

My Own Thing

Chance the Rapper

I'ma do my own thing
I'm finna buy a ringtone, then let the phone ring
I decided that I gotta do my own thing
Yeah, yeah, I just gotta do my own thing
Do my own thing

Please don't hit me in my DM
Promise that my BM gonna slide when she see 'em
I know she gonna see 'em 'cause I'm defa finna show her
Take her to the culprit then I take her to the store (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
She just like my personal space, got a circular waist
Pull my shirt when she work, work, work, work, work
If you work in my space, better keep that shit 'fessional
I don't like to be bothered when I work, work, work, work
Please leave me the fuck alone, new fiancée, that's my cologne
Doin' too much and sayin' too much, that's how y'all ass end up alone
I'ma just pimp off, you a send-off, I don't really ever like to get involved
Got a baby, got a house, got in-laws, go and kick rocks

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Just let it ring, ring, ring, let it ring, ring, ring, let it ring, ring, ring
I decided that I gotta do my own thing
Yeah, yeah, I just gotta do my own thing
Do my own thing, yeah

Okay, don't mind if it don't pay me, it ain't my biz
How you gon' raise yo' voice?
Gon' raise yo' money, won't raise yo' kids? (What?)
Bad little bitty in the city that I'm in (Yeah)
When I go and travel, I might have to take her with
She said, "How the car stop but the rims don't?"
Ain't wanna leave but I had to go, like Trey Songz
I was 18 with a '98 (Yup) sellin' 28s
Now I'm 25 sellin' 16s (Yup), it's a hunnid ways
My new girl a freak, she my type, she unique
Make her sang when we bang, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet
Tell my ex it's a dub, that's a wop, that's unlikely
Put a bustdown of my wifey, like Gucci Mane, so icy

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Yeah, yeah, I just gotta do my own thing
Do my own thing, yeah