

# 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  
 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'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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>