

# Tell Me

Childish Gambino

Rap rap, ahaha  
Rap rap, ahaha  
Hip-hop rap, ahaha  
Rap, yo

I'm a soldier, I'm a mastermind  
Flashing in the flashiest fashions that the masters buy  
Passersby passing me asking me if they can match this fly  
Maybe with a mastercard, ask this guy

I got a rush card, so I gotta stunt hard  
Rush limballin' while I'm listenin' to tune yards  
Baby put your shoes on, we gon' turn the club out  
Dammit I broke my foot again, I might have to sub out  
Nostalgia, ultra, you hang with vultures  
Nigga we eatin' good like we oprah's roaches  
buenos noches

Buenos dias  
Frida khalo, papas fritas  
We eatin' good so they think we free masons  
I'm about my paper like wb mason  
I'm about my paper like a staples or an office max  
Never have to off a cap, makin' money off of rap  
He went from potential abortion stat  
To the cat that pay his mama's mortgage cash  
Lookin' fancy in a foreign flash  
Chammomele tea that we pour with splash

Yeah, remember frutopia? that shit was delicious  
But snapple came back around and put 'em out of business  
Um, that's a snapple fact, used to eat apple jacks  
That's that heems rhyme that I'm usin' for this battle rap  
Still got love for you, nothin' like them other dudes  
I am fly, you hudson news  
Leave mcs with cuts and bruise  
Comfortable like huxtables, but fuck eating my vegetables

Yo, how come they don't sell batteries on the train no more?  
I guess it's cause the ipod came out  
I guess it's cause the ipod came out  
Yeah, I'm fresher than samantha, strange man  
Aquala catch me up in walhala, I'll holla  
I put snapple in vitamin water for two bucks  
Pepsi came and bought it, for nothin' like what the fuck?  
I'm from national wholesale liquidators  
Rock bottom, odd lot and all the haters  
Does benihana even sell wontons?  
Donald just put me on a bonton

Yes I did man, I goddamn did  
I'm five foot ten, I might just win  
I'm tryin' not to die like them  
Laid out in the street like mr. hooper, nigga  
I remember havin' to eat two scoops for dinner  
But it's all good, post obama and post ye  
Three six got an oscar, it's all okay

Man, I beg your pardon, trayvon martin  
Atlanta is my home, but we treated like martians  
I used to be a square like a marlboro carton  
Like, niggas wasn't callin' me nigga like last week  
Only nigga in some liquor brown pants as we speak  
Yeah, gambino say it twice, atm machine, nawmean?