Favorite Song (feat. Childish Gambino)

Chance the Rapper

Chance, acid rapper, soccer, hacky sacker
Cocky khaki jacket jacker
Slap-happy faggot slapper
A Rocky rocket launcher
Shake that laffy taffy, jolly raunchy rapper
Dang, dang, dang - skeet, skeet, skeet
She do that thing for three retweets
The album feel like '92
Then take that bomb for Heat, three-peat
Chance, hoe, I said, cruising on that LA street
Ask yourself about my deal
You'll go bashit - "hell yeah, let's eat!"
This shit my favourite song, you just don't know the words
But I still fuck with you, you just ain't never heard
It go like: count that stack, pop that cap then down that Jack
All my niggas hit that zip, and all my ladies 'bout that, bitch
This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jam
I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam...
This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jamI'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam...Young Rascal Flatts - young ass kid ass could rap
Fuck all the faculty, tobacco-packing acrobat
Back-to-back packin' bags back and forth with fifths of Jack
Enforce the weed, I'm back to pack on hands
With young Cleatus to pat my back
Real nigga with a nose ring, that's right
This here the RapDom song
Rag on my hair wrap, weed in Vegas, rockin' Vagabonds
Sang a song, oh you don't know? What?
Well I still bang with you
Hang with you, sip drank with you
As long as I can sang with you, like:This shit my favourite song, you just don't know the words
But I still fuck with you, you just ain't never heard
It go like: count that stack, pop that cap then down that Jack
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This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jamI'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam...
This my jam, this my jam, this my jam, this my jam
I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam, I'm 'bout that jam...Niggas please be focused - that 'Bino, you notice
He rep the home of Sosas, you know I'm from that Zone 6
You know I rep that strong shit, you know your 'hood is so clit
As God is my witness, this Will Smith spit real shit

I'mma be that - CG gettin' busy, where the weed at?
Bought your girl some new kneepads
You're fuckin' with the Fifi bag
Mach stars, egad, she said: "this my favourite song"
"Hold my purse" - now she on the floor, droppin' like it's hot
You blast this shit in Abercrombie when your work is finished
Your mom won't play it in the car 'cause it's got cursing in it
Your boy like: "I'm the one who showed you he want his percentage"
'Cause you were like: "this ain't the nigga you said spittin', is it?"
Two-step - white dude's Harlem ShakeWhy you laughing? 'Cause you Harlem Shake?
I was never fake, I was just too good to be true
That's acid rap, we killed the track
You had your chance, and 'Bino tooThis shit my favourite song, you just don't know the words
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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