

# I Be On That

Childish Gambino

I be on that other shit, I'm harder than a consonant  
And that's because I'm flyer than the mother ship, you  
ostrich  
I'm awesome rich. Call a bitch. Fresher than my  
lozenges  
The problem is you in the Danger Zone like Kenny  
Loggins is

I'm fly, I'm tight. They say I'm sick, they right  
You think you good? I swear, put your shit to bed. Good  
night  
Yes, I'm sittin' on the bench 'cause I don't play no  
games  
I just spit that Bellevue, watch them go insane  
Why these mothafuckas think they wakin' up in pain?  
'Cause they sleepin' on the hardest nigga in this game  
Hell yes, I'm on that zombie shit, I must get brain  
They will not forget me, like I was hit by planes

I ain't got to do it big, I just gotta do it different  
And these hoes are on my dick, and if you got it, it  
ain't trickin'  
I be steady gettin' paper, call a nigga Dunder Mifflin  
And these rappers cannot see me, I'm the only one with  
vision

I be on that other shit, I be on that other shit, I be  
on that other shit  
And you can't handle none of it  
I be on that other shit, I be on that other shit, I be  
on that other shit  
And you can't handle none of it

I'm on top of turd mountain; King shit, bitches  
Can't nobody top that; Teen Witch, bitches  
I don't make it rain, I bring the heat storm, nigga  
Weezy F is in jail, I keep his seat warm, nigga  
Yes, I get it like I live it  
Yes, this pimp is still is pimpin'  
Y'all don't want me to be different  
What the fuck is y'all thinkin'?  
That does not suit me, call it Ben Sherman  
'Cause I get more green than Kermit, heard me?

I'm in charge of new shit; Don't talk, do shit  
Spittin' at the crowd like I play heavy metal music  
I can say anything, call me John Cusack  
Keep my dick wetter than the bottom of a cruise ship  
Keep it fresh to death. Keep my swag inside a coffin  
So fly, I'm in the sky like Vodka, partner

Shout out to Marc Jacobs. Yeah, my feet be feelin'  
highbrow  
And Band of Outsiders, got your tie on right now  
Glory versus failure. There is nothing to it  
'Cause you win some and lose some, Sandra Bullock

Tell me when I'm way too much, when no one had faith in  
us  
They thought Child was child's play, but now, they see  
we dangerous  
Bring your girl around and let me show her how her body  
work  
She like me 'cause my wallet fat, it should wear a  
Hawaiian shirt  
Comin' for your spot, like I do when I'm inside of her  
Got the cold, hard green in my hand, no Heineken

Listen up  
Listen up, please. Check my steez  
Insect ligaments, I'm the bee's knees  
Watch my math, like 75 minus 6  
How can number 2 be number 1?  
Because I'm the shit, bitch

I be on that other shit, I be on that other shit, I be  
on that other shit  
And you can't handle none of it  
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on that other shit  
And you can't handle none of it