Got This Money

Childish Gambino

I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you I got this Sunday, baby. I wanna spend it with you We can do what you like. I promise then, I'll be true I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you Oh

I don't really know where to go Don't know where to hide Everywhere that I go You'll be right by my side You're the only girl that I have ever dreamed of I wanna tell you everything, but everything just seems dumb

I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna dress you up I wanna buy you for real I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna feel you up I wanna feel you for real

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I got an upstairs, downstairs in my loft Check the mixtape, baby. I don't talk Yes, I run this shit, like it's hard to walk And you think that I'm dope, like a mound of chalk I'm recession proof. I work to relax, hoe Weird voice catch beef like a lasso New fresh prince, you can chill in my castle Spit real shit, so I must be an asshole, right? Nah, that's why I'm makin' out in your car These blogs are a dude's A&R Got a big tip for these girls at the bar But I don't mean money Ever since the money, they just treat me funny Girls look good, she can take green from me Ain't trickin' if you got it, know what I mean, buddy?

You've got your yellow sun dress on I'm tryna write you the best song With your Wayfarer shades, you drive me insane I wanna hold hands, and call you pet names

I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna dress you up I wanna buy you for real I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna feel you up I wanna feel you for real

I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you I got this Sunday, baby. I wanna spend it with you We can do what you like. I promise then, I'll be true I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you OH