

# My Name Bam-B

Childish Gambino

People say I'm crazy, I'm loony, I'm psycho  
I like it; I got my shit checked like Nike  
Doctor said he'd never seen anything like me  
Chances of recovery are nil to not likely  
Boy so crazy make your baby momma look sane  
Kickin thoughts around like he got a loose brain  
I got a whiskey, sour, sober  
until I fall down like it's mid-October  
Young Young Hova, boy I say for goodness sake  
I'm in my prime like I'm standin on my dinner plate  
You niggaz innerspace cause you come up Martin Short  
I'm so fly I don't need a right wing from Drudge Report

Ahh! Stay wildin like me!  
Ahh! My name Bam-B!

People say I'm angry; but if you're happy, you're crazy  
I'm violent, so I've got a blue belt from Renzo Gracie  
Read the news today, oh boy, some kids are dead  
Pulled the covers over my head and went straight back  
to bed  
Cause even my good days are generally bad  
At my happiest - I'm just slightly less sad  
And I get mad if you're glad to be alive cause I had  
a chance at a happy life, good mom, good dad  
Seriously trust me, you wouldn't wanna be me  
The best days of my life involve leftovers and TV  
I got almost no friends and I don't know how to handle  
this  
Even the friends I do got are all moving to Los Angeles  
Even I'm tired of my whining, even I don't want no more  
of me  
I whine more than a three-year-old, multiplied by  
Morrisey  
Every time I meet someone who wants to be my friend  
The first thought that I have is "Yo what the fuck is  
wrong with them?"  
I go through life with my fists up fut trust me my  
fists are all  
full of handfuls of Wellbutrin and Risperdal  
I'm depressed y'all, someone please help me (please  
help me)  
Seriously (seriously right now) help me  
I like the Risperdal better than the Wellbutrin

I'm good with the N, no not the Nina  
Mean I'm good with the hammer so I'll fix your broke  
heater  
And not your bro Keeter, I don't tote guns  
I never had white so I never needed one  
And the hood respect me, I rose from the ashes  
Call me the phoenix in the clear rim glasses  
They saw me work, without that work  
Now I got my own (Enterprise), call me (Kirk)  
And I'm born on an air force base, so I'm fly  
Move out to Decatur, that's Atlanta's Bed-Stuy  
I got that pink like pussy

Got that pussy (Day 'N Nite) so they call me Kid Cudi  
Bitch!