

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

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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

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