

## Mixtape

Chance the Rapper

Chance The motherfuckin' rapper  
With a capitalized, uh, times, like the times  
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

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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