

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