

# KANGA (feat. Kanye West)

## 6ix9ine

[Chorus: Gunna]

Trapped on one stop, served my own block  
Bought my own watch (Own), loaded Glock  
Lettin' that thing pop (Pop), they can't freeze us (Freeze us)  
Skybox, we been at the top, they can't see us (See us)  
Twelve knocks, fucked the dirty cops (Hey Michael)  
They can't seize nothing  
Big shot, fuck that little thot  
I don't need y'all  
I stay high, fucked her and forgot, like amnesia  
Real fly, yellow Prada socks, Bumblebee, huh  
Went and got, Dior suit and tie, Christian clean, huh

[Verse 1: 6ix9ine]

The streets so cold, gotta ride wit' a pole  
Gotta stay ready for the smoke, 'cause niggas tryna take my soul  
I can't go, thought niggas was my bros, but they changed though  
Niggas don't know shit 'bout that  
How the fuck a nigga switch like that?  
Gotta ride with a stick 'bout that  
Put a rip from the hip like that  
Keep it around me, I can't never lie  
Niggas around me, they stay with the strap  
Move from around me, or you could get whacked  
I see an opp and I'm leaving my flight, oh-oh

[Verse 2: Gunna]

Percocet bitches on me, I'm a walking brand  
Stacking these bands, show like 80 a grand  
Hoes in the sprinter van  
Pulling up spraying, puttin' hoes in the trash cans  
I'ma erase your man  
Gunna again, I ain't never follow your trend  
Nigga, you do what you can

[Chorus: Gunna]

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Went and got, Dior suit and tie, Christian clean, huh?[Verse 3: 6ix9ine]  
I can't sleep, just took 'em off the team  
Had to break it down to three, get on one knee  
I prayed to the lord that he'd watch my family  
Thinking this bitch gon' wait on me  
Thinking my fans remember me  
Thinking my friends remember me  
Nigga, don't switch up on me  
Can't tell me shit, 'specially not no bitch  
Ten for ten with this shit  
I'ma still drop these hits  
I'ma still pop my shit  
Got a Draco with the kick  
Glock .30, hollow tips  
Ride around with that shit all on my hip  
See an opp, let it hit  
Lately, I been on some suck my dick shit[Outro: 6ix9ine]  
Bitch, I'm stressing, oh, bitch, I'm stressing  
Mama saying, "Don't cry, count your blessings"  
I can't sleep, I can't sleep  
Hey, Michael  
I can't, uh

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