Pt. 2

Kanye West

I told, I told, ay ay, I told you
Up in the morning, miss you bad
Sorry I ain't called you back
Same problem my father had
All his time, all he had, all he had
In 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
I'll be taking all the stacksI got broads in Atlanta
Twisting dope, lean, and the Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
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 macho like Randy
The choppa go Oscar for Grammy
Bitch nigga, pull up ya panty
Hope you killas understand meI just want to feel liberated, I, I, I
I just want to feel liberated, I, I, I
Taking all the stacks, ohI got broads in Atlanta
Twist the dope, lean and shit, sippin' Fanta
Credit cards and the scammers
Wake up Versace, shit life Desiigner
Whole bunch of lavish shit
They be asking 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, killing on cameraHow can I find you?
Who do you turn to?
How do I bind you?If I don't turn to you
No other help I know, I stretch my hands

Songwriters
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