

# Brain Cells

Chance the Rapper

I burned too many Brain Cells down  
To be worried bout my Brain Cells Now (4x)

Here's a tab of acid for your ear  
You're the plastic, I'm the passion and the magic in the air  
The flabbergasted avalanche of ambulances near  
The labyrinth of Pan's Lab is adamantly here  
No assignments, book of rhyming and I'm drawing doodles  
I should rhyme rhyme with Ramen Noodles  
Ramadan, I'm the don of the diamond jewels  
Fond of finding a way to kindly tell these toddlers toodles  
I'm a kamikaze and I'm a kinda cuckoo  
I could write a fucking book, non kamasutral  
You niggas goofies since a conflict that is kinda crucial  
Caught you on the 9 in all blue yelling I'ma neutral  
But I'ma let the bull pass like matadors  
Versus a Minotaur  
Verse is a metaphor  
A metamorphoses and I'ma fuckin animorph  
I used to go to school with Anna Fedele & Danny Whorf  
Remember I used to bang with bad ones  
'til my grandmama told on her grandson  
Mama said that I was way too handsome  
To be throwing the hand's son"  
Breaking Walls like Samson  
But I'ma throw a tantrum  
'til I'm on Every Samsung  
Sanyo, and Handheld and Handgun  
Please Put ya lighter's up  
'til life is up  
And light it up  
And slice a cut  
The night is young  
It's nice enough  
The nicest blunt  
The nicest stuff  
My niggas out here trapping a lot  
I know you think you on  
Hiding Reggie sacks in your socks  
I hang with niggas, whole jab in the jock  
.4's for 15, yea my niggas we be taxing a lot  
Only to goofies tho, choking on a doobie though  
My eyes do be low, two be rolled  
Remember days of the Rufio  
Remember the Days of Chan-Man and the Skeeter Man  
Brrrang Dang to Lil' B  
And Bang a Rang to Peter Pan

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Light a joint  
Or spliff it if you classy  
Split a swisha witcha nigga  
If you ask me  
Ain't no questions hit it vividly and pass me  
Don't answer about your problems

Or your issues or your Ashleys  
It's a quarter to imminent, ten minutes to infinite  
Rims, Henny, and reminisce  
Nostalgia and M&M's  
Cinnamon tone women and  
Feminine's getting intimate  
All broads is frivolous  
Homies could get they dividends  
Damn, is he illiterate, literal syndicate  
Illegitimate, idiot, gangbanger affiliate  
Sick twisted prick, sick sadistic son of a biscuit  
Man fuck this shit

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