

Tweakin' (Ft. Chance The Rapper)

Vic Mensa

[Intro: Vic Mensa]

Yup

Savemoney fuck nigga fuck shawty

HP, INANNET[Hook: Vic Mensa]

You could-you could hear my trunk bangin' hangin' out the windows

Swangin' down your block with the birdy in my lap

You can hear my smoke, burnin' loud I'm back to business

Early in the morn niggas-niggas still rollin'

And I think it's that weed got me, I'm tweakin'

Maybe that lean got me I'm tweakin'

Pullin' donuts in the beam, homie I'm tweakin'

Bitch nigga you don't know me, stop tweakin'[Verse 1: Vic Mensa]

Sound like Ray J and Chris Brown on Celebrity Deathmatch

Where the latter of the two get his neck slashed

Or slapping a paraplegic with a pair of crutches

Or wiping my ass with Rosie O'Donnell's mustache

I got Martha Stewart cooking yola

Molly in the cherry cola, rub it on your areolas

She let me cactus the cat backwards

And vacuumed the seeds from out of my black backwood

I'm an author without the aardvark

Pull tricks like Card Shark, thumbs up to the camera like Nardwuar

Warhol & a Narwhal in an ark

Park the yacht in the water hit your daughter in a smart car

Heart colder than body parts frozen in ice

Chopped the digits leave the five fingers for the mice

Might pull a suicide mission and dip with the doors up

African elephants in my tour bus[Hook][Verse 2: Vic Mensa]

Where do babies come from? Porkin' the stork

Poorly parked pullin' into your Porsche with a Ford

44 on the dash, put a dent in your door, close your mouth

The witnesses never make it to court

Borderline stir crazy, crepes and beignet that's tasty

Especially drippin' with liquid rabies

Rail a adderall pill and cook mushrooms in my gravy

Put a hit on every YouTube commenter who hates me

I don't want to fight

I just want a quiet life and a nice little suburban place to cry at night

And an eye dropper filled to the top with cyanide

So my psychiatrist dies soon as she tries the Sprite
Sike! I love everyone
Goodnight, thanks for having me, hope your mom's not mad at me
At Penn State yellin', "Free Sandusky!"
Does he know what he's doin'? He's tweakin'[Hook][Verse 3: Chance the Rapper]
I think the Illuminati is real
And your body's the peel and your soul is the fruit
And they goal is to steal and control all the juice
I seen way too many pyramids, that's far from Khufu
Foofoo niggas out here snakin' on the reggo
You should ask a snake where its legs go
But then again I'm smokin' on the medical
Got the white owl look like an egg roll
And that was Scooby snacks, Petco
I'm a lunatic belong inside a loony bin
I burned it down for you because I love you, now I'm movin' in
Ooh a condominium, condom in ya enema
Bumpin' Kanye like it just came out
No songs with Kendrick, we just hang out
They say a smart man looks like a mad man to a dumb man
But one man...wait I'm tweakin'[Hook][Outro: Vic Mensa] x2
Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump
Sippin' on a 40, smokin' on a blunt
Bust my gat the Internet didn't jump
La la la la la

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

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