Favorite Song (ft. Childish Gambino)

Chance the Rapper

Chance, acid rapper, soccer, hacky sacker
Cocky khaki jacket jacker
Slap-happy faggot slapper
Iraqi rocket launcher
Shake that Laffy Taffy, jolly raunchy rapper
Dang, dang, dang - skeet, skeet, skeet
She do that thing for three retweets
The album feel like '92
Now take that ball 'fore he three-peat
Chance, ho, I said, cruising on that LSD
Asked Joseph about my deal
He looked back said "hell yeah, let's eat!"This shit my favorite song, you just don't know the words
But I still fuck with you, you just ain't never heard
It go like: count that stack, pop that cap then down that Jack
All my niggas hit that zan, and all my ladies 'bout that bag
This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jam
I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam
This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jam
I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm bout that jamYoung Rascal Flatts, young ass kid ass could rap
Fuck all the faculty, tobacco-packing acrobat
Back-to-back packin' bags back and forth with fifths of Jack
Fourths of weed, I'm back to pack on hands
With young Cletus to pat my back
Real nigga with a nose ring, that's right
Just here to rap them songs
Rag on my hair wrap, weed in Vegas, rockin' Vagabonds
Sang a song, oh you don't know? What?
Well, I still bang with you
Hang with you, sip drank with you
As long as I can sang with you likeThis shit my favorite song, you just don't know the words
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He rep the home of Sosas, you know I'm from that Zone 6
You know I rep that Stone shit, you know your 'hood is so clit
As God as my witness, this Will Smith spit real shit
I'mma be that, CG busy gettin', where the weed at?
Bought your girl some new kneepads
You're fuckin' with the Fifi bag
My stars, egad, she said: "this my favorite song"
"Hold my purse" now she on the floor, droppin' like it's hot
You blast this shit in Abercrombie when your work is finished
Your mom won't play it in the car cause it's got cursing in it
Your boy like: "I'm the one who showed you," he want his percentage
'Cause you were like: "this ain't the nigga you said spittin', is it?"
Two-step white dude's Harlem Shake
Why you laughing?
'Cause you Harlem Shake
I was never fake, I was just too good to be true
That's acid rap, we killed the track
You had your chance, and 'Bino tooThis shit my favorite song, you just don't know the words
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Songwriters
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