

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

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 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 Hazzard
 Music and tabs of Lucy, take your
 chance with this rapper
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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
 Who'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 apron
 Dressed like a nigga had 8 proms
 Tell shorty I may change
 And I made it and I napalm
 Trippy shit to watch
 Drugs while on the clock
 Acid on the face
 That's a work of art
 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

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