

## L.E.S.

## Childish Gambino

Baby, you're the baddest  
Baby, you're the baddest girl and uh  
Nobody else matters  
Nobody else matters girl and uh  
We're kissing in the bathroom  
We're kissing in the bathroom girl and uh  
I hope nobody catch us  
But I kinda hope they catch us  
Anyway

A New York nine's an everywhere else six  
Time wise, the opposite goes for chicks  
I'm in a taxi, texting with my best friend  
He's sleeping with this girl that he met up on West end  
He's lucky, she's a career woman, no kids  
Most girls see the clothes and try and gold dig  
Most hoes poke holes in Trojans  
Most people don't fuckin' hit the lotto but my folks did  
I'm a mess  
That don't rhyme with shit, it's just true  
Don't bring your girlfriend here, it's just you  
When I'm depressed you're someone I run to  
But, I guess meet me at Pianos  
And cross-fadin' off of Nanos  
Ugh, on that hipster shit  
And you's a hipster, bitch  
Yo, but not in the lame way  
Like, you ain't livin' out in BK  
Like, you ain't workin' on a screenplay  
Like, your baby daddy ain't a DJ  
Like, she listenin' to old Freeway  
Cause everybody listens to Biggie, but she different  
Right, that's why your friends need wristbands?  
Fuck you  
Can I have this dance?

We could pretend if you want to, like  
We in love and started datin' at your art school  
Cause either way we both lyin' more than half of the time  
Except for when I'm home workin' on your graphic design  
Every time we see each other I'm takin' you home  
Our relationship has gotten Sylvester Stalone  
Yellow 9/11 Persian girl in the back car  
But me writin' a verse the only way they buyin' a bar  
White boys used to trip and send me over a gin  
But they busy showin' off each other Indian friend  
She got ironic tattoos on her back  
That ain't ironic bitch, I love Rugrats  
Watchin' lames handle they fame  
They bang any broad with bangs  
In a band with an animal name  
Hannibal came drinkin' a handle of Jameson  
Analin' anyone is the plan for the evening  
I'm kidding, stop  
Girl cryin' on Ludlow  
She still look good though  
Love is east side, who are you to hate?

Movie ass, not a 10 but a Super 8  
You ain't see me at the show, I was super great  
Hotel penthouse, go on and let it roominate  
City never sleeps, so I guess I'm never slept on  
Did everything I could, then I kept goin'

Ooh girl, I wanna know  
Are you ready to cry, cause I'm no good, no good  
Ooh girl, I wanna try  
I'm an awful guy and I'm always away  
And I'm tryin' to say  
I'ma piece of shit  
Believe in this  
I'm tellin' you  
Cause we barely knew, what we had  
I'm not that bad, the fun we had  
Oh Oh