

Arrangement

Childish Gambino

I got yo bitch layin' naked 'cross the bed, no rosary
Stackin' up this bread like a banker, just a fee
She wanna refill, so I get that ho a B
Niggas on the sideline yellin' "Who the fuck is he?"
Bitch I'm mac gun, you can call me Cody B
Wardrobe overseas, passports all over me
White leather seats lookin' like coca leaf
Everytime I crank up the woofer sittin' on a key
I'm Gucci buckled up, house note on my feet
Linen button-up like I'm walkin' round on the beach
Blind hoes notice me, am I wearin' Trilla G?
So they wanna come and talk to me like Jodice
Smokin' in the morning, and when I go to sleep
Blowin' presidential man I think they 'bout to vote for me
In event we party like a fret, no time machine
If money ain't the couple dean mean polish lean

If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit
In the VIP we champagne-spray shit
I'm in the club lookin' like a bank statement
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement
Walked in the club, ain't pay shit
Broke niggas hate, caus' they ain't shit
I'm gettin' to the cash pockets on payment
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement
Cody

Cody Bean Sr., pushin' mean ether
You don't know Childish, nigga me neither
Eastside Atlanta, flyest nigga in a Waffle House
If it ain't money, man, we ain't got shit to talk about
Kennedy compound, my 20-room house
So big my ex-girls ain't gotta move out
If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit
My bank account look like when little kids break shit
Oooooooo, if I'm breathin' I can handle it
Watching all my dreams get together like an ampersand
Blueprint the new shit, mixtape management
Show these dummies how to do it, all I want's my ten percent
Porche brand new, passed 'em a cool hundred
Yeah my girl 5'2", even her growth stunted
It's the nigga y'all knew back when I flipped meal cards
Now my meals free when I don't taste the fifth star
We can make arrangements, old money Cambridge
Meetin' with the moguls, make 'em richer and they owe you
It's the kid you used to talk about, I'm watchin' people get up on it
A world star and I ain't have to have a nigga moment
Flow's always cold, keep the whole soul anemic
Never left that hard shit, a nigga's always constipated
Got the change for my cousin on froze, no more movin' weight
Flossin' hard, ice king, no more fittin' J
Love or hate you gotta say the hype is something handsome
As long as all of 'em blogglin' I'm living Richard Branson
Shit talkers still talk, haters on my billboard
Used to take the Q home, now I hang with schoolboys
So I counted, Black Kennedy this shit
Man I'm so ironic, man this ratchet need a fix

Droppin' new shit and the haters get the splashback
Don't be surprised when he ask you where the cash at