Chance The Rapper "Paranoia"

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feat. Nosaj Thing

[Hook] x 2

I'm riding around with my blunt on my lips
With the sun in my eyes and my gun on my hip
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz
But a lot of niggas dying, so my 9 with the streets

Move to the neighborhood, I bet they don't stay for good

Watch, somebody will steal daddy's rollie
We'll call it the neighborhood watch
Pray for a safer hood, when my paper good, watch
Captain save the hood, will save you,
Baby boy, still get 90 for swishers,
I'ma still watch my hood
Still with the same money militia
I'ma still watch my hood
Trapped in the middle of the map
With a little bitty rock and little bit of rap
Dad with a little every nack and a little shitty nap
Can I get a little that?

[Hook] x 2

I'm riding around with my blunt on my lips With the sun in my eyes and my gun on my hip Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz But a lot of niggas dying, so my 9 with the streets

They murking kids, they murder kids here
Why you think they don't talk about it?
They deserted us here
Where the fuck is mat laureate
Somebody get katie kirk in here
Prolly scared all the refugees
Away like we had a fucking hurricane in here
And we shooting whether it's dark or not
I mean the day is pretty dark a lot
Down here it's easier to find a gun
Than it is to find a fucking parking spot
No love for the opposition

Specifically a cop position
Cause they never been in opposition
Get the violation from the nation
Correlating you drastic

[Hook] x 2 I'm riding around with my blunt on my lips With the sun in my eyes and my gun on my hip

Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz

But a lot of niggas dying, so my 9 with the streets

I know, you scared, you should ask us if we scared too

I know, you scared, me too

I know, you scared, you should ask us if we scared too

I know, you scared, me too

It just got warm out

It's the shit I've been worrying bout

I hope that it's storm in the morning

I hope that it's pouring out

I hate crowded beaches,

I hate the sound of fireworks

And I ponder what's worse

Between knowing it's over and dying first

Cause everybody dies in the summer

When they say goodbye tell them while it's spring

I heard everybody dies in the summer

So pray to god for a little more spring

I know, you scared, you should ask us if we scared too

I know, you scared, me too.

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