

Paranoia (feat. Lili K & Nosaj Thing)

Chance the Rapper

I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lot of niggas dyin', so my 9 with the shits
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Move to the neighborhood; I bet they don't stay for good, watch
Somebody'll steal daddy's Rollie, call it the neighborhood watch
Pray for a safer hood when my paper good, watch
Captain Save-a-Hood, hood savior, baby boy
Still getting ID'd for Swishers (Mama still wash my clothes)
Still with the Save Money militia (Imma still watch my bros)
Trapped in the middle of the map with a little-bitty rock and a little bit of rap
That, with a literary knack, and a little shitty Mac, and like literary jack
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They murking kids; they murder kids here
Why you think they don't talk about it? They deserted us here
Where the fuck is Matt Lauer at?
Somebody get Katie Couric in here
Probably scared of all the refugees, look like we had a fuckin' hurricane here
They'll be shooting whether it's dark or not, I mean, the days is pretty dark a lot
Down here, it's easier to find a gun than it is to find a fucking parking spot
No love for the opposition, specifically a cop position
Cause they've never been in our position
Getting violations for the nation, correlating you drastic
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Ah
Ah
I know you scared
You should ask us if we scared too
I know you scared

Me too
I know you scared
You should ask us if we scared too
If you was there
Then we'd just knew you cared too
It just got warm out, this the shit I've been warned 'bout
I hope that it storm in the mornin', I hope that it's pourin' out
I hate crowded beaches, I hate the sound of fireworks
And I ponder what's worse between knowing it's over and dyin' first
Cause everybody dies in the summer
Wanna say ya goodbyes, tell them while it's spring
I heard everybody's dying in the summer
So pray to God for a little more spring
I know you scared
You should ask us if we scared too
If you was there
Then we'd just knew you cared too
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