Cocoa Butter Kisses (feat. Vic Mensa & Twista)

Chance the Rapper

Cigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I miss my cocoa butter kissesCigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I miss my cocoa butter kissesOkie dokie, alky keep it lowkey like Thor lil bro
Or he'll go blow the loudy, saudy of sour saudi
Wiley up off peyote, wilding like that coyote
If I sip any henny, my belly just might be outtie
Pull up inside a huggy, starsky & hutch a dougie
I just opened up the pack in an hour I'll ash my lucky
Tonight she just yelling "fuck me", two weeks she'll be yelling fuck me
Used to like orange cassette tapes with Timmy, Tommy, and Chuckie
And chuck e. cheese's pizzas, Jesus pieces, sing Jesus love me
Put Visine inside my eyes so my grandma would fucking hug me
Oh generation above me, I know you still remember me
My Afro look just like daddy's, y'all taught me how to go hunting (blam!)Cigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
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I miss my cocoa butter kisses
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I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I miss my cocoa butter kissesI will
Smoke a little something but I don't inhale, everywhere that I go, everywhere
They be asking hows it going, say the goings well, go figure, victor's light skinned
Jesus got me feeling like Colin Powell, all praise to the god, god knows
He's a pro, he's a pro like cointel, check, check mate, check me
Take me to the bedroom, let you know me well, I mean normally, you see
Norma jean wouldn't kick it with farmer phil, but these kids these days, they get so
High, burn trees, smoke chlorophyll, 'til they can't feel shit, shit-faced
Faced it, 15 hits on this l elevated, train, and the craziest
Thing, got me feeling like Lauryn hill, miseducated, my dick delegated
Rap bill bellamy, they said I shoulda never made it, probably shoulda been dead or in jail
Deadbeat dad, enough of that jazz, asshole, absinthe up in that class
Are we there yet? ice cubes in a bong, we're brain dead, take a tug and then passI think we all addicted
Yeah, I think we all addicted
Really though, I think we all addicted

I think we addictedCigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
I got burn holes in my memories, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I think we all addictedCigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I miss my cocoa butter kissesI could make a flow, pitter patter with a patter pitter
Two seats used to be in a jalabiya and a kufi
Trying hard not to be addicted to a groupie
I ended up on an album cover in a coogi
You see, I be still a god but a goofy
You be flowing about drugs and a uzi
That's the new principle, sometimes I'mma be about some hoes
Sometimes I'mma wanna make a movie
And when it come to rapping fast, I'm the higgs boson
And though my style freakish
I could still break your body down to five pieces like I did voltron
Cause I'm addicted to the craft and I be off a OG
Know me, I'm the obi-wan kenobi of the dope see
Never scared of mean spirits, methamphetamine lyrics
Cooler like I'm offa codeine, low key
Don't be so judgmental, even though I'm reminiscing
If I don't know what I miss is
Ima end up figuring out that it's home
And my mother and my grandmother cocoa butter kisses
This is just a testament to the ones that raised me
The ones that I praise and I'm thanking
I need em but the chronic all up in my clothes
And I wanna get a hug, and I can't cause I'm stanking
Never too old for a spanking, ighCigarettes on cigarettes, my momma think I stank
I got burn holes in my memories my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
I think we all addictedCigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank
I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank
I miss my cocoa butter kisses
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