

September 7th

Chance the Rapper

Damn, it's the 7th already, only 6 in the morning, getting up already
The sun ain't even up, my eyelids still heavy
The breath smells of vodka and
Hair is so nappy and clothes is so freshly
Back to Bronx in after school locking
Chopping with moms, she knows that I will save money
Tryna convince her that this time I really saved money
Buying both our clothes with stained money
Tryna explain that it's all just the same money
But she knows it's really game money
I said,