

# The Last

Childish Gambino

I'm the last of a dying breed  
Meaning that I'm not afraid to try new things  
Can't see me best to get yourself some Visine  
Toe tag a motherfucker no jokes, while these other niggas wakka wakka  
Other rappers try and go and get over  
You want that hood shit best to go and call Hova  
I was a good kid, backpack on my shoulder  
98 test score in my Thundercat folder  
My cousin was older  
My momma used to wake up  
Drive me to a school cause the school was much safer  
But I slipped up and accidentally told a teacher  
Now I'm going to a school where I get beat up because  
I ain't get down with them other kids  
Probably cause I talk too white and I got a dad who's there  
Momma couldn't take it, sold the place and got us out of there  
Guest room, now the six of us splitting one with a restroom  
Now I'm going to this school called Rock Ridge  
School of the neighborhood we tryna buy a house in  
There's not a lot of black kids  
So I stick out like a sore thumb with some bad acne, but really  
What I wanna know is why I never fit in right  
Like a fat dude getting on a packed flight  
Even when I make friends in the hallways  
I'm wishing I was someone else always  
But I'm happy that that shit happened to me  
Cause it taught me most important is to do me  
Cause everybody hates you till they love you  
Facebook niggas same niggas that would shove you  
Cause nobody was jocking my style  
I had a high voice, they called me faggot eight mile  
So I stopped writing for a very long time  
Thinkin' that a nigga wasn't made to bust rhymes  
And this next part, sounds like nonsense  
But I swear to God, Tina Fey gave me confidence  
Taught me everything that is good comes from honesty  
Everybody's got a voice, you just gotta follow it  
She on a role model shit  
From the day that I shook her hand  
I knew that I'd never die a broke man  
So I could try this rapping shit out again  
The game need change, I'm a part of it  
People tell me I should spit under Donald Glover  
But I try to keep my real name undercover  
Cause if you hear my name, then you think it's jokes  
And I can't go for that, nigga Hall and Oates  
My nigga stay down like a winter coat  
I rap about my life not "I'm On A Boat"  
Cause this joke rap shit's gotten out of hand  
Only ones who do it well's Lonely Island  
Save the raps about your cat, I am not a fan  
Leave the joke raps alone, man I'm working here  
I do not play around with this bullshit  
I am different, call it new shit  
Labels want me to hurry and cash my check in  
But I keep my shit free till the last possible second  
Cause God knows that I don't need the money

You get your clothes free when you rich, ain't it funny?  
But this limelight burn like a motherfuck  
I wanna call my dad crying but I hang up  
Cause I don't want him to worry, he's got his own shit  
So I send him a check and tell him to hold it  
If anything ever happens want you to know this  
I always took the time to smell the roses  
And wherever I am, I am doing fine  
I'm here for a good, not a long, time