

Everybody's Something

Chance the Rapper

What's good good?
And what's good evil?
And what's good gangstas?
And what's good people?
And whys God's phone die every time that I call on Him?
If his son had a Twitter wonder if I would follow him
Swallow them synonyms like cinnamon Cinnabon
Keep all them sentiments down to a minimum
Studious Gluteus Maxim models is sending him
Pics of they genitalia tallied up ten of em
I slurped too many pain-kills, downing em off a lot
I got a lot off days but it ain't often that I'm off the clock
Ya'know I mean?
I got the Chicago Blues
We invented rock before the Stones got through
We just aiming back cause the cops shot you
Buck buck bang bang, yelling "Fuck Fox News!"
Booyaka buckle up, mothafuck ops too
Ain't no knuckling up em young cause it just not cool

Nice to see you Father New Year
Middle finger Uncle Samuel
Shooting death with weighted dice
And hitting stains on birthday candles
I know somebody, somebody loves my ass
Cause they help me beat my demons ass

Everybody's somebody's everything
I know you right
Nobody's nothing
That's right
(3x)

Right? IGH
I used to tell hoes I was dark light or off white
But I'd fight if a nigga said that I talk white
And both my parents was black
But they saw it fit that I talk right
With my drawers hid but
My hard head stayed in the clouds like a lost kite
But gravity had me up in a submission hold
Like I'm dancing with the Devil with two left feet and I'm pigeon toed
In two small point ballet shoes with a missing sole
And two missing toes
But it's love like Cupid kissing a mistletoe

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Like Cassius ducking the draft and now the fight is over
The type to love from a distance not the type that told her
Spent three days on the rap, trash it and type it over
With babies on the block under arms like fighting odors

Coppers and quotas
Hold ya head like 2Pac had taught
Obviously they are on a come up
With better chances tobogganing in the fucking summer
Concoctions for the bad days and a condom for the good ones
All odds against we tryna get lucky
Doper than Nucky
You're ending happy that's only a tuggy
Like Satan masturbating shit come hot
But y'all still love me ugh
How father time a deadbeat
Maybe I'm adopted
That'll explain why all of my shit been so timeless IGH