture from the store's department. You more like L'eau de Stardee shit, I'm more of the trips to Florida. Order the hors d'oeuvres, views of the water. Straight from the page of your favorite author. And the weather's so breezy, man, why can't life always be this easy? She in the mirror dancin' so sleazy. I get a call like, "Where are you, Yeezy?" And try to hit you with the oh whopdee 'til I got flashed by the paparrazzi. Damn, these niggas got me. I hate these niggas more than the Nazis.*

*Rap 2: I know it's been a while sweetheart, we hardly talk. I was doin' my thing. I know I was foul bay-bay. A-bay, lately you been all on my brain. And if somebody would've told me a month ago, frontin' though, yo, I wouldn't wanna know. If somebody would've told me a year ago, it'd go get this difficult. Feelin' like Katrina with no FEMA. Like Martin with no Gina. Like a flight with no visa, first class with the seat back, I still see ya in my past. You on the other side of the glass of my memory's museum. I'm just sayin', "Hey, Mona Lisa, come home. You know you can't Rome without Caesar.*