

# Chain Smoker

Chance the Rapper

Still a chain smoking  
Name dropping  
Good looking  
Muh' fucking  
Motha, shut your mouth  
Brain broken  
Frank Ocean listening  
Stain hitting, satin woodgrain gripping  
Paint dripping  
Motha, shut your mouth

Somebody pray for the God, oh lord  
I wonder what Michael's on  
Son jammin' to his shit  
Rappin' trappin' trippin' 'cid  
And sniffing glue and chewing Vicodin  
Shoulda died- yelling YOLO was a lie  
And you a liar wonder why you wanna die so young  
You and I look just alike  
And I'm afraid that this one right here  
Might be the last time that I write a song  
Lot of niggas wanna go out with a bang  
But I ain't tryna go out at all  
So I ain't tryna go out at all  
Got a lot of ideas still to throw out the door  
Last chance joint gotta be a dance joint  
From an introspective drugged out standpoint  
Throw bands joint, wanna hold hands joint  
Old school for my own old man joint

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This part right here, right now  
Right here, this part my shit  
I play this so loud in the car  
Forget to park my whip  
I lean back, then spark my shit  
I turn up, I talk my shit  
Hope you love all of my shit  
I hope you love all of my shit (IGH)

Why toss my filter when she saved my life?  
The same shit that kills us, always taste so right  
That's why I pray to the dear lord  
God know who he be  
Truth be told he juiced me  
Introduced me to the lucy leaf  
Oh oh oh, I seen the light, I lost my lighter

Big flip, kick to heaven and the bucket, fuck your supplier  
Lies, Levis on fire  
Flyer on the wall I'm brighter  
In the darkness of the night  
In the sky I get higher, higher

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