

# Cocoa Butter Kisses (feat. Vic Mensa & Twista)

## Chance the Rapper

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Cigarettes on cigarettes, my mama think I stank  
I got burn holes in my hoodies, all my homies think it's dank

I miss my cocoa butter kisses

I miss my cocoa butter kisses

Chance

Okie dokie, alky. Keep it lowkey like Thor lil bro

Or he'll go blow the loudy, saudy of sour Saudi

Wiley up off peyote, wilding like that coyote

If I sip any Henny, my belly just might be outie

Pull up inside a huggy, Starsky & Hutch a dougie

I just opened up the pack in an hour I'll ash my lucky

Tonight she just yelling "Fuck me", two weeks she'll be yelling fuck me

Used to like orange cassette tapes with Timmy, Tommy, and Chuckie

And Chuck E. Cheese's pizzas, Jesus pieces, sing Jesus love me

Put Visine inside my eyes so my grandma would fucking hug me

Oh generation above me, I know you still remember me

My afro look just like daddy's, y'all taught me how to go hunting (BLAM!)

Vic Mensa

I will

Smoke a little something but I don't inhale, everywhere that I go, everywhere

They be asking hows it going, say the goings well, go figure, Victor's light skinned

Jesus got me feeling like Colin Powell, all praise to the God, God knows

He's a pro, he's a pro like COINTEL, check, check mate, check me

Take me to the bedroom, let you know me well, I mean normally, you see

Norma Jean wouldn't kick it with Farmer Phil, but these kids these days, they get so

High, burn trees, smoke chlorophyll, 'til they can't feel shit, shit-faced

Faced it, 15 hits on this L elevated, train, and the craziest

Thing, got me feeling like Lauryn Hill, miseducated, my dick delegated

Rap Bill Bellamy, they said I shoulda never made it, probably shoulda been dead or in jail

Deadbeat dad, enough of that jazz, asshole, absinthe up in that class

Are we there yet? Ice cubes in a bong, we're brain dead, take a tug and then pass I think we all  
addicted,

Yeah, I think we all addicted

Really though, I think we all addicted

I think we addicted

Twista

I could make a flow, pitter patter with a patter pitter

Two seats used to be in a jalabiya and a kufi

Trying hard not to be addicted to a groupie

I ended up on an album cover in a Coogi

You see, I be still a God but a goofy

You be flowing about drugs and a Uzi  
That's the new principle, sometimes I'mma be about some hoes  
Sometimes I'mma wanna make a movie  
And when it come to rapping fast, I'm the Higgs Boson  
And though my style freakish  
I could still break your body down to five pieces like I did Voltron  
Cause I'm addicted to the craft and I be off a OG  
Know me, I'm the Obi-Wan Kenobi of the dope see  
Cooler like I'm offa codeine, low key  
Don't be so judgmental, even though I'm reminiscing  
If I don't know what I miss is  
Ima end up figuring out that it's home  
And my mother and my grandmother cocoa butter kisses  
This is just a testament to the ones that raised me  
The ones that I praise and I'm thanking  
I need em but the chronic all up in my clothes  
And I wanna get a hug, and I can't cause I'm stanking  
Never too old for a spanking, ighCigarettes on cigarettes, my momma think I stank  
I got burn holes in my memories my homies think it's dank  
I miss my cocoa butter kisses  
I miss my cocoa butter kisses  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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