

# Make It Go Right

Childish Gambino

You're right here in my room, yeah I wished it  
Candlelight vigil for the one you're texting  
Pink sweatpants - hmm, interesting  
No need, don't explain to me, love  
Cause I know how you deal, but I could see us  
In a different way, don't play me cause we're not the same  
Sign on, sees your screenname and misbehave  
So you're a playboy, you think you have ???  
Hoppin' round town with the bunnies when  
I'm the candy that you need, brush your sweet tooth  
Have you got it with your place with the statue?  
A Veneer, I hear, she's just swell  
If you want to date a rock, you think I can't tell?  
So you bored? Are you lost? Was it worthwhile?  
I feel the ice-cold chill in her warm smile  
Saw you last night, you didn't have to act fly  
Come and sweep me from the back room  
Feel my palms heat up on your chest now  
As the night creeps into bedtime vows  
Married in a white t-shirt, bedstyle  
Still you know that I'm the best ride  
You deserve what you get: it's called respect  
You ever heard of it?

I know what you're missing in the moonlight  
I can fly away and make it go right  
Make it go right  
Make it go right  
I know what you're missing in the moonlight  
I can fly away and make it go right  
It go  
It go

When I'm alone in my room sometimes I stare at the wall  
And in the back of my mind I hear my conscience call  
I used to front somethin' stupid, now I'm makin' them wait  
Except for you mama, I'm ready, I don't wanna be late  
Never hesitate, you know it, petty cash, we blow it  
Excuse me for imperfect, them halfway looks is worth it  
I watched these niggas lurkin', they just want my leftovers  
Watched 'em locked up all day and slept over  
Put your hair back: Afro  
Skippin' after-parties at the last show  
I'mma hold your hand in little Tokyo  
And tell you somethin' in your ear that you shouldn't know  
Two jumps, but the feeling was so gone  
High school swag, busy fuckin' with clothes on  
Lost a couple words, joke around the reason  
Let you wear my shirt, pretend to let you in that FIFA  
There was nothing like it...settle down  
You always hit me when my boo around  
It's a long walk - we ain't talkin', though  
That ratchet ho on lock-n-load, I appreciate the offer, though  
I'mma do it right - later, though  
Cuz either way you're gonna hate me like you say you won't  
Thank God for that - it's called regret  
You ever heard of it?