

Fire

Childish Gambino

This that, fire!
It's your man Bambino, Sick Boi thriller
King of fly rappers, there ain't none iller
I'm into fly sneakers, colors like Gullies
So if you don't know me by now: "You's a dummy"
It's the Sick Boi anthem, girls take your coats off
Get the champagne, pop the cork like Sosa
Make some mimosas, get like me
Spanish girls holla say, "Aye papi"
Ooh la la, on the French Riviera
These other boys sandals, straight club benders
We some go-getters, you should know better
Your girl think 'bout me while she drivin' a Jetta
Used to blast Kelly Clarkson, now she a sick girl
Hot pink shirt and them lime green sneakers
Take a quick picture, put me on blast
Call the fireman, he need to come fast
I'm on fire

They call me Sick Boi cause they know I'm so sick
Purple on my starter cap, yellow on my kicks
Haters talkin' shit, they think they so slick
And if you don't like my style: "Eat a dick"
I'm a younger Denzel, say it ain't so
I'm all puffed up like I'm made of afros
But my neck ain't froze, where's the boy's jewelery?
Don't need it nigga, clothes bright, shine beautifully
Used to sport Airs then I had to get Grind
Now I look great, now I'm top of the line
Used to go hungry when I'd buy them new shoes
Now I'm like "Mm..food" like MF Doom
Busy makin' moves like my name was Tetris
Money in the bank, you can check my mattress
Bright like Mantis and I ain't selfish
I got the game shook like a young black Elvis
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