

# Grown Ass Kid

## Chance the Rapper

[Verse 1: Mick Jenkins]

Fuck with me y'all  
I mean either way you stuck with me y'all  
I'm coming at these rap niggas first  
And for most that's a luckily y'all  
Better know it  
Just a mustard seed dog that I ever really needed  
Nigga's just tryna see Jesus  
Sipping water like it come with different cheeses  
All of your opinions facetious, it's feces  
I got a thesis or slick dissertation  
Our entire species is young and impatient and passive  
All at the same damn time, why? Chi to kill them with kindness  
Hit them with the Visine, try to cure the blindness  
Couple coffee beans for the sinus  
Folgers the best part of waking up  
Is the alignment of self with God, and that isn't for a selfish heart  
My intention was to flood the scene  
I don't ever really hug the scene  
Y'all know I been submarine with this shit  
Little more Actavis how I lean with this shit  
Black the sails, steal the cream with this crop  
With dream, no king just  
It's the dawn of the dead and I feel so alive  
And the free been in here you can tell by my mind, like[Hook]  
You just a grown ass kid, who the fuck do you think you is?  
The sun is only half way lit, you haven't come out your crib  
You just a grown ass boy, get up out of here with all that noise  
You ain't ever gonna find your joy with yourself acting tough  
You just a grown ass kid, who the fuck do you think you is?  
The sun is only half way up, you steady talking that shit  
You just a grown ass boy, get up out of here with all that noise  
You ain't ever gonna find your joy with yourself acting tough  
Boy you just a...[Verse 2: Chance the Rapper]  
Lazy male complaining about how in high school he could, but his ACL  
AV Club, tell my daddy how you just an uncle from ATL  
(Better take out that trash)  
Boy get your big....grown ass home  
Old ass home, broke ass drinking up all the milk

But can't do no laundry, e-Harmony romance on  
Watch your tone folk, talking to grown folk  
Yeah, yeah, yeah you better stay chill, you were sounding like Tone L•c  
Now watch how I move, different chapters  
Decisions, missions, visit pastors  
Everybody finally can say it out loud, "my favorite rapper a Christian rapper"  
And he got faith in his faith in his soul  
And a tape, and a cape and that drape from out west  
To the lake and it cover his face like a vape  
And I hate when I wait but it never come late  
From tobacco back roads to bus seat back rows  
A Black boy, black rose, back rolls  
Men grow just as surely as mountains peak and plateaus plateau, ya kna wha mean?[Hook]  
You just a grown ass kid, who the fuck do you think you is?  
The sun is only half way lit, you haven't come out your crib  
You just a grown ass boy, get up out of here with all that noise  
You ain't ever gonna find your joy with yourself acting tough  
Boy you just a...[Verse 3: Alex Wiley]  
Kinda crazy how it fall up in your lap right?  
Shit was determined in a past life  
If you ask nicely, mad, nice  
Even with mad lights you couldn't see them  
Up in class like I'm only half right, they ain't believe the boy  
Wave when you pass them, moments you should bask in  
Wonder if the Lord's on my side, let me ask him, or ask her  
I don't need a password, don't ask about my past word  
Living until my last words, wondering if [?] got the slash in  
Don't forget the cash and mix in with the passion, oh  
If I don't feel the love then I'mma pass end  
Shit is everlasting, I'mma have a blast and uh  
I'mma have a good day, I'mma stay zonin'  
I might get high as shit or I might stay sober  
Might roll a J and I might just pass it  
Might hit the Bay and I might trip acid  
They tried to treat us like some bummy little sneakers  
I tell 'em "make sure when you dream, that you dream big  
You could be cool and an Uber driver  
The next minute you in Aruba, you scuba divin'  
I hope they sell you the truth and that you survivin'  
Don't do how they gon' scrutinize 'em  
And looking at the youth, tryna euthanize 'em  
If it was up to you they would nuke the projects[Outro: Ha Ha Davis (with Hook in Background)]  
Get up off that bed big fella  
You a grown boy big fella  
You need your diaper change big fella

You still catching a bus nigga, that's mom's crib big fella  
You been tryna get money  
You only got ten singles in your pocket big fella  
Get up now big fella, find you a job  
Still playing Xbox 360, you ain't even got an Xbox One  
You got a PS one and an Xbox 360 big fella  
Go find you a job, today, right now big fella  
Your son's almost gone big fella  
Get up now big fella  
Get up big fella  
(...with yourself acting tough  
Boy you just a...)  
What is you doing?  
You been sleeping all day big fella  
You ain't even got no pillows or no cover or no sheets on your bed big fella  
It's time to find another hustle big fella  
That scamming ain't cutting it big fella  
Get up now  
Get up, get up, get up big fella

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