

## 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"