

Body

Childish Gambino

Street niggas, hood rats, ladies and gentlemen
Childish Gambino greater than sign everyone
Apples to oranges, Jay Leno to Letterman
Got a cool whip and my girl ass gelatin
"Fake niggas back in style" no never that
If I'm wrong, see you in hell with hella cash
God dammit we the boys with the illest rain
Royalty forever and the rest is just a silly game
Still learnin' how to work your girlfriend's genitals
Still buyin' sweaters off of 30 Rock residuals
Money change everything, these bitches always down to ride
Especially if you keep they nose gentrified
Money off of curse words, I hope my mama's proud of me
Man, I've done it all, so I guess we both prodigies
From PJs to PJs, that's projects to privates
Now you understand my fuckin' mindset, let 'em know

I know you want my... my body on that...
My rap music's dead and gone,... pulled me in the dirt
I bust your little bubble, shatter your dreams
And push you over in my bottomless pit of sixteens
Alchemist rapper transform on your shape-shift
Cause if it never dawned on you, I'm a snake bitch
The great serpent is tatted on my fist
[?] on the pyramid
This is meditated murder, my...
He escaped out the belly like it's been a long time, son
Surprise son, I'm back before you... you owe me
We made a blood pact when you stole my style
Nigga straight bit my swag
But I'm a demon, I get even when I take mine's back
I'm a god in the flesh, all this power I possess
I crush you little pussies like sex, who's next?

I'm sittin' on a bunch of green faces
So my wallet is an alien invasion
Or a spaceship, my crew's the illest
So we all real monsters, Nicktoons Ickis
That line's the stupidest, but it be lucrative
I'm sellin' out these venues, niggas gotta get used to it
Now fuckin' with the realest that you ever had
And P my motherfuckin' nigga so I call him dad

Yeah I'm a motherfucker too, birthed a lot of sons
Get a lot of money, spent it on a lot of guns
I'm trying to change, I don't want to [?]
Clean me up, but you can't change what's in my head

Kill 'em Glen Levy, Don P said it
My flow go to earth, we the I'll pandemic
We smoke the whole barn up, bitch I'm on my high horse
You don't watch Community? Girl, what is you lyin' for?

Bitch, I got immunity
Out here in the jungle of concrete
Where I hustle gettin' all these rhymes off
Hoes wanna jump, but I don't want your little dyke

I'm too preoccupied with this good life

I want a hood life, cash and clothes
Fast as hoes, then get ghosts like Casper though
Smash 'em though, they don't know what hit 'em
Childish Gambino, show a nigga that you with him say "ayo"