

# Slide Around (feat. Lil Durk & Nicki Minaj)

## Chance the Rapper

Mhh, New York to Chi-town, rrr  
Yo, Pierre, wanna come out here? (Woop) Salmon Gucci slide, slide around (Slide around)  
Legit on that jet, I can fly around (Fly around)  
Livin' with some people I could die around (Die around)  
Livin' with the people I'ma die around (Die around)  
Salmon Gucci slide, slide around (Slide around)  
Legit on that jet, I can fly around (Fly around)  
Livin' with some people I could die around (Die around)  
Livin' with the people I'ma die around (Die around)  
I still got hoop dreams, I got moodswings  
I could do things in a plain white tee  
And some blue jeans, introducing  
My lil' boo thing, she gon' stick with thick and thin  
That's a mood ring (Uh), everybody eats (Uh)  
You just don't keep receipts, I'ma just press deletes  
Always ten toes like feets, came with some built-in cleats  
You don't need help like cheats, you don't need help like Meeseeks  
World on my back like Meek (Ch-ch), mafia fam like Meech (Ch-ch)  
Steady, keep growin' like Ch-ch-chia  
Bringin' my son to the beach (Ch-ch)  
Never sit in my seat  
I cannot be impeached, wash the bitch down with bleach  
Yeah, I stuck around, aw, lookie now  
Suki-suki now, got a Grammy, I ain't lyin'  
Ask Cookie now, got my hoodie down  
Get it goodie now, get into it now  
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Livin' with the people I'ma die around (Die around) Gimme five, it's a vibe, in the hood like  
drivebys  
I ain't talkin' wavin' hands when I'm in Dubai, bye  
With the people that I love, rep 'em 'til I die-die  
And I'm fly, when you fly they give you the side-eye, ooh  
I just hit the plug, 'bout to buy a pound (Pound, pound)  
Fendi on my moon boots, higher ground (Ground, ground)  
Pistol on my lap when I ride around (Round, round, pew-pew-pew-pew)  
People I could trust when I'm not around (Round, round)

Loco, I go loco, took a oath,  
 though (Yee), no Grammy, still a goat, though  
 You seen how a true queen and a  
 hoop dream made my Pinkprint the routine  
 Treats, everybody eats  
 Most of them stay quiet but everybody peeps  
 VIP, stay up in some heat (Ha)  
 Act like they don't follow, but everybody sheep  
 Ahh-ahh, ohh-ohh  
 Back on my bullshit, shout-out Chicago  
 Me and my man Griselda and Pablo Salmon Gucci slide, slide around (Slide around)  
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 Salmon Gucci slide, slide around (Slide around)  
 Legit on that jet, I can fly around (Fly around)  
 Livin' with some people I could die around (Die around)  
 Livin' with the people I'ma die around (Die around) Back then I was broke, I can buy it now  
 (Buy it now)  
 Gotta be true love if I can die around (Die around)  
 I'm on my fourth cup and I'm tired now (Tired now)  
 Your gas tank 93 so you can't ride around  
 Name hold weight, elites  
 Get head in the car with my seats (Let's get it)  
 Like my pants no crease (No crease)  
 Gotta watch out for a leech  
 No two fish, Uber Eats  
 Perky one-two-threes  
 New Era hat say "3"  
 Fuck a bitch while she bleed  
 She nameless like Lil Keed  
 Drink my seeds, yes, indeed  
 Fuck with Chance, he elite  
 I got a bitch and she don't cheat  
 Foreign car, beep-beep  
 Get out my way, I'm OC  
 I can't go back to DOC  
 Even though I'm ODB (Yeah, he back)  
 I put my bitch in Saint Laurent (Yeah, yeah)  
 Smokin' gas like Chevron (Yeah, yeah)  
 Ain't got a Grammy, soon one'll come, mmh  
 The streets told me I'm the one, yeah Salmon Gucci slide, slide around (Slide around)  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>