

Child of God

Chance the Rapper

Igh
Just do your thing, child
Just do your thing, child
Do your thing

Truth be told, I got the ball on a string
Carried the weight of the world, but it came with some handles
I drag it to the basket, Moses with the passage
Safely Lord God, please make an example
I try to break shackles, now they ankles in shambles
I can't expect them to be grateful and thankful
They thought I had a manual like Hansel
Leave your plans in Mans hands and it gets manhandled
Dancin' in the street, but I didn't panhandle
When I finally drop, make a pamphlet
Sell tickets, put that shit on FanDuel, OnlyFans and Fandango
Give me your ear like Van Gogh and it's candlewick
I mean, I mean, it's lit like a candlestick
When I'm fatigued like a camo fit
I'm rich, man, the size of the needle that the camel fits
Walkin' to Jesus with my sandals wet

This world would make you second guess your first mind
Remember when it was your first day, the first time
It couldn't have come at a worst place or worst time
And you remember that low voice with that rehearsed line
Just repeatin'

Do your thing, child (Do your thing, child)
Do your thing (That shit hit, hahahaha)
Just do your thing, child (Oh jeez)
Do your thing (Do your thing)

At every corner, store, bodega, delicatessen
Stands a big head kid learning delicate lessons
Roasted for they clothes, or they emotions or they roaches
Bullied by they friends, or they mamas, or they coaches
Half size, chastised, dogs with glass eyes
Talk down, tossed down, the world just pass by
Grow up to be saviors, surgeons, rabbis
The world should've capsized when God got baptized
The boat don't sink, the show don't stop
The weapons form, the load don't drop
The boat gon' rock, the foes gon' plot
The rolls don't switch, the photo crop
The motto is "The more those hate, the more those are prop"
Open, the prince of Heaven was tempted
Told that he wasn't who he was, and they meant it
Never was there a path that'll cement it
What they gon' say when you at the Olympics tryna attempt?

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And you remember that low voice with that rehearsed line
Repeatin', it was sayin'

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Do your thing, child
Do your thing (That shit hit!)
Just do your thing, child (Oh Jeez!)
Do your thing (Do your thing)

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