

# Shoulda Known

Childish Gambino

One love  
You can let it out  
You can let it out  
You can let it out, cause  
Shoulda known, shoulda known  
Shoulda known, shoulda known

Bino, I'm so for real-o, green like I'm Cee Lo  
Hangin' out with Kilo... Kish, smokin' on that keisha  
I'ma need that visa  
I'm working on everything that I'm touching man  
I'm bussin' two white Russians drinking themselves  
But it still ain't nothing yo  
It's East side if you can't tell, North Decatur and Glendale  
So fuck y'all, all y'all, if y'all don't like me... good  
Put that on my partner man, I wish a nigga would  
I say we ain't playing man I hope that's understood  
I'm in my zone though, fucking round with that 4-0  
Eating my mamas salmon but skipping on the risotto  
Girl said that she need the follow, tweet her and she'll do any  
Man, I'm trying to stay off, readin' em makes me angry  
On the back on the tour bus, recording the two of us  
Stacks at the Apple store, man this ballin' is new to us  
Trying to make amends, bailing on all my friends  
Nigga went to the clubs and a beat to Gucci instead  
Man I'm feelin' right, my nigga Fam yelling "don't stop"  
And half my crew is always faded on some lowtop  
Stopped drinking for the most part  
My only vices all our pictures on my laptop  
Screaming at me saying "I ain't what you really want"  
Christina's parents baby all I make is Milians  
We got the shows, we got the paper, but I want respect  
So tell them haters we ain't quitting yet  
Let 'em know

One love, the thing that hasn't changed  
My parents lost their job, it's so cold in the A  
Now that I'm 1%, I send most of it home  
I want to stunt but she need to pay off her student loans  
And everybody saying, "Get it while you hitting man  
We want them harder beats, that 808 you slipping man"  
Dude is so stupid popping anything they hand me  
On that parking lot pimping and politicking in Miami  
In that home of the D where they sell that cake batter  
Heard a voice in the back, came from all the fake rappers  
That I shitted on, shitted on  
Shitted on, shitted on  
Rap your soul, dude, let the mic blaze  
Show 'em A-Town, East Side, all day  
I put it on, I put it on  
I put it on, I put it on  
Life is somethin' IMAX, film is at a climax  
I ain't even started, Was it stupid I departed?  
Man, probably, but now we do the things we always wanted  
I'm proud of me, cause I am undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with  
Please somebody cum laude me  
Graduated, anticipated the hatred and doubted me

Not a prodigy, just a hard worker from the Dean's List  
But most these rappers doin' so-so like a seamstress  
Jesus