

# I Love Clothes (Deadbeat Summer)

Childish Gambino

I do not talk, I am just a rapper  
Nigga, I'm the capper  
Rapper slash not actor  
Cause I could never act the part of being fakey  
You should really thank me  
Who else would do this shit?  
All that fucking wishing and waiting

These niggas are mistakin  
You don't speak my language  
Dressed like I'm cambridge  
Bowtie make me muslim  
Switch for suspenders  
Two at least  
Clickin through our hyperbeast  
Tom Brown, Hells Bells, Kitsune, Jay L

I don't wear your shirt unless it got a logo  
Now it's to go out and walk around soho  
All high schools showing out, Pay less.  
Man fuck that, yo I earned this.

I love clothes.  
Go to top man  
That's the hot spot  
Check Kayne's blog for the high tops  
Check shake appeal lookbook right quick  
They hooking up with ambush, that's it  
Sperry top cider with a black trim  
Pink leather jacket, gotta get him  
New t-shirt and I put it all  
On a charge card  
Burning through my go yard  
And it's so dumb, but it's so tight  
Ain't nothing like new shoes every night  
And it feels so good in the new jeans  
And the new shirt, it's addicting  
I'm an addict

I don't want help, I'm a die in my brand new Louis  
belt.  
But not Louis, it's too gaudy  
Check the lime green frames this girl bought me  
Billionaire boys club, I'm living it  
One shirt, eight dubs  
I'm spending it  
Got shoes that I know I won't wear  
And the problem is I don't really care  
Got money, but nothing is forever  
Every time I gotta buy I new sweater  
By 211 I'll be dead broke  
I'll be the homeless dude in a peacoat.