Chicago

Rhymefest

Ch Chicago
ch-ch-ch-ch Chicago
Chicago
ch-ch-ch-ch Chicago
Rap rap is like a set up
a lot of games
a lot of suckas with colorful names
rap is like a set up
a lot of games
a lot of suckas with colorful names
Verse 1
rappers bein set up
yup yup a set up
no more Tupac telling bitches to keep their head up
a whole lot of hipsters
internets, and kids now
took the Mario mushroom
oh, you big now?
Well, let me show you bout things
take the Red Bull
so I can rip off ya wings
I make 'em promise now
to never wear tight jeans
I ain't a skater
so I never rock ice cream
and I ain't dissin Pharrell
but be for real
some of y'all is gay as hell!
I'm Hell Boy, lil boy
you like Elroy
I'm more like T'Challa on steroids
that's Black Panther
Arm & Hammer
you miss your biggest moment
like Obama's grandma
Rhymefest
I'm armed with grammar
you'll get arrested
fuck reading mirandas

I'm from
HOOK
Chicago
ch-ch-ch-ch Chicago
sta-sta-sta-sta stand up!
Rap rap is like a set up
a lot of games
a lot of suckas with colorful names
VERSE 2
Rap is like a set up
yup yup a game
get around Kanye
and try to degrade my name
that's insane
you hatin' the gang
clown those lames
nothin' but a shit stain

I'm Rhymefest
you can feel my reign
arms out to here
here feel my range
we from
the slum
Lord keep me calm
the plate I help make
is the one they eat from
coat tail nigga
got the lil room in the hotel nigga
they'll always love me
cause I'm a mo real nigga
you the male version of a gold digga
go figure
hoe nigga
wait a minute
I ain't done
made about a million dollars
spent it all on my son
took two years off
but I still had fun
been all around the world
now I'm back where I'm from
HOOK
Chicago
ch-ch-ch-ch Chicago

sta-sta-sta-sta stand up!
Rap rap is like a set up
a lot of games
a lot of suckas with colorful names
Verse 3
I ain't never came out of my face
and try to talk sideways
and step out of my place
before I ate
I always said my grace
it was just me in the biz
right now it's the ace
but now I'm born to roll
Jesus saves Christ
I wrote this on a scroll
not that song
that song is old
my career starts here
here take my soul
my heart, my suicide thoughts
my religion, my God
my money in the vault
got my momma shaking her head
like this her fault
I ain't sorry that I did it
I'm sorry I got caught!
you don't wanna get lost
in the city where I'm from
it's plenty of white chalk in...
CHICAGO!! CHICAGO!!
CHICAGO!! CHICAGO!!

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