

# 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  
I've been riding around with my blunt in 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  
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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But a lot of niggas dyin', so my 9 with the shits  
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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Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lot of niggas dyin', so my 9 with the shits  
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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