Acid Rain

Chance the Rapper

[Verse 1]
Kicked off my shoes, tripped acid in the rain
Wore my jacket as a cape, and my umbrella as a cane
The richest man rocks the snatch-less necklace
Spineless bitches in backless dresses
Wore my feelings on my sleeveless
My weed seedless, my trees leafless
I miss my diagonal grilled cheeses
And back when Mike Jackson was still Jesus
Before I believed in not believing in
Yeah, I inhaled, who believed in me not breathing in
Cigarette stained smile all covered in sin
My big homie died young; just turned older than him
I seen it happen, I seen it happen, I see it always
He still be screaming, I see his demons in empty hallways
I trip to make the fall shorter
Fall quarter was just a tall order
And I'm hungry, I'm just not that thirsty
As of late, my verses seem not so verse-y
And all my words just mean controversy
Took the team up off my back like "that's not your jersey?"
Stressin', pullin' my hair out, hoping I don't get picked
All this medicine in me hoping I don't get sick
Making all this money hoping I don't get rich
Cause niggas still getting bodied for foams[Verse 2]
Sometimes the truth don't rhyme
Sometime the lies get millions of views
Funerals for little girls, is that appealing to you?
From your cubicle desktop, what a beautiful view
I think love is beautiful, too
Building forts from broken dams, what a hoover could do
For future hoopers dead from Rugers shooting through the empty alley
Could've threw him an alley-oop, helping him do good in school
Damn that acid it burn when it clean ya
I still miss being a senior
And performing at all those open mic events
High schools, eyes closed seeing arenas
And I still get jealous of Vic
And Vic still jealous of me

But if you touch my brother
All that anti-violence shit goes out the window along with you
And the rest of your team
Smoking cigarettes to look cooler
I only stop by to look through ya
And I'm only getting greedier
And I'm still Mr. Youmedia
And I still can't find Talent
And I'm still choosing classmates that wouldn't fuck
Mom still thinks I should go back to school
And Justin still thinks I'm good enough
And Mama Jan still don't take her meds
And I still be asking God to show his face
And I still be asking God to show his face[Outro]
I am a new man, I am sanctified
Oh I am holy, I have been baptized
I have been born again, I am the White Light
Rain...rain don't go away

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