Acid Rain

Chance the Rapper

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 foamsSometimes 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 faceI 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

Songwriters
CHANCELOR JOHNATHAN BENNETTPublished by
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