

# Chain Smoker

## Chance the Rapper

Still a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Still a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Brain broken  
Frank Ocean listening  
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping  
Paint dripping  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Somebody pray for the god, oh lord  
I wonder what Michael's on  
Son jammin' to his shit  
Rappin' trappin' trippin' 'cid  
And sniffing glue and chewing Vicodin  
Shoulda died- yelling YOLO was a lie  
And you a liar wonder why you wanna die so young  
You and I look just alike  
And I'm afraid that this one right here  
Might be last time that I write a song  
Lot of niggas wanna go out with a bang  
But I ain't tryna go out at all  
So I ain't tryna go out at all  
Got a lot of ideas still to throw out the door  
Last chance joint gotta be a dance joint  
From an introspective drugged out standpoint  
Throw bands joint, wanna hold hands joint  
Old school for my own old man joint  
Still a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Brain broken  
Frank Ocean listening  
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping

Paint dripping  
Motha, shut your mouthThis part right here, right now  
Right here, this part my shit  
I play this so loud in the car  
I forget to park my whip  
I lean back, then spark my shit  
I turn up, I talk my shit  
Hope you love all of my shit  
I hope you love all of my shit (Igh)Why toss my filter when she saved my life?  
The same shit that kills us, always taste so right  
That's why I pray to the dear lord  
God know who he be  
Truth be told he juiced me  
Introduced me to the lucy leaf  
Oh oh oh, I seen the light, I lost my lighter  
Bic flick, kick the habit and the bucket, fuck your supplier  
Lies, Levis on fire  
Flyer on the wall I'm brighter  
In the darkness of the night  
In the sky I get higher, higherStill a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Brain broken  
Frank Ocean listening  
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping  
Paint dripping  
Motha, shut your mouthThis part right here, right now  
Right here, this part my shit  
I play this so loud in the car  
I forget to park my whip  
I lean back, then spark my shit  
I turn up, I talk my shit  
Hope you love all of my shit  
I hope you love all of my shit (Igh)Still a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Brain broken  
Frank Ocean listening  
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping  
Paint dripping

Motha, shut your mouth

Songwriters

NATE NATHAN FOX, CHANCELOR BENNETT, FELIX PAPPALARDI, LESLIE WEINSTEIN, NORMAN  
LANDSBERG, JOHN VENTURA

Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Walt Disney Music Company, Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>