

# Everybody's Something

Chance the Rapper

What's good good?  
And what's good evil?  
And what's good gangstas?  
And what's good people?  
And whys God's phone die every time that I call on Him?  
If his son had a Twitter wonder if I would follow him  
Swallow them synonyms like cinnamon Cinnabon  
Keep all them sentiments down to a minimum  
Studious Gluteus Maxim models is sending him  
Pics of they genitalia tallied up ten of em  
I slurped too many pain-kills, downing em off a lot  
I got a lot off days but it ain't often that I'm off the clock  
Ya'know I mean?  
I got the Chicago Blues  
We invented rock before the Stones got through  
We just aiming back cause the cops shot you  
Buck buck bang bang, yelling "Fuck Fox News!"  
Booyaka buckle up, mothafuck ops too  
Ain't no knuckling up em young cause it just not cool

Nice to see you Father New Year  
Middle finger Uncle Samuel  
Shooting death with weighted dice  
And hitting stains on birthday candles  
I know somebody, somebody loves my ass  
Cause they help me beat my demons ass

Everybody's somebody's everything  
I know you right  
Nobody's nothing  
That's right  
(3x)

Right? IGH  
I used to tell hoes I was dark light or off white  
But I'd fight if a nigga said that I talk white  
And both my parents was black  
But they saw it fit that I talk right  
With my drawers hid but  
My hard head stayed in the clouds like a lost kite  
But gravity had me up in a submission hold  
Like I'm dancing with the Devil with two left feet and I'm pigeon toed  
In two small point ballet shoes with a missing sole  
And two missing toes  
But it's love like Cupid kissing a mistletoe

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Like Cassius ducking the draft and now the fight is over  
The type to love from a distance not the type that told her  
Spent three days on the rap, trash it and type it over  
With babies on the block under arms like fighting odors

Coppers and quotas  
Hold ya head like 2Pac had taught  
Obviously they are on a come up  
With better chances tobogganing in the fucking summer  
Concoctions for the bad days and a condom for the good ones  
All odds against we tryna get lucky  
Doper than Nucky  
You're ending happy that's only a tuggy  
Like Satan masturbating shit come hot  
But y'all still love me ugh  
How father time a deadbeat  
Maybe I'm adopted  
That'll explain why all of my shit been so timeless IGH