

## Toronto Listening Party Track

Childish Gambino

Where we were kinda thing  
Betcha thought I'm alone  
Betcha thought I'm alone  
Betcha thought I'm alone

Reck lee, I ain't paintball  
Y'all be string like a broke guitar  
And it's still pretty down like the family dog  
Yeah. I murder some, I murder one  
Explain it all, Ferguson  
We ain't gotta sing the same old love song  
Cut a white girl with the same black gloves on  
Yeah what you saying to it?  
Old money look no money don't do it  
Nigga coming round in they lane like a Huey  
And I'm only looking back if I'm looking at her booty  
(At her booty)  
So ratchet now, they wanna smoke a niggas but they Black & Mild  
So we opted out  
Ok cool

Blue drink by the bouquet 'til I'm blue faced on a Tuesday  
(Can I have some?)  
Passed out, niggas be like  
Put a plus eighteen on that e-vite  
And I said what I felt, no re-write  
Nah nah, they can't hold me  
Shrooms a lot, drop something  
I double dare you, I'm Marc Summers  
I scotch women, I'm turnt up  
Gut niggas, so curb balling  
...got a crush on him  
I gotta wait in line for that  
Ain't nobody got time for that  
Ain't nobody gotta rhyme with that  
Too true like 2 Chainz  
Blue blood like Wolf Gang