

Let Me Dope You

Childish Gambino

Welcome to the culdesac, this is where the street ends
I am just a rapper, I ain't got the time for speakin'
Nigga stay weak like tornado and a tree branch
I never have a weak day, my life's a long weekend
Fuckin' with ya raw, bitch. My mouth should get tested
Sleepin' on a nigga, hope you feel well rested
Gambino stay hard, can't nobody pull the cord out
A nigga fucked up, like a hang gliding whore house

Sick boy. Yeah, the clique on deck.
Yes, I rap absurd. Got the game upset
And they rap about the jewelry, the weed they smoke
And I rap about my life, and niggas think it's a joke,
nah
I only put real on a nigga
Bitches see the money, try and steal on a nigga
Yes, I'm on fire, you can feel it on a nigga
Step away from the heat, they Shaquille-in' on a nigga

Treat niggas like pussy, go hard on 'em
Watch the swagga get swiped like a card, bought 'em
The swag's unique, I don't even worry 'bout 'em
I got the tortoise shell frames and the argyle
You wouldn't think from the things I'm fashionin'
I'd get more bush than Kim Kardashian
Drop hot shit. Yeah, my mouth's a laxative
Born to be the greatest, this is not by accident

Hey playa, what's good?
Let me dope you
Hey hata, what's hood?
Let me dope you
I'm on fire like wood
Let me dope you
And you don't wanna fuck with dood
Let me dope you

Don't start no shit, there won't be no shit
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I'm a genius, I ain't gotta fake shit
My cup runeth over, you can take sips
I'm in a spa, white robe like a racist
Niggas can't see me, I will pay for your Lasik

Fuck what ya heard, bitch. I'm flyer than you ever seen
My wallet make paper, call it Evergreen
Ashy to classy, finally got some Vaseline
Live inside a sauna 'cause I always got my self-esteem
Name in your mouth, and it seems as though I struck a
nerve
I never fit in like my penis in these tiny girls

I figured I was different from these other guys
When I wrote for 30 Rock, I was under 25

These other rappers wanna fade into the background
Ima stand out when these niggas done sat down
I always pack heat. Yeah, my mouth need a pat down
Money, girls, clothes. I don't worry about that now

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