

Missing You

Chance the Rapper

In the real world, these just people with ideas

That shit cray that shit dead
That shit fake blast a kid
Cassius clay at his head
At a boy, at a kid
I'ma need a napkin, cook 'em up
And he gon' need a Aspirin, hook him up
Niggas was busy scrappin', put 'em up
I was too busy rapping, good as fuck
Niggas don't act like grown ups when niggas don't get to grow u
p
Niggas don't wanna throw hands that's what made me wanna throw
up
But these young gunners ain't nothin' but young stunners
Niggas see you as come ups so niggas just wanna run up
Niggas asking what up, I said on my soul I'm a hundred
My niggas stay in the low end the others stay in the hundreds
My daddy throw me the hands and my momma told me to love em'
My neighbors told me they hunting I hope I make it through summ
er
They stole one of my niggas I should have seen that one coming
My priest told me its angels my niggas told me its nothing
Im thinking about my nigga he thinking before he die
Going to work faded I'm blowing the word god
I'm burning up all the papers cuz all the reporters lied
I call him my lil homie he brought him a 45
Brown boys are dying and none of 'em were for business
And all of em' love they mommas and all of they mommas miss em'
And this shit is just stupid this shit is fucking senseless
The news shouldn't support it, this shit is getting expensive

(I don't know why I sleep with my eyes wide
Hoping that I find you) (3x)

And hoping that I find you
I been hoping that I find you

(I'm missing you) (5x)