

# Bad Idea (feat. Chance the Rapper)

YBN Cordae

Ooh

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Yeah, uh

(Bongo ByTheWay)I know myself all too well to be a stranger of pain

Despite it all, we remainin' the same, I'm just changin' the game

Heart pure, never tainted with fame

Straight ahead, I'ma stay in my lane

Never switchin' courses, life's amazin', shit is gorgeous

Lookin' at the bigger picture, portrait, and I smile wide

Performed the song and the crowd cried

How can I lie? I'm tearin' up as I'm startin' to stare in y'all eyes

I know the shit you goin' through the last month

You stressin' as you hittin' on that glass blunt

A nigga prayin' to get lucky like Daft Punk

You can't even stomach the pain, now that's a bad lunch

Uh, ramen noodles on the regular

Add some seasoning and some hot sauce for a better touch

Peanut butter, jelly and syrup sandwich, etcetera

And we just flyin' in the nebulaAnd it might not be such a bad idea if I never went home again

See, it might not be such a bad idea if I never went home again

So don't you cry, little baby, little baby

(Don't you cry, don't you cry, don't you cry)

It'll be alright

So don't you cry, little baby, little baby

(Don't you cry, don't you cry, don't you cry)

It's gon', it'll be alright

I done been around the world four times, lookin' for parkin'

Finally found a condo, that shit still feel like apartment

Out South, my foul mouth started soundin' like Cartman

Roundabout like cartwheels, hopped inside of a U-Haul

Confused where all my art went, monsters in a quiet place

Some of these decisions is like Sharpie on a dry-erase

I know they thought I wouldn't, but I'm a fireplace

I had my cake and ate it too, that shit is an acquired taste

I promised I would buy a place, I got my favorite roommates

They used to never see me, like when you zip up a new Bape

Do that shit 'fore it's too late, don't ever drink the Kool-Aid

Don't ever think it's sweet, that's that crème de la brûlée

Who they? They Robert Goulet, they Nazi, cuckoo, goofy

My wifey yellin',

