

# Smoke Again (feat. Ab-Soul)

## Chance the Rapper

Acid Rap!

I don't even talk to them on the phone again

Leave in the AM, on the road again

So bitch, let's fuck so I can smoke again

I gotta smoke again, I got shit to do

I don't even talk to them on the phone again

Leave in the AM, on the road again

So bitch, let's fuck so I can smoke again

I gotta smoke again, I got shit to do

Who smokin in my car?

It's that nigga Chano

AKA Mr. Bennett

AK Tony Montano

I've got some folks in low end

I got some folks in c-note

AK hundred dinero

You ever seen Casino?

I just got back with 'Bino

I got a bitch but she know

Her friends done did the Dino

That's that Chicago lingo

Flamin' hots with Cheese

And a kiwi Mystic

My dick won't even call her

Cause she left all that lipstick

Niggas be on dirt

That's why I stay on petty

I know that bangers jam

That's why my hands stay ready

Flip the candy yum

That's the fucking bombest

Lean all on the square

That's a fuckin' rhombus I don't even talk to them on the phone again

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I gotta smoke again, I got shit to do

I don't even talk to them on the phone again Leave in the AM, on the road again So bitch, let's

fuck so I can smoke again

I gotta smoke again, I got shit to do Soulo ho ho twerk somethin'

Throw it back like you tryna hurt somethin'

I'm so deaf, I ain't ever heard nothin'

My name herb, take herb, smoke herb (say word?)

How 'bout you? No dap, but I'll take a pound or two  
No doubt like Gwen Stefani's group  
Let me put my mouth where you potty, boo  
(IGH!)

Them niggas pissed, need potty training  
They movement shit, that's a potty train  
She ain't left yet, but she probably came  
We kicked it then I score, soccer game  
She was a phony goalie

I got great aim though, don't insult me  
I'll give it to ya straight, this is what she told me  
My name Solo cause I'm the one and only  
She only got you as a nigga on the side

That's a nigga on the side of a side bitch, homie

Then we got out a Dodge, like them Dukes of HazzardMusic and tabs of Lucy, take your  
chance with this rapperI don't even talk to them on the phone again

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I gotta smoke again, I got shit to do

I don't even talk to them on the phone again

Leave in the AM, on the road againSo bitch, let's fuck so I can smoke again

I gotta smoke again, I got shit to doWho's sneaking in the club?

That's that youngster rapper

Un-saran wrap the purple  
Wrap that blunt under after  
Smoke all out the window

Cops could eat a dick

If you ain't the hitter

You just might be the lick

Flame on, flame on

I'm your bitch's ringtone

She like when I rap raps

But better when I sing songs

No Drake, but I get my Trey on

Killin' in the hood like Trayvon

Shoppin' like I got a coupon

Savin' like I got a cape on

Cookin' crack in my apronDressed like a nigga had 8 proms

Tell shorty I may changeAnd I made it and I napalm

Trippy shit to watch

Drugs while on the clock

Acid on the face

That's a work of artI don't even talk to them on the phone again

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