

Father Stretch My Hands, Pt. 2 (feat. Desiigner)

Kanye West

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

I go, I go, ay ay, I go
Up in the morning, miss you bad
Sorry I ain't called you back
The same problem my father had
All his time, all he had, all he had
In what what he dreamed
All his cash, market crashed
Hurt him bad, people get divorced for that
Drops some stacks pops is good
Momma pass in Hollywood
If you ask, lost my soul
Driving fast, lost control
Off the road, jaw was broke
'Member we all was broke
'Member I'm coming back
And I'll be taking all the stacks

[Verse 2: Desiigner]

I got broads in Atlanta
Twisting dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scanners
Hitting off licks in the bando
Black X6, Phantom
White X6 looks like a panda
Going out like I'm Montana
Hundred killers, hundred hammers
Black X6, Phantom
White X6, panda
Pockets swole, Danny
Selling bar, candy
Man I'm the mocho like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy
Bitch nigga pull up ya panty
Hope you killas understand me

[Bridge: Kanye West]

I just want to feel liberated, I, I, I

I just want to feel liberated, I, I, I

Taking all the stacks, oh

Stacks, oh

Taking all the stacks, oh

[Verse 3: Desiigner]

I got broads in Atlanta

Twisting dope, lean, and sipping Fanta
Credit cards and the scanners
Wake up Versace, shit life Designer
Whole buncha lot of shit
They be asking round town who be clappin shit
I 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, killing on camera

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

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