

## The Writer

Chance the Rapper

Niggas try to come at me and shit like  
On some like, I only write slow songs  
And I only write...church and  
How many of y'all are fucking with me with a pen, period?

I'm a writer, probably as good as Elton John  
But whats writing good for if it ain't helping moms?  
I'm tryna feed Japan while seeing sights of Lebanon  
And wiping away tears of girls that's getting felted on  
I'm tryna get my felt pen on but the block is hot  
My hands is questioning if I'm bach or not  
If I'm 2Pac or nonexistent to these juggernauts  
But I'm a architect an astronaut an argonaut  
So hey, you, get off my couch  
You don't know me stay the fuck out my mouth  
But I'm a writer you can quote it out loud  
A false poet get my dough and I'm out  
But here's an eighth of shrooms for your earlobe  
A little rap wrapped in cigarillo  
A little bit of Wu-Tang, mixed with some Henry David Thoreau  
A little ponder theory you can ponder on your pillow  
But this is for the day that your dad dies  
Puffin' some reason all you hearing is sad sighs  
You searchin' for nostalgia but sad and you can't cry  
So you check your iPod in search for some bad vibes  
From that rap guy, who raps over sad vibes  
I wrote it in an hour dawg, don't know what your dads like  
He probably was a great dad, he's probably in paradise  
You want deeply in heartbreak and sadly I can't write, nothing  
This is for those who wrote suicide notes  
And all the hipster girls that was super fly dope  
You looking at her nose what you do besides coke  
You looking at her palms what you do besides dope  
Nothing, life is but a supersized note  
I open up my mind like suicide door  
And grab a pimp cane and a superfly coat  
Have they bobbing they heads to something stupid I wrote I hope