

49ers (Orange Shirt)

Childish Gambino

Whoa!

What'd you get, amnesia?

I bet you wouldn't sleep on me if I was Lil' Weezy, huh?

Bet you wouldn't sleep on me if I was in a band or something

And my bank balance were around a grand or something

Ask you something:

Do you think I'm common like sense is?

That heaven didn't send this

Uniquely perfect dude so just discard me like a toy, then

But you know, I know, I'd make a damn good boyfriend

Oil can, oil can

You think I'm the Tin Man

You took my little heart and you kicked it like a tin can

Ain't you heard I got the kind of shine can make your skin tan?

In the lean time don't come crying for the thin man

In the meantime I'll be building my portfolio

All these other dudes eradicated like polio

With any luck you'll see me everywhere like Starbucks

I bet you'll wanna fuck me when it's time to star fuck

I didn't have green like an Arizona front lawn

Now they try to touch my face like an iPhone

Now I'm all gassed up like Exxon

Girls see the money like I fucking got checks on

I don't even know if this girl really likes me

Picking up the check like I'm working at Nike

Talking to this girl and I'm thinking that she's into me

Then I find out she's trying to break in the industry

That's really lame

I still hit it

But I refuse to be home girl's meal ticket

I'm looking for a sick girl to be a part of me

Not a girl who will try to McCartney me

Yes, homie I'm a man of my word

Got this shit in the can like a toilet of turd

And, yes, these gold diggers trying to get at my sperm

Well, I'm not a 49ers fan, in case you haven't heard

I know my girl out there somewhere

And if you hear this, you should come here

Unless you don't give head like a weird beer

Elroy, Bam-B, yeah, I'm outta here