

Mixtape (feat. Young Thug & Lil Yachty)

Chance the Rapper

Chance The motherfuckin' rapper
With a capitalized, uh, times, not the times but you know what I'm saying the times Thugger

Lil Boat

Chance

Lil Boat Am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes

Am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes

I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes

Bad little bitch, wanna know how lips taste

I swear I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes

Bad little bitch, wanna know how the lips taste

All I can hear is the third, ayy

All I can hear is the third, ayy

We don't know none of your words, ayy

We don't know none of your words, ayy

I love my women real tall, ayy

Type that can really play ball, ayy

You buy my hat at the park, ayy

Think I might really play ball, ayy

I got a link in my bio, my bitch do the salsa like pico de gallo

They gotta ask if they may, Cinco de Mayo

How can they call themselves bosses

When they got so many bosses

You gotta see what your boss say

I get it straight out the faucet

I ain't felt like this since the third drought, third carter drop

Told my momma third grade I'd be in the third Barbershop

And you know momma got real worried when she heard college drop

But now I call the shots

I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes

Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste

I swear I'm the only nigga still cares about mixtapes

Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste Bad little mama, she gettin' it Obama

She sting like a bumble bee, hot as the sauna

She shine like a Rollie, got that from her momma

Can't see me, can't be me, I'm ridin' like a panda

That booty gon' roll and it's outta control

And these bitches gon' fuck off respect and that loyalty

All my bitches lovin' me and they spoil me

Rub me down with that lotion, baby oil me

Drinking Actavis, baby I'm showin' me

In that choppa I see your perimeter

Change the culture, cause my ring is a solar

Wait one minute I told you
Yeah, I would like to know you
Yeah, you lucky like clovers
Yeah, the clothes no good
Mama I do it, your ass I pursue it
Just look at me baby
I came from the sewers
They love all the slime ball
Like they fuck all these cats on your slime dog
That got me serene like I'm breakin' a bar
And I'm ballin' on you like I'm Chris Paul I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste
I swear I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste Am I the only one who really care about cover art
Growing up I ain't have my brother cause he said the streets gave him a fresh start
I ain't know what that mean
I bumped heads with my dean
Dropped out and hit the scene
Now I'm stunting like bling
Time and time again they told me no
They told me I wouldn't go
Cause in high school all I cared about was hoes
Well, maybe that shit was my interest
Now I spend more than they make at my dentist
After 1Night the folks thought I was finished
I pin my name to the game like a seamstress
Oh, bitch I bite like a gator
Fuck them reviews that they put in the paper
Did what I wanted, didn't care about a hater
Delivered my tape to the world as a caterer
Oh, they fuck with me cause I'm different
New sound, new appearance
Bitch it's Boat from the 6
Give a fuck about a bitch
Walk out, my hand on my dick, I'm the shit I'm the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste
I said am I the only nigga still care about mixtapes
Bad little bitch wanna know how lips taste
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