

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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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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