

Junya pt 2

Kanye West

Junya Watanabe on my wri' (Wri')
Junya Watanabe on my wri' (Wri')
Tell 'em this, did he miss?
Junya Watanabe on my, mmh
I can't really see, where did I miss? (Mmh, mmh)

Ex-strippers (Mmh, mmh)
New killers (Mmh, mmh), Chi' niggas tell 'em (Mmh, mmh)
This on Donda (Mmh, mmh), on my mama (Mmh, mmh)
Made a promise (Mmh)

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Tell 'em this, did he miss? (Wri')
Junya Watanabe on my, mmh
I can't really see, where did I miss? (Mmh)
Junya Watanabe on my wri' (Mmh, mmh)
Junya Watanabe on my—

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Tell 'em this, did he miss? (Wri')
Junya Watanabe on my, mmh
I can't really see, where did I miss? (Mmh)
Junya Watanabe on my wri' (Mmh, mmh)
Junya Watanabe on my—

All summer (Mmh, mmh), all summer (Mmh, mmh)
.45 gunners (Mmh, mmh), in pajamas (Mmh, mmh)
They piranhas (Mmh, mmh)
Buy out the store in hours like we planned it (Mmh, mmh, mmh, mmh)

Junya Watanabe on my wri'
Junya Watanabe on my wri'
Tell 'em this, did he miss?
Junya Watanabe on my, mmh
I can't really see, where did I miss? (Mmh)
Junya Watanabe on my wri'

For five summers, hold up, uh
For five summers, hold up
For five summers, hold up, uh
For five summers, hold up, uh
We took over, hold up, uh
We took over, hold up
We took over, hold up
We took over, hold up
Born in Atlanta (Mmh, mmh)
Not Montana (Mmh, mmh)
'Scuse my manners (Mmh, mmh)
I got standards
Uh, yeah, 'scuse my manners (Mmh, mmh)
I got standards (Mmh, mmh)
I got status (Mmh, mmh)
You don't want static (Mmh, mmh)
I'm from Atlanta, hold up (Mmh, mmh)
Came from the attic, hold up, yeah (Mmh, mmh)

I'm in Mercedes, uh, uh (Mmh, mmh)
This not practice, uh (Mmh, mmh)
I'm not leavin', hold up, uh (Mmh, mmh)
Where's my mattress? Hold up (Mmh, mmh)
In the back of my mansion, mmh (Mmh, mmh)
Hundred K on my mattress, uh (Mmh, mmh)
Yeah, I'm all about fashion, yeah (Mmh, mmh)
And she all about fashion, hold up (Mmh, mmh)
She rock YEEZY, hold up
So we always matchin', hold up, uh
Carti and Yeezy, how'd that happen?

Junya Watanabe, ayy
Jun Takahashi, ayy (Ayy, ayy)
Undercover, ayy (Ayy, ayy)
Eat up like hibachi, yeah, yeah (Ayy, ayy)
These Botegan, ayy
Slime green like wasabi, yeah, yeah
I know the steppers and hitters (Ayy)
They don't do karate, ooh (Ayy, ayy)
I drive the lamb or the Chevy
I keep my bro in the back of the Kelly (Ayy, ayy)
I got a house in the hills and it's empty
I'm with my girl, why you keep tryna tempt me? (Ayy)
Callin' the truck down, the Bentley
Came with a umbrella like Mr. Bentley (Ayy)
I'm really him evidently
Putting it on but it's really in me
I was created in the image of God
Junya Watanabe on my (Woo, woo, woo)
Boolies on my couch, stays on my
Mike Amiri, did he miss?
Junya Watanabe on my (Woo, woo, woo, woo)

On my
I'm just tryna find a path, yeah
Look what God done done for the kid