

# Starlight

Childish Gambino

Starlight  
Where did you go?  
I've been running around the world  
Gotta let you know

I got the empire state now I'm working on the next part  
Trying to build an empire, I'm wishing on the Death  
Star  
I murdered the dish, I eloped with the spoon  
Tri-coastal and the third coast is the moon  
When it hits your eye like a get in your eye thing  
And we do the I like you like like you like like thing  
I can't promise I won't be dressed like a viking  
When I do the whole picking you up on my bike thing  
Another white rapper's CD in my spokes  
I would swear ya'll converted to rap for the jokes  
I spit black smoke, I'm the hip hop pope  
They make anti-me PSA's cause I'm dope  
And when it's not clear you can cope, the worlds a  
negative iPod  
You just hear 'nope'  
Nights on the pavement, you just stop breathin'  
On some Liz Lemon movin' back to Cleveland  
Street lights people, up and down the boulevard  
Don't stop believin in your journey, and I know it's  
hard  
They call me Violet Beauregard, cause I just blow up,  
no regard  
All I really need is a bar to belly up to  
A balcony, a star crossed lover to yell up to  
What are you up to this weekend? I'm free  
Till then I'll just shine and let you find me

I shine like the sun  
My mouth is a gun, pop off and they run, two things  
like a pun  
This is not just for fun and I cut with my tongue  
My mouth's a Swiss army, take over your country  
I run like a humvee, I don't need gas-o-line  
I run on these rappers so skip the stromboli  
I make these niggas say 'Great' like Tony  
So how the fuck you gonna say these bitches don't know  
me?  
How the fuck you gonna say these bitches don't know me  
When you all on the tip of my dick like Moby  
The wait is over, no baking soda  
I saw them dudes move bricks and boulders  
I saw them dudes move flats and corners  
And they moved that sugar like Russell Stover  
I got that green like a four leaf clover  
Get rich or die tryin' like my name two quarters  
Dope boys they get me, we got the same hustle till the  
tank on empty  
And if you dope boy, better watch the Wire  
And get the shit straight, turn back, retire  
Cause one in a mil turn snow to fire  
You either move weight, play ball or neither

Because I'm neither, the hood MacGyver  
The boy blew up like he knew Al Quaeda  
My life so sweet that my balls Godiva  
The world in front and the hood behind us  
The hood behind us  
Yea, the hood behind us