

Kanye West, Pt. 2 (Ft. Desiigner)

[Intro]

Faaaaaaaa— (Perfect)

Faaaaaaaa—

Faaaaaaaa—

Faaaaaaaa—

I told, I told, ayy-ayy, I told you

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Up in the mornin', miss you bad

Sorry I ain't call you back, same problem my father had

All this time, all he had, all he had

And what he dreamed, all his cash

Market crashed, hurt him bad

People get divorced for that

Dropped some stacks, pops is good

Mama passed in Hollywood

If you ask, lost my soul

Drivin' fast, lost control

Off the road, jaw was broke

'Member we all was broke

'Member I'm comin' back

I'll be takin' all the stacks, oh

[Verse 2: Desiigner & Kanye West]

I got broads in Atlanta

Twistin' dope, lean, and the Fanta

Stacks, oh

Credit cards and the scammers

Hittin' off licks in the bando

Takin' all the stacks, oh

Black X6, Phantom

White X6 looks like a panda

Stacks, oh

Going out like I'm Montana

Hundred killers, hundred hammers

Black X6, Phantom

White X6, panda

Pockets swole, Danny

Sellin' bar, candy

Man I'm the macho like Randy

The choppa go Oscar for Grammy

Bitch nigga, pull up ya panty

Hope you killas understand me

[Chorus: Kanye West & Desiigner]

I just wanna feel liberated, I, I, I (Hey)

I just wanna feel liberated, I, I, I (Panda)

Panda, panda, panda, panda

Takin' all the stacks, oh

[Verse 3: Desiigner & Kanye West]

I got broads in Atlanta

Twist the dope, lean and shit, sippin' Fanta

Stacks, oh

Credit cards and the scammers

Wake up Versace, shit like Desiigner

Takin' all the stacks, oh

Whole bunch of lavish shit

They be askin' 'round town who be clappin' shit

I be pullin' up stuff in the Phantom ship

I got plenty of stuff of Bugatti, whip look how I try this shit

Black X6, Phantom

White X6, killin' on camera

[Interlude: Pastor T. L. Barrett]
My joy

[Bridge: Caroline Shaw]
How can I find you?
Who do you turn to?
How do I bind you?

[Outro: Pastor T. L. Barrett]
If I don't turn to you
No other help I know, I stretch my hands