Brain Cells (equalibrum remix)

Chance the Rapper

Here's a tab of acid for your ear
You're the plastic, I'm the passion and the magic in the air
The flabbergasted avalanche of ambulances near
The labyrinth of Pan's Lab is adamantly here
No assignments, book of rhyming and I'm drawing doodles
I should rhyme rhyme with Ramen Noodles
Ramadan, I'm the don of the diamond jewels
Fond of finding a way to kindly tell these toddlers toodles
I'm a kamikaze and I'm a kinda cuckoo
I could write a fucking book, non kamasutral
You niggas goofies, it's a conflict that is kinda crucial
Caught you on the 9 in all blue yelling I'ma neutral
But I'ma let the bull pass like matadors
Versus a Minotaur, verse is a metaphor
A metamorphoses and I'ma fuckin animorph
I used to go to school with Anna Fedele & Danny Whorf
Remember I used to bang with the bad ones
'Til my grand mama told on her grandson
Mama said that I was way too handsome
To be throwing the hand's son"
Breaking Walls like Samson
But I'ma throw a tantrum
'Til I'm on every Samsung
Sanyo, and Handheld and Handgun
Please put ya lighter's up 'til life is up and light it up
And slice a cut, the night is young, it's nice enough
The nicest blunt, the nicest stuff
My niggas out here trapping a lot
I know you think you on
Hiding Reggie sacks in your socks
I hang with niggas, whole jab in the jock
Four for fifteen, yea my niggas we be taxing a lot
Only to goofies tho, choking on a doobie though
My eyes do be low, two be rolled
Remember days of the Rufio
Remember the Days of Chan-Man and the Skeeter Man
Brrrang Dang to Lil' B
And Bang a Rang to Peter PanI burned too many brain cells now
To be worried bout my brain cells nowI burned too many brain cells now

To be worried bout my brain cells nowI burned too many brain cells now
To be worried bout my brain cells nowI burned too many brain cells now
To be worried bout my brain cells nowLight a joint, or spliff it if you classy
Split a swisha witcha nigga
If you ask me
Ain't no questions hit it vividly and pass me
Don't answer about your problems
Or your issues or your Ashleys
It's a quarter to imminent, ten minutes to infinite
Rims, Henny, and reminisce
Nostalgia and M&M's
Cinnamon tone women and
Feminine's getting intimate
All broads is frivolous
Homies could get they dividends
Is he illiterate, literal syndicate
Illegitimate, idiot, gangbanger affiliate
Sick twisted prick, sick sadistic son of a biscuit
Man fuck this shit

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