

# Eat Your Vegetables

Childish Gambino

D-Money ho  
All we do is tell them so  
Why we look professional  
And you look like a talent show  
All we do is bank, royalty forever  
Find a bad bitch, bring her home like a veteran  
Make her waffles, with pecans  
I'm eating, one free hand  
Been saying that we roll with the illest  
Like roaches in the kitchen, go and watch a nigga kill it  
I'm a P-I-M-P, why we spelling  
Cause there's K-I-Ds around  
DeKalb County, where you at  
If you with me, holla back  
ATL done got them here  
Bankhead Row turned Hollowell  
Percocet's for my kinfolk  
My girl look like Miss Info  
Y'all been slow, I been told  
Y'all Kinkos, copy ho  
No I ain't drunk, I just text badly  
Running through paper like a pep rally  
When I'm in your city better get rowdy  
I spit Downy, no shit 'bout me  
Stone Mountain Georgia, got something for ya  
Killing bars, I'm a lawyer  
Baby drinking Goya, girl put your shades on  
Man I die for my hood, Trayvon!

D-Money, get em, get em, get em  
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He talk shit, he better not  
Rap game, my wet spot  
I fucked y'all, you fucked up  
Like white girls with dreadlocks  
So dread not, I rowboat  
These hoes know, no photos  
My girl ball like Lobo  
Then she blow my Casey  
And Jojos, where the fuck my money at  
In the hood like I'm fixing a Pontiac  
On deck with a gang of black Kennedies  
Eight goons and they all got felonies  
Still getting money like white folks  
Still got quotes like Geico  
I don't know French, that's my fruit  
Never not funny like fat jokes  
(Like when someone is like, "what happened to Chris?"  
And you turn around and there's a fat guy that kind of looks like Chris  
And you like, "oh shit" and laughing and shit)  
And I'm back in this bitch  
And I'm black and I'm rich  
And I'm cashing it in for some fashion and sin  
For some matching with them, yeah

Got a stank ho with me  
Driving around and I run the whole city  
Everybody know she got ten gold biddies  
But nobody cares like it's J-Cole/Diggy  
Jordon Diddy on my stereo  
High on shrooms like Mario  
Salvia, shamanic drugs  
Fuck my life, they on to us  
I'm fly as fuck

Fuck y'all, I come hard  
Like Spongebob, my friends stars  
Like Friendster, nobody gonna remember you  
Whack dudes, they like you  
But only for a day or two  
They hated you  
From now on, like D-Money  
Like faze on, I hate on that  
Lame song they play on, that play on  
I can't take, royalty  
On my shit, on my dick  
I can't wait  
Toe to toe, I bang shit  
Homophobes on gay shit  
You don't know the hoes I hang with  
My bungalow's like Vegas  
Had a couple million but I put them in her stomach  
She like, "oh my god, I'm coming"  
I kiss her neck and she love it  
Yeah we got a safe word, so we never use it  
And I'm hiding all these bruises in a shirt I got from Houston  
Got her using the acoustics  
In my cruiser's new Isuzu  
And who knew I'd be on Hulu with two dudes I used to Google  
I'm frugal with time, every girl's a dime  
When your bank account's mine