

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?