

# New Prince (Crown On The Ground)

Childish Gambino

I do not talk, I am just a rapper  
Stompin' on these niggas like a whack-a-mole with no  
hands  
Get girls on the floor like slow jams  
Fuck yeah, I'm feelin' myself, no lotion  
My light shine bright, no roaches  
Nigga, I'm focused  
You the one who eyes wrong  
Only time I'm worried is when I'm the no-fly zone  
'Cause I'm so fly, homes  
Fresh like pinecones  
Female phone book my iPhone  
Margarita bright, meanin' limelight  
Nerd girls losin' their shit like prom night  
Mouth like a pussy ? it can never be too tight  
Let me guess, you know a better rapper ? you, right?

Sicker than your grandma  
Pass the mix-tape to a friend like Chandler  
This track is gettin' over written  
Sports night, Fanta  
Tell 'em that you know me when you runnin' through  
Atlanta  
I am at the top  
Whether you want or not  
And I am in my prime  
I am an autobot  
I do not talk a lot  
I am just a rapper  
Fuck a girl's pussy bright red like snapper

Sick  
Yeah, I stay fly like a pelican  
Get new kicks everyday like an ottoman  
Ex-girlfriends askin' if they get a shot again  
I try to call 'em back but there's a lot of them  
Someone tell me why these muthafuckers busy hatin' me  
Just because I'm rappin' and my style is kinda Japanese  
Band of outsiders  
Kitsune, APC  
Macy's got shit on me

Fuck what you heard like a dick inside alarm clock  
I ain't got no jewelry, I leave it at the pawn shop  
Two of your chains equals one of my shirts, sir  
You got Jacob's Jeweler, I got Anna Wintour  
Niggas jealous cause I got more green than seven  
splinters  
I'd rather spend that money on a polo from La Tigra  
Young, smart, and handsome  
Who could even ask for more?  
I change the situation like auditioning for Jersey  
Shore

I'm the prince, put your crown on the ground (x7)  
Oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh

Sick

I'm the prince, put your crown on the ground (x7)

Oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh

Oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh, Oh-oh