

Easy (Intro)

Childish Gambino

Sick bois don't die, they fresh to death
My shoes bright blue so you watch my step
My hoodie hot pink with the hat to match
So you ain't gotta know where my paper at
Pop tags cause I'm filthy, (Apes) can (Bathe) me
My home is the dirty but I shine like crazy
My hat tag up, and it hang off slightly
My game (8-bit) so you niggaz can (byte) me
Nike like me cause my life is great
I'm married to the game, we should consummate
Brand new hoodies the color of light sabres
My name ain't Luke, but that dude date Leias
With fly ass sneakers, bump them speakers
Pump this groove until your ears start bleedin
White girls shake it 'til the black dudes notice
Black girls shake it so you can regain focus

Swag it out, swag it out

Let's get one thing straight, I'm no average rapper
Born in So Cal, then I hit Atlanta
Then to New York, I'm an army brat
And I learned new things all across the map
In Cali I was small, taught me to be strong
And Atlanta had the hawk so I learned how to ball
New York had Starks on the New York Knicks
So when they came around I had my first round pick
And now I'm so sick that they call me ebola
Sick girls all on my pole like totem
Life is a gamble, your boy done told 'em
Play your cards right like it's Texas hold 'em
Bounce dem shoulders, go ahead Bankhead
I can do it better even though I'm Stone Mountain
Georgia's on my mind, but I live in New York
So I got a Southern drawl and I limp when I walk
They used to say a nigga lame when I started to rap
No them fake fuck niggaz askin me for a track
Pokin me on Facebook tryin to be my friend
Nigga you get your face took you ask me one mo' gen
I'm a genius, why they call the shit G-mail man
This is (MySpace) nigga, you can't make top ten
Hahaha yo this how we do