

## My Girls (My Girls)

Childish Gambino

In the fourth grade I had a crush on Tia Smith  
Sixth grade and this crush is turned to Beatrice  
But they don't like me because I'm too nice  
And I'm kinda fat and not the dope type

But I grew out of that and it's a miracle  
Now every girl sees me as marryin' material  
It's a buyer's market, I'm Alicia's target  
And every other girl who wanna let me steam their carpet

I love these hipster girls and they feel the same  
Now they don't have to choose when someone asks 'em Drake or Wayne  
And niggas waiting on me, we didn't have a voice  
You used to have to act street and now you've got a choice

My momma's brownie mix, I keep the goodies moist  
Of every girl I'm tappin', this wasn't supposed to happen  
Hard to keep my thoughts straight on every date  
Especially when my penis talking SWAT team, cover me, I'm going in

I do not talk, I am just a rapper

Yes, I got a million other girls  
You don't wanna hear that for fear that I fuck a lot  
And you don't wanna get attached cause you'll like me  
I fuck a girl named Keira nightly (Knightley)  
Nah, I made her up  
'Cause it sounded dope, I don't give a fuck  
Ride me, giddy up  
They can hear us in the hall, Arsenio  
Naw, girl, I don't wanna shoot a video  
I do it all day, don't you watch me on the TV show?  
I'm gonna get mines any means necessary  
Got Red Bull pulsing through my pulmonary  
Least I feel like it, met her at a club  
Now we're making out, and I ain't spend a dub  
I'm gonna try to live it up like TOP FLR  
And my girls like gifts so I bought more

All girls 18 and over love this light-skinned Casanova  
House pimped out, William Sonoma  
Sleep on me, that is a coma

Yeah, nigga, you see what I'm gettin' at  
I'm gettin' at her, I'm hittin' that  
Her kitty cat purr, how weird is that?  
I'm diggin' that

A nigga not tryin' to say you don't make mistakes  
I'm trying to fix all the hearts I break  
But every time that we talk in my apartment  
We're gonna kiss a little, and then we start shit

"You're heartless, don't call again  
Don't email, we can't be friends  
I swear that this is the end"  
Then I call her next week and we do it again

My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls  
My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls  
My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls  
My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls

(I don't mean to seem like I care about material things, like a social status  
I just want four walls and adobe slats for my girls  
Ow!)

(I don't mean to seem like I care about material things, like a social status  
I just want four walls and adobe slats for my girls  
Ow!)