

Eternal (feat. Smino)

Chance the Rapper

Oh yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, gotta throw it down Side chicks can't dance like this, uh
Side niggas can't dance like this, no
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
Side niggas can't step like this, uh-uh
Side niggas can't stomp like this, uh-uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (You know what time it is)
What you know about this? This before your time
I used to two-step in the 019
I always been fine, this is not new wine
I just happened to find a way to live my whole life in my prime
Side niggas don't look this good, can't cook this good
Can't fuck this good, can't get right
You send him to the store and forget that he left
You send me to the store, I come back with a chef
I'll come back out of breath
While your side nigga sittin' at the
Club with a booty on his chin like a cleft
I don't never want two that's the same as the next
I made the three more famous than Steph
No cap, that's a roundhouse kick to a Jameson's neck
I got a Jada Pinkett keeping sure my shame is in check
Cross-legged in the dojo, my master, mentor
Side chicks can't take out splinters
Side chicks make they Kool-Aid with Splenda
Side chicks can't come to Auntie Linda's house
They gon' send her off, they gon' send her out
To buy more things that they hid in the couch
Don't you know that side niggas can't cop no Tesla?
Pull up in a ring like wrestlers
Pop out at the soccer game with the VVS's and a bunch of snacks
Model X Falcon, backseat, doing jumping jacks
20-1-9, I want it one of a kind
2020, I'ma be ahead of my time
Twenty thousand leagues, the biggest fish in the pond
But if you never go fishing, it's something you'll never find
We can be (Eternal), eternal (Forever and ever)
We can be (Eternal), eternal (Eternal, baby, we can be eternal, baby) I know some shawties
that'll blast for me over blasphemy
And throw that ass for me, show my last to sleep
Huh, slow motion so I had to see

Before you start, fill my glass, wipe my glasses
I love her passion, ooh (Sweet)
I drunk my passion fruit (Sweet)
I'm runnin' through your organs like when I pass the hoop
I wanna pass the ball, I don't pass the ball
I'm Kobe, baby, I ate it up
I ain't ate all month, you lookin' like a plate of lunch
Sentiment was edgy if she let her get stoned
Almost fell in love, I hurt my heart from these songs
Terminally known, she can feel it in the stones
Huh, now she giving me ultimatums
I told her I hate tomatoes, some chances, I gotta take 'em
I can't see for the life of me
Why all these hoes like me when I got wifey
Side chicks can't do flat twists
Bet a dollar you could buy me a Brisk (Yeah, yeah)
Side chicks can't cook no grits
Grits, nigga, grits
We can be (Eternal), eternal (Forever and ever)
We can be (Eternal), eternal (Eternal, baby, we can be eternal, baby)
Side chicks can't dance like
this, uh
Side niggas can't dance like this, no
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
Side niggas can't step like this, uh-uh
Side niggas can't stomp like this, uh-uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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