

Everything's Good

Chance the Rapper

Ken: Well I should have you hooked up next week

Chance: It's all good or whatever, I can wait 'til my birthday. I uh-

Ken: No, no, no, no. I told ya, I know you need it now, so next week I promise you I'll have you hooked up, ok?

Chance: Oh, alright. I just wanted to say thank you for everything. For the computer, the T-Shirts, and all the other stuff

Ken: You know, Chance. Let me tell you something. You know, I could never be more proud of anything in my life, you know, than I am of you and what you've done. Chance, you have done remarkable and wondrous things, so you don't have to tell me thank you for anything. I'm supposed to do this, that stuff for you anyway, and ya know, just keep doing what you're doing. I am very, very proud of you. Just keep doing what you're doing, ok?

Chance: Thank you, love you

Ken: Alright, son. Love you too, take care

Chance: Bye bye

Thanks for coming guys

'Member sittin' in class the first time listening to Dilla

Everything's good

Rubbin' on yo chin sippin gin, Margiela brand chinchilla

Everything's good

My manager backpack packed with packs of cigarillos

And some fruit snacks, And some killer

Phone numbers on speed dial call them save monkey guerillas

Everything's good

I ain't really that good at goodbyes

I ain't really that bad at leaving

I ain't really always been a good guy, I used to be thirsty thievin'

Runnin through purses even persons leave em hurtin' bleedin

I ain't really help the helpless

I used to be worse than worthless

Now I'm worth hooks and verses

I'm good like books in churches

Harolds and Hooks and Churches

Everything's Good

See my name when you google search it

Use a card when I make a purchase

Everything's Good

But I knew it was fly when I was just a caterpillar

That I'd make it even if I never make a milla,

When I meet my maker he gon' make sure that we chillin'

And everything's good

I ain't really that good at goodnight, I ain't really that bad at sleepin

With bad bitches, put them aside, I used to be thirsty creeping

Now I'm out working evenings birthdays even Tuesdays Wednesdays Thursdays weekends, rehearsing verses, murdering merch and events

Damn it feel good to be a gangsta

And it feel good for me to thank you

Put money back in your bank account

Off of songs I barely could think up,

Cause a lot of songs niggas gon' make up

Make sense, but they never gon' make a sound

I'm better than I was the last time, crescendo

Thanks Justin, lending them pencils

Mr. Menzies, Mensa, Chris Minto

The time I beat Chris on Nintendo

Nanana hey hey, good intro,

Remember jacket shoppin' after listening to Thriller
Remember the first time you heard this dude and thought damn that's that nig
ga
Everything's good