

First World Problems

Chance the Rapper

I get sad when I look at the stars
They so pretty, you can't tell 'em apart
You think they close but really we far
And really, they ain't even that much closer to God
It's much harder to sin naked
I walked past apple trees and didn't take it
Thought about stone mattresses, thin blankets
Really long winter spent in a windbreaker
I'm a temptation door knocker
Down there on Lower Wacker
I'm a rich excuse for a father
You just can't tour a toddler
She turnin' 2, she don't need diapers, she just need her papa
I really need a break, could really use a nap
My daughter barely recognize me when I lose the hat
You go so far, you hit a point where you can't Uber back
The other day, I told a hummingbird he too relaxed
I did my worst, I did the work, I had to skip the label
I go to church, they want a flick, I want to flip the table
I knew the worth before the birth when it was just a stable
And now it's just a fable, and it's just as fatal

First world problems that niggas make up
Have a dream and then never wake up
When so much turns to too much
Have a dream and then never wake up

The day is on its way, it couldn't wait no more
Here it comes (here it comes)
Ready or not (ready or not)
The day is on its way, it couldn't wait no more
Here it comes (here it comes)
Ready or not, here it comes

Here it comes
Alright
Spirit's working now

I think my little cousins want they cousin back
The automatic quarterback that doesn't rap
They know I used to drive to Hammond for the Roman candles
Lied about coming back, the last straw that broke the camel
It ain't really fun to hang out with me no more
We can't go to River East to hang at the beach no more
It's messed up, I made it this way, and my feet so sore
But it's all downhill from here, I could teach snowboards
I miss my mom, I miss my time, I miss my prime
In high school, I missed my prom, I ditched my date, I missed my beat
Kissed my teeth, kicked my feet, hooped and hollered
Now I just sip my tea, sit my ass on my ass, send my tweet
Fold my arms, twist my weed
If I hadn't heard the news, I would've known what he say
But the recliner on my chair is like an emergency brake, you know

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Ready or not (ready or not)
The day is on its way, it couldn't wait no more
(Here it comes)
(Ready or not, here it comes)

Three verses, hell yes
I still ain't get my Grammys in the mail yet
I just want my mama happy like a toy sale
And to stay connected to the world like a long-ass voicemail
I hear the scene snappin', and I'm the team captain
No more knee slappin' or shoe shinin' or shoe signin' 'til the dream happens
I'm just gon' keep rappin'
And y'all just keep clappin' and keep actin'
Like Flint got clean water and y'all don't got teen daughters and black friends and gay cousins, y'all just gon' say nothin'
Know that the day comin'
Knees bowed, tongues confessin'
The last ones gettin' first dibs on blessings

Now these the first world problems that niggas make up
Keep on playin', we gon' shake this shit up
Keep on tellin' us we makin' it up
The American Dream, may you never wake up

The day is on its way, it couldn't wait no more
(Here it comes) ready or not, ready or not
(Ready or not) ready or not, ready or not
The day is on its way, it will not wait another day
No more, no more (it's on its way, way, yeah)
The day is on its way, I cannot wait, here it's to stay
No more, no more (it won't wait, yeah)
The day is on its way, it couldn't wait no more
Here it is