

# Fuck You Tahm Bout

Chance the Rapper

#10Day

Are you for real?

Are you serious?

Fuck it then!

Fuck you tahm bout?

Nigga, fuck you tahm out?

Nigga, fuck this whole school and everything you tahm 'bout  
Don't ask me for no I.D., bitch I fucking signed out  
Bitch I've been suspended, bitch I've been on timeout  
Waking up in grind mode and sleeping in a grindhouse  
So please don't hit my line 'bout the party trying to find out  
What time that shit going to start or when it end, or who gone come out  
Or if I walked the stage, I've been on stage since I could rhyme out  
Shows and shows and tapes of trying to get my fucking lines out  
So please don't take my BIC out  
My book out, my pick out, my hair, my fucking big mouth  
You dick head you dipped out of class and now you shit out  
Of luck Who fucking slick now, and with them rhymes you written down  
I hope you get a mix down with a diss track  
From Ms. Rownd and my dick sack in this bitch mouth  
Give a five-hive to my teacher face and my principle that fist pound  
And now you gotta switch gowns, caught you, little rascal  
We got you throwing tantrums, when you could've thrown a tassel

Fuck you tahm bout?

Nigga, fuck you tahm out?

Nigga you're a weakling, why you talking dealing?  
Like, "All my niggas flip birds!" Nigga, you're a wing-zing  
You ain't nothing but my seedling, I'll hang you from the ceiling  
And leave yo' little ass leaking, and leave yo' body stinking  
Dude yo' ass been drinking? Or you just wasn't thinking?  
I'll hit you with that 6-piece: bink, bink, bink, bink, bink, bink!  
I hear you're pockets jingling, it's calling me like ring, ring!  
I'll choke you with your bling bling, then run faster than Tink Tink  
And all these goofies mad though, like, "Why he such a asshole?"  
And I ain't even mad yo, I'll stab you with a screwdriver  
That shit ain't even rhyme nigga, I'm fucked up out my mind nigga  
I stay right off the '9 nigga, that's where they try an' find a nigga  
Feeling froggy? Better timid up, hard feelings gone, put 'em in a blunt  
Cause niggas don't wanna get bended up, stay talking but don't send it up  
Used to send it up for my skinner lunch  
Save money niggas really won't spend a buck  
Gimme that cash, that ben what up  
Pockets keep that denim bruh like

Fuck you tahm bout?

Nigga, fuck you tahm out?