

## I Might Need Security

## Chance the Rapper

f\*ck you, fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you

Yep, now now  
Nah nah, no

I ain't no activist, I'm the protagonist  
I don't co-captain it, I fly solo like one cup in the cabinet  
The cab is the cabinet, they trust me at landing it  
They call me the advocate, they'll slide like the abacus  
Boy meets world, everybody been savages  
I just want to really know how much a drill shooter averages  
I'm not no nice guy I'm just a good guy  
The bad guys should really stay on my good side  
I smell my roses younger than the good die  
The Illuminati couldn't see me with they good eye  
They think they Heath Ledger scary, they just Jack Nichols  
I'm a sign to my city like the Bat-Signal  
Young chosen one, golden boy, De La Hoya  
It ain't too many me's, rest in peace to Verne Troyer  
I was younger then I seemed as a kid  
I mean my G17 18 in the head  
I mean I'm only 25 but I'm Motown 25  
Bet I get a statue in my hometown when I die  
And Rahm you done I'm expectin' resignation  
An open investigation on all of these paid vacations for murderers

f\*ck you, oh o-o-o-oh  
f\*ck you, f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck you, f\*ck you-ou-ou  
Fu-fu-fu-fu fu, fu-fu-fu-fu-fu-fu  
f\*ck you, oh o-o-o-oh  
f\*ck you, f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck you, f\*ck you-ou-ou  
Fu-fu-fu-fu fu, fu-fu-fu-fu-fu-fu  
f\*ck you, fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you  
Fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you

I don't get no paper I gotta sign at the bottom  
Still in my bag like the fries at the bottom  
And I can't do nothing right, they gon' always be at me  
I missed a Cranes interview, they tried leaking my addy  
I donate to the schools next, they call me a deadbeat daddy  
But Sun-Times get in that Rauner business  
I got a hit-list so long I don't know how to finish  
I bought the Chicagoist just to run you racist bitches out of business  
Speaking of racist, f\*ck your micro aggressions  
I'll make you fix your words like a typo suggestion  
Pat me on the back too hard and Pat'll ask for your job  
And in unrelated news, someone'll beat your ass at your job  
I'm the real deal  
Who taught all these rappers that a big deal's not a big deal?  
Inherited the earth, popped them wheelies on a big wheel  
My enemy lives in his mother's basement  
That's why my videos don't got no bathroom and product placement

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Fu-u-u-u-u-uck, f\*ck f\*ck you