

Red Alert

Childish Gambino

Gin in my cup, so I ain't so sober
Girl on my dick, call me Casanova
Ribs are broken, my name is Oprah
My girl talk too but she deal in chocha
Got the gold top like I'm one of the Bradys
Birthday shit on the side, get that quick Mercedes
'Scuse me ladies! I know you wanna shoot me
like my name Jay Brady, but the cameras pay me
I wanna eat good like Rachel Ray
Pop tags on shoes on the 8th of May
My voice too high 'sposed to hold me back
They say the same fuckin thing cause I'm young and
black
Opposites attract; so not far from me
is a white dude with low voice and no money
Who gives a fuck if my voice sound funny?
Fuck friends, I got me a bi-buddy
I'm (True Life) like I'm MTV
(Hollyhood) like I'm six times three
I been goin so crisp, get dressed in a fly ass t-shirt
Nike so tight they make your fuckin feet hurt
Jealous ass niggaz when they see you rollin
Same motherfucker on Ceezie scrotum
My sneaks so bright and my girls so thick
Money so big call me Ceezie Dick

Calling all haters all across the world it's a (red
alert)
It's a (red alert), it's a
Calling all haters all across the world it's a (red
alert)
It's a (red alert), it's a

I shine so bright they should call me sunlight
Call me punk rock cause my jeans is too tight
Diesel boo boo, Michael jacket
Got one e'ry week, it's a nasty habit
Day eights and ups, that my standard
Show 'em who's boss like Tony Danza
Take it across state get the nasty plate
With my bootleg sex, why masturbate?
It's the dude from the hood that you love to hate
cause I got new shoes and I love to skate
Me and Lupe gotta (Kick) and (Push) it
Show these pussy-ass niggaz why we fuck they bush
I used to have to sweep floors just to make the ends
meet
The ends meetin like a motherfucker - ain't that sweet?
Why I'm deep with the kids like Phish on myspace
Now I'm on your (Fishscales) like I hang with Ghostface
They say black don't crack, except for Whitney
My shit don't crack, I'm fallin off like Britney
To put it simply, I lose my balance
cause I got a pink drink and it makes me tipsy
Live the high life, paid the full price
You want my advice to get the five mics?
You wanna put them fake-ass guns away

Nah I'm just kiddin nigga, you ain't got a chance
anyway!