Pusha Man (ft. Nate Fox & Lili K.)

Chance the Rapper

Ten damn days
And all I got to show for it is shoes and shows and chauffeurs with road rage
Still the same damn ad-lib: IGH!, old ways
Still gotta letterman, no practice
Still gotta burner man, no lacking
Still outtin Jams nigga, no Jackson
No Jordan and we toe-tagging
I'll take you to land, where the lake made of sand
And the milk don't pour and the honey don't dance
And the money ain't yours
Now its just a red pill
Got a blue and a hand full of Advils
I'm the new Nitty, fuck it Nitty the the old me
So Ima tell the buyer what Nitty told meI got that Mmm Mmm
I got that god damn
I'm yo pusha man
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man
Pimp slapping, toe taggin
I'm just tryna fight the man
I'm yo pusha man
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha manYou a lame, and your bitch break down my weed sometimes
See my face in the streets, in the tweets
And a Reader or a Redeye if you read Sun-Times
She got blisters on her knees, she's a fiend for the D
Even though I only beat one time
One time it was one two times
It was two plus me equals threesome time
Shouts out to Nate, I jackball and I bop, I flex
Got neck from all these thots I sex
Rastafari them shottas yes
House safari, mi casa, yes
Poppy fields of that popeye
She came to party, she popped a Molly
Said "come to papa", she said "papa, yes"I got that Mmm Mmm
I got that god damn
I'm yo pusha man
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man
Pimp slapping, toe taggin
I'm just tryna fight the man

I'm yo pusha man
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha manI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsMove to the neighborhood, I bet they don't stay for good, watch
Somebody'll steal daddy's rollie, and call it the neighborhood watch
Pray for a safer hood when my paper good, watch
Captain save a hood, hood savior, baby boy, still get ID'd for swishers
Mama still wash my clothes, still with Save Money militia
Ima still watch my bros
Trapped in the middle of the map, with a little bitty rock
And a little bit of rap
That with a literary knack and a little shitty Mac
And like literally jackI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip
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But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsThey merking kids, they murder kids here
Why you think they don't talk about it? They deserted us here
Where the fuck is Matt Lauer at? Somebody get Katie Couric in here
Probably scared of all the refugees, look like we had a fucking hurricane here
They be shooting whether it's dark or not, I mean the days is pretty dark a lot
Down here it's easier to find a gun than it is to find a fucking parking spot
No love for the opposition, specifically a cop position,
Cause they've never been in our position
Getting violations for the nation, correlating, you dry snitchingI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
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But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsI've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shitsI know you scared, you should ask us if we scared, too
I know you scared, me too
I know you scared, you should ask us if we scared, too
If you was there, then we just knew you'd care, tooIt just got warm out, this this shit I've been warned about
I hope that it storm in the morning, I hope that it's pouring out
I hate crowded beaches, I hate the sound of fireworks
And I ponder what's worse between knowing it's over and dying first
Cause everybody dies in the summer
Wanna say ya goodbyes, tell them while it's spring

I heard everybody's dying in the summer, so pray to God for a little more springI know you scared, you should ask us if we scared, too
If you was there, then we just knew you'd care, too

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