

# 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 foams

Sometimes 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 Rutgers shooting through the empty alley  
Could've threw him an alley-ooop, 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 face

I 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