

# Nostalgia

Chance the Rapper

I still got orange and white cassette tapes  
Tents where my neighbor came to spectate  
Niggas that's tough now used to get little in the dark  
It's all cool now, we're all little kids at heart  
Accident prone Chance, y'all remember 'bout  
The time I cracked my head open at Auntie Linda's House  
From diapers to outfits to castles to Elmos  
From Santas to Grandmas to Gameboys and cellphones  
Rocked your world, fourth grade talent show  
Jada and Justin's birthday magic show  
Games of tips taking niggas to school  
Two quarters and I'll bust your ass at pool, on bull  
Round here we lose best friends like every week  
I like to think we playin a long game of hide and go seek  
And one day maybel I'ma find Terrance and I could lead them  
Kids of the Kingdom singing about freedom

Heads down, eyes shut, time to play Seven Up  
Heads bowed, hands clutched, bottles gone, Heavens up  
Smiles come through, though my eyes might cry  
When they reminisce over you, my God

Let's take it back like Indian givers  
To Indian burns and Jiminy Crickets  
To the smell of Pillsbury on biscuit mornings  
To puffy wintercoats and Christmas mornings  
I used to chill with the kids next door  
And SpongeBob came around 'bout four  
And then I'd hang with Bart's guys  
Around the bend was Smart Guy  
Flipping through the picture books  
Checking through my archives  
Remember the old days, the ones you'll never get back  
At the end of parties, passing around gift bags  
Now we blow entire O's at one kick back  
MY\$FITS and mismatch  
That get off like wristslaps

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Remember Jeepers and Odyssey Fun World  
Young pimpin' like you oughta see one girl  
Mama Jann, mama Charlie, and my mama Lisa  
Booster seat used to boost my kitty, Connie's Pizza  
And every year we made a Christmas list  
And Auntie Linda cooked a Christmas dish  
And all of our grandparents made a Christmas wish  
Like "Lord, let me see another year like this"

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