The Writer

Chance the Rapper

Niggas try to come at me and shit like
On some like, I only write slow songs
And I only write... church and
How many of y'all are fucking with me with a pen, period?
I'm a writer, probably as good as Elton John
But whats writing good for if it ain't helping moms?
I'm tryna feed Japan while seeing sights of Lebanon
And wiping away tears of girls that's getting felted on
I'm tryna get my felt pen on but the block is hot
My hands is questioning if I'm bach or not
If I'm 2Pac or nonexistent to these juggernauts
But I'm a architect an astronaut an argonaut
So hey, you, get off my couch
You don't know me stay the fuck out my mouth
But I'm a writer you can quote it out loud
A false poet get my dough and I'm out
But here's an eighth of shrooms for your earlobe
A little rap wrapped in cigarillo
A little bit of Wu-Tang, mixed with some Henry David Thoreau
A little ponder theory you can ponder on your pillow
But this is for the day that your dad dies
Puffin' some reason all you hearing is sad sighs
You searchin' for nostalgia but sad and you can't cry
So you check your iPod in search for some bad vibes
From that rap guy, who raps over sad vibes
I wrote it in an hour dawg, don't know what your dads like
He probably was a great dad, he's probably in paradise
You want deeply in heartbreak and sadly I can't write, nothing
This is for those who wrote suicide notes
And all the hipster girls that was super fly dope
You looking at her nose what you do besides coke
You looking at her palms what you do besides dope
Nothing, life is but a supersized note
I open up my mind like suicide door
And grab a pimp cane and a superfly coat
Have they bobbing they heads to something stupid I wrote I hope
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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