Chain Smoker (Prod. by Nate Fox)

Chance the Rapper

Still a chain smoking
Name dropping
Good looking
Muh' fucking
Motha, shut your mouth
Still a chain smoking
Name dropping
Good looking
Muh' fucking
Motha, shut your mouth
Brain broken
Frank Ocean listening
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping
Paint dripping
Motha, shut your mouthSomebody pray for the god, oh lord
I wonder what Michael's on
Son jammin' to his shit
Rappin' trappin' trippin' 'cid
And sniffing glue and chewing Vicodin
Shoulda died- yelling YOLO was a lie
And you a liar wonder why you wanna die so young
You and I look just alike
And I'm afraid that this one right here
Might be last time that I write a song
Lot of niggas wanna go out with a bang
But I ain't tryna go out at all
So I ain't tryna go out at all
Got a lot of ideas still to throw out the door
Last chance joint gotta be a dance joint
From an introspective drugged out standpoint
Throw bands joint, wanna hold hands joint
Old school for my own old man jointStill a chain smoking
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Frank Ocean listening
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Paint dripping
Motha, shut your mouthThis part right here, right now
Right here, this part my shit
I play this so loud in the car
I forget to park my whip
I lean back, then spark my shit
I turn up, I talk my shit
Hope you love all of my shit
I hope you love all of my shit (Igh)Why toss my filter when she saved my life?
The same shit that kills us, always taste so right
That's why I pray to the dear lord
God know who he be
Truth be told he juiced me
Introduced me to the lucy leaf
Oh oh oh, I seen the light, I lost my lighter
Bic flick, kick the habit and the bucket, fuck your supplier
Lies, Levis on fire
Flyer on the wall I'm brighter
In the darkness of the night
In the sky I get higher, higherStill a chain smoking
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Songwriters
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