

Home Studio (Back Up In This Bitch)

Chance the Rapper

Uh uh uh uh uh
IGH!
Nana naaaaa
Yup
Oooh!
Nanana

Young black boy
How he got the labels scared?
A&R's like "Chano, you ain't playin fair!"
You gon' set a bad example for the average bear
You a yogi, you should idle while in child's position
I be like, naw, these my sons this prenatal care
I'mma show em how to make it here and make it fair
Take it there they could kill me and I ain't gon' care
You is just an ankle weight, lighter than some angel cake
Sweeter than some maple syrup, easier than ableton
Make a plate and make it player
Make em play it
Just don't count your sheep before they hatch
You chickens 'fore your eggs or eat your dinner 'fore you say your prayer
IGH!

Back up in this bitch
I'm back up in this thaaang
I'm back up in this bitch
I'm back up in this bitch
Back up in this bitch
Get it crackin' in this bitch
I'm back up in this bitch

Young tactician
Just got my taxes finished
Beat the tortoise by a hair
In an '04 Ford Taurus
On a spare with a wax finish
Theres a lot of metaphors, you just lack vision
You just bad business
UH!
All your shit been lower case
Lower class, lower key
I'm the only minor minority in priority
Sippin' gin and tonic while I plot upon authority
Author of my horoscope, feeling like the oracle
Ain't no rules, nigga

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