

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 up

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 summer

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)