

Action Bronson, Baby Blue (feat. Chance The Rapper)

Why you always all on my back?
Why you gotta do me like that?
Why you gotta act like a bitch when I'm with you?
Baby girl I'm blue

Because you treat me like shit
I paid for the bed and never even slept in it
I paid for that crib and never stepped foot in
And now somebody else is eating all the pudding
Things change now my dashboard wooden
All black Benz like a young Doc Gooden
Thug shades cause I'm stone crazy
Girl, we grown, stop playing on my phone, baby
All your childish attempts to make me angry fall short
Which only fuels the rage you have, because you have nothing
Understandable, I'm shining brilliant with 5 Brazilians
There were times I used to hide my feelings
Now I'm butt naked in the Lamborghini
And motherfuckers can't see me
Wait 'till the chick see me on TV, I make the shit look easy
Who would've thought I hit you right back?

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So many women wanna call me, baby
And you wonder why the fuck that I ain't call you lately
Some would say that I'm the symbol for sex and uh
Others would hate, but I don't give em no breath
Go on a date, I'm at the crib with the chef and uh, that's me
And you could order whatever
The specialty is white snake and underwear sauce
You could probably catch me somewhere where the sun is next
And I understand that's only cause I'm popular
I'm getting topped off in the front row of the opera
As Bocelli sings the celly rings
I gotta go you'll never know how good it feels to lay in bed with king
I'm not exactly flawless, but I'm gorgeous just like a horse is
I know the thought of me succeeding makes a lot of people nauseous
Still I'm on the back of the boat taking pictures with the swordfish

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[Chance The Rapper:]
I hope you get a paper cut on your tongue
From a razor in a paper cup
I hope every soda you drink already shaken up
I hope your dreams dry like raisins in the baking sun
I hope your titties all saggy in your early 20's
I hope there's always snow in your driveway
I hope you never get off Fridays
And you work at Friday's that's always busy on Fridays
I hope you win the lottery and lose your ticket
I hope it's Ben and Socrates poop all up in your kitchen
I hope the zipper on your jacket get stuck
And your headphones short, and your charger don't work
And you spill shit on your shirt
I hope your tears don't hurt, and I can smile in your face
Cut my losses, how Delilah changed my locks to fade

I hope you happy, I hope you happy
I hope you ruined this shit for a reason, I hope you happy, igh

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