

Acid Rain

Chance the Rapper

Na na nana na na
Na nana nana na na
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Nana nana nana na na
Nana nana nana na nana nana nana na...
Kicked off my shoes, tripped acid in the rain
Wore my jacket as a cape and my umbrella as a cane
The richest man rocks the snatchless necklace
Spineless bitches in backless dresses
Wear my feelings on my sleeveless
My weed's seedless, my tree's leafless
I miss my diagonal grilled cheeses
And back when Mike Jackson was still Jesus
Before I believed in not believing in
Yeah, I inhale. Who believed in me not breathing in?
Cigarette-stained smile, all covered in sin
My big homie died young, just turned older than him
I've seen it happen, I see it happen, I see it always
He still be screaming, I see his demons in empty hallways
I trip to make the fall shorter
Fall quarter was just a tall order
And I'm hungry, I'm just not that thirsty
As of late, all my verses seem not so verse-y
And all my words just mean controversy
Took the team up off my back like, "That's not your jersey?"
Stressing, pulling my hair out, hoping I don't get picked
All this medicine in me, hoping I don't get sick
Making all of this money hoping I don't get rich
'Cause niggas still getting bodied for phones
Sometimes the truth don't rhyme
Sometimes the lies get millions of views
Funerals for little girls, is that appealing to you?
From your cubicle, desktop, what a beautiful view!
I think love is beautiful, too
Building forts from broken dams
What a hoover could do
For future hoopers dead from Rugers
Shooting through the empty alley
Could've threw him an alley-oop
Helping him do good in school
Damn, that acid burn when it clean you

I still miss being a senior
And performing at all those open mic events
Eyes closed, eyes closed, seeing arenas
And I still get jealous of Vic
And Vic still jealous of me
But if you touch my brother
All that anti-violence shit goes out the window
Along with you and the rest of your team
Smoking cigarettes to look cooler
I only stop by to look through you
And I'm only getting greedier
And I'm still Mr. YOUmedia!
And I still can't find Talent
And I'm still choosing classmates that wouldn't fuck
Mom still thinks I should go back to school
And Justin still think I'm good enough!
And Mama Jan still don't take her meds
And I still be asking God to show his face
And I still be asking God to show his face...
I am a new man
I am sanctified
Oh, I am holy
I have been baptized
I have been born again
I am the white light
Rain, rain, don't go away!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>