

Dream / Southern Hospitality / Partna Dem

Childish Gambino

I had a dream I ran Atlanta
and I was on every radio station, and 107.9 was 97.5 again
And they played me at Golden Glide on Friday
And they played me real loud on the street
we drive up Memorial Drive, up Wesley Chapel
I'd reopen 112, and Jazzy T's. I'd bring back Turner Field
I'd fire at all the cops in Cobb county
Chick-Fil-A will be open on Sundays. I bring back LaFace Records, Freaknik
Kilo Ali, Lou. I got J.R. Crickets some Spelman girls with big booties
I reopen SciTrek, strippers will get Mother's day off
and I'd have my own Gangsta Grillz mixtape

Hey this is Steve Smith from American Dad and this is Royalty Stone Mountain
!

Hehehe, this what y'all been waitin' for?
Hehehe, in Gambino we trust GANGSTA!!}
Royalty is forever; DJ Drama, is forever GANGSTA GRIZILLS!!
Y'all ready? Gambino, get 'em!

Yeah.. yeah, got 'em!
I ain't no snitch, cops I don't trust 'em
I ain't no bitch, all I do is run 'em
I ain't no snitch, cops I don't trust 'em {"Dramatic"}
I ain't no bitch, all I do is run 'em
Nigga I was stunin', keep that shit a hunnid
If it ain't about the money then it's not up for discussion
If it ain't about-

DJ Drama!
After sellin' out the Georgia Dome 3 nights in a row
After selling 10 million copies of his newest album, Roscoe's Wetsuit, in one week
After successfully petitioning to recarve his own face into Stone Mountain
Stone Mountain~! He's still givin' you niggas a free mixtape?!
Why Gambino? Why young guy? Why so generous? GANGSTA!!

Yeah.. yeah
I, I ain't no snitch, cops I don't trust 'em
I ain't no bitch, all I do is run 'em
Nigga I was stunin', keep that shit a hunnid
If it ain't about the money then it's not up for discussion
If it ain't about progress, ain't about success
Why this nigga suspect? You ain't seen sus yet
I'ma fuck the game so hard like Tiffany
Niggas takin' shots, I'm like "Nigga don't tempt me"
I seen what you make, yeah them shows sold out
But you doing clubs and I'm doin' like all out, things
Why the hell he rappin' if he all out, sings?
Royalty the movement, we all out, kings
For real, 'Bino on a mission
We are not friends, nigga this is business
Girl this my dream, ain't no split decisions
Watch me cut this bitch off, I'ma need some scissors
Mama in the kitchen, hot sauce on them chitlins
I was always spittin', just that no one else was listenin'
Got your girl and now we kissin', she attracted to my vision

Now she see what she was missin', now she act a little different
Tellin' you she need some distance; yeah come on over, we can talk about it
Now this nigga mad, yeah he thought about it
But he don't really want it, semen on her stomach
That's a second comin'/cumin' - Jesus!
Flow so genius, can't low-key this
Puffin' on a swisha like a hoe smoke penis
They want me Uncle Remus but I'm just flexin' on 'em
Heheheheh [gun cocks, BLAM]