

# Chicago

Mick Jenkins

So, I figure I should tell you a little bit about myself  
Since you don't really know, anything, about much at all, that's what I'll do  
Gather round children

I grew up round them white kids first, Paranoid like a crack head  
A blemish in they world, yea, I was just a black head  
Proactive, they put me with them smarter kids, I didn't care  
I was just mad that I was the darkest kid with thick hair  
And they stared, like I was not suppose to be in there  
I grew up, mama living like Kadeisha and miss Sinclair  
That's single, she didn't like to mingle with her kids there  
And when they tried to woo we brought the Whoo! like Rick Flair  
No chin hair, what was I eleven nigga?  
And that's when you decided that yo kids would come second nigga?  
Just barely walking and you still just kept it stepping nigga?  
Now that's some sick shit, what is you a leper nigga?  
See that's the type of shit that make not respect a nigga  
Just know the debt you owe is looking real hefty nigga  
Nah, I ain't mad, I just said that for the record nigga  
Nah, I ain't mad I just said that for the record nigga  
But I digress and reminisce on days after he left us  
When honey buns and flaming hots was healthy breakfast  
When micros and kinky twists gave hell to edges  
And them girls in your class started wearing heels and wedges, ahhhh  
Sounds good don't it?  
I know somebody out there like "it sound hood homie"  
But the hood was all we had, and we made good from it  
Especially them D-boys, I know they made good money  
Made good dummies, start selling that wet work  
Cause we see them stacking paper like cubical desk work  
They see through like wet shirts  
They grandmamma chest hurt  
Her heartbroken, cause the streets done got up in 'em  
They rocked the uniform: white tee, 5 pocket denim  
Nikes, no clocking in  
But they working that nine to five  
High key they don't know better, buy trees  
And go and choke like rabbit first time at the shelter, I see  
A people stuck in they ways, no it's not just a phase  
They see a future in tomorrow, they are stuck in a daze  
And I am fucking amazed  
At how these wack niggas spit the way they Dunkin is glazed  
See that's sweet nigga  
But I got it hot and ready for the street nigga  
Your soul starving, so I prepared you a feast nigga  
So get them headphones to your ears, and eat nigga  
I'm vegetarian, but it is full of meat nigga  
I'm trying to take it cross country, track meet nigga  
Then hit the mall like I'm hitting athlete figures  
I actually figured, that I'd be harder than this  
I'm just warming up, but they say that I'm sautering this  
I think I'm fathering this, my seed come through the pen  
I'm trying to bust in another life I ain't fucking no bitch  
And I can't fuck with no snitch  
Keep my name out your fucking mouth  
Unless you talking bout me, or sucking this dick, aww

I try to let this beat fade like newly washed denim  
But got on my Scrappy Doo, just "let me back at 'em "  
I'm trying to know this game, just (uh), let me back catch 'em  
Just let me direct 'em, like traffic lights  
And I'm a take 'em higher, much higher than your average flight  
And give 'em mouthfuls much bigger than your biggest bite  
And show 'em how I'm much flyer than your average kite  
And now they grabbing tight  
But I'm just picking them off me  
Writing these death certificates, Killing them softly