

For The Fans (Warm Heart Of Africa)

Childish Gambino

Childish Gambino, yeah, I got that swagger
Yeah, I hate her mad but it just don't matter
These girls all know that I got that cheddar
But it on a sandwich and eat it off a platter

My mouth vacationin', chillin' on her lawn
It's amazing how I'm off but I'm on
Lame niggas try to make a move like pawn
I'm the one and only Bambino fawn

Give me that track, man, leave it to professionals
I am just a rapper, man, talk like a vegetable
Don't be surprised, my face don't change
A nigga make waves like a baseball game

I'm a do me so hard I'll get pregnant
Will I have another me? Nigga, trick question
There's only one of me like the G in this sentence
G for Gambino, wear a crown like dentures

Thanks to the fans, love ya like family
No I don't remember when my mouth lost it's sanity
Nerdy girls, hipster, Frye boots, hoodie
Make me wanna fuck the whole word in a good way

And if I can't say he is so handsome
Get like me, that's the sick boy anthem
I am just a rapper, so I'm not speakin'
And I won't stop like a vampire's weekend
Sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick...

(Is hip-hop hereditary? I don't know
Oh, the boys move fast, you should take it slow
Well, we all need someone to tell us when to go
A beat-box imaginary in the show
All your shell-toes lined up in a row
All your favorite breaks, your favorite ELO)