Mixtape

Chance the Rapper

[Intro: Young Thug and Lil Yachty]
Chance the motherfuckin' rapper
With a capitalized, uh, times, like the times
Lil Boat
Chance
Lil Boat[Hook: Chance the Rapper and Young Thug]
Am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes
I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch, wanna know how lips taste
I swear I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch, wanna know how the lips taste[Verse 1: Chance the Rapper]
All I can hear is the third, ayy
All I can hear is the third, ayy
We don't know none of your words, ayy
We don't know none of your words, ayy
I love my women real tall, ayy
Type that can really play ball, ayy
You buy my hat at the park, ayy
Think I might really play ball, ayy
I got a link in my bio my bitch do the salsa like pico de gallo
They gotta ask if they may, Cinco de Mayo
How can they call themselves bosses
When they got so many bosses
You gotta see what your boss say
I get it straight out the faucet
I ain't felt like this since the third drought, third carter drop
Told my momma third grade i'd be in the third Barbershop
And you know momma got real worried when she heard college drop
But now I call the shots[Hook: Chance the Rapper and Young Thug]
I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste
I swear I'm the only nigga still cares about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste[Verse 2: Young Thug]
Bad little mama, she gettin' it Obama
She sting like a bumble bee, hot as the sauna
She shine like a Rolex, got that from her momma
Can't see me, can't be me, I'm ridin' like a panda
That booty gon' roll and it's outta control

And these bitches gon' fuck off respect and that loyalty
All my bitches lovin' me and they spoil me
Rub me down with that lotion, baby oil me
Drinking Actavis, baby I'm showin' me
In that choppa I see your perimeter
Change the culture, cause my niggas is silent
Wait a minute I told you
Yeah, I would like to know you
Yeah, you lucky like clovers
Yeah, the clothes no good
Mama I do it, your ass I pursue it
Just look at me baby
I came from the sewers
They love all the slime ball
Like they fuck all these cats on your slime dog
I got me some [?] like I'm [?]
And I'm ballin' on you like I'm Chris Paul[Hook: Chance the Rapper and Young Thug]
I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste
I swear I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste[Verse 3: Lil Yachty]
Am I the only one who really care about cover art
Growing up I ain't have my brother cause he said the streets gave him a fresh start
I ain't know what that mean
I bumped heads with my dean
Dropped out and hit the scene
Now I'm stunting like bling
Time and time again they told me no
They told me I wouldn't go
Cause in high school all I cared about was hoes
Well, maybe that shit was my interest
Now I spend more than they make at my dentist
After one night the folks thought I was finished
I pin my name to the game like a seamstress
Oh, bitch I bite like a gator
Fuck them reviews that they put in the paper
Did what I wanted, didn't care about a hater
Delivered my tape to the world as it cater
Oh, they fuck with me cause I'm different
New sound, new appearance
Bitches both from the 6
Give a fuck about a bitch
Walk out, my hand on my dick, I'm the shit[Hook: Chance the Rapper and Young Thug]
I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste

I said am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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