

# 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 jam I'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  
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'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 Shake Why 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 too This shit my favourite song, you just don't know the words  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>