

# 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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