

Let's Go On The Run

Chance the Rapper

[Chance the Rapper:]

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Hey there, lovely sister
Won't you come home to your mister?
I've got plans to hug and kiss ya
I've got plans to hug and hug and hug you
Let's go on the run (Ooh, ooh)
Let's go on the run
It's time to hit the road
We got one place to go (Ooh, ooh)

Greaseproof, meep-meep, I feel like Road Runner
I get my feet loose
I got that Superman hidden under my jean suit
Sittin', just waitin' for Lois to wanna leave too, me too
I swear we gotta get away anywhere that we can
Just meet me by the water, I'll be there with the sand
And if it goes left, that's according to plan
Sometimes you gotta chuck the wagon off at the bend

[Knox Fortune:]

She broke up with her boyfriend
The people wanna know what he said
They wanna know the way how
You can break her heart like that
Do you know I could see someone with personality?
Someone who doesn't think like me
Someone who doesn't feel like me
I wanna run away now
Doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo
I wanna run away now
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
(Check, check, check)
Ch-Check it out

[Chance the Rapper:]

Baby, we dippin', tell me who's whippin'
Let's beat the traffic, give it a whippin'
These niggas lame
They think they different
With all that extra ass advice but don't nobody listen
Baby, I'll keep it in ice but we don't need a tip in
That's why you passed on open mic when I was only pimpin'
I say we move down to Atlanta, get a big ol' house
With a giant pair of Timbs just to kick folks out
Get outta here
Ain't nobody talkin' to you (Ooh, ooh)
And be unbothered (Ooh, ooh)
And be unbothered
We'll move farther and farther and farther away (Yeah)

Hey there, lovely sister
Won't you come home to your mister?
I've got plans to hug and kiss ya
I've got plans to hug and hug and hug you

Let's go on the run (Ooh, ooh)
Let's go on the run
It's time to hit the road
We got one place to go (Ooh, ooh)

(Ooh)
Ooh, ooh

Don't hyperventilate
Keep the lyric cool like Cole Bennett Lemonade
The boy got aluminum foil on his dinner plate
Lot of my time, lattes when it's gettin' late
The mattress just can't inflate
Walk out like a zombie from the stu' and assimilate
Humans to simulate
Went into the bed close the lights and dim the drapes
Always Matt Damon when you come Jimmy Kimmel late
Tryna fill the shoes Nick Cannon wear, rental skates
Piss like urinal cakes
I'm ready, I'm finna take the long ride home like the end of a limo date
Rolled the window down so hard that the window break
And toss out my demo tape

Ooh, ooh