

## Father Stretch My Hands Pt. 2

Kanye West

(Perfect)

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 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 stacks

I 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 me

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

I got broads in Atlanta  
Twisting dope, lean, and sipping Fanta  
Credit cards and the scammers  
Wake up Versace, shit life Designer  
Whole bunch of lavish 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

How 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