Grown Ass Kid (ft. Mick Jenkins and Alex Wiley)

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 LÅ•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 survinin'
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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