

Tru Dudes

Childish Gambino

Is it really that bad that my clothes is tight?
That I hydrate babes like Pedialyte
That I stay rock hard like a meteorite
Thought your homeboy here was an idiot right?
Wellllll you thought wrong, I got flavor
I rock shows with the blue light sabre
I hit dimes but also date eighters
I make moves, blow up like Al'Qaeda
I'm in kicks that you can't buy yet
Your kicks okay like your name Wyatt
Care Bear clockers, pink highlighters
Haters wanna snack my heat like firefighters
Boys out there think they're just like me
Naw naw, y'all funny, y'all from UCB?
Y'all standin in line, I'm in V.I.P.
Y'all know shit 'bout me like T.I.P., hah!

You think your voice is funny man? That's kind of
hilarious
I'm the rapper makin money when the shadow in your area
I'm like a damager cause I'm a little loquacious
I do it for the hotties with the bodies bodacious
I'm high pitched, might flip you diss my node
Think chris ain't the shit, you can kiss my chode
Kick your ass, sales not too early to boast
Seriously bro, hand over the security code
Because my rhymes so fresh, green grocers' gotta spray
'em
Fired all my lawyers cause I didn't wanna pay 'em
From the P.M. to the A.M. I'll slay 'em with the sawed-
off
Make a little money and I'll smoke the marijuana
mc without Glover is Matubb without Wigs
Jammin peed the bottle with the grocer on her kids
If one smokes Khan, the other smokes Mids
Let's mix it up a little like the DJ did
Bacardi and Coke, black and white cookie
Smokin in the alley cause you know we're playin hookie
and we're up to no good, please don't tell our mommas
Democrist is the dutch, cause we got this for Obama

Sick of the Old Yeller, money like bank tellers
The chicks that I'm with are thicker thank Nutella
Y'all need to switch quick and get with a slick fella
Cause I'm bout to go Rihanna like I'm an umbrella
Come over to my place, we can cut like shears
And make some mistakes like Jamie Lynn Spears
I'm nasty? No - forward? Yes
I'm hip to the game, you're a rook like chess
My money so long that they call it John Silver's
Your money so light that it float like pillows
Oopsy, killers, you can see
Cause they close up shop when the clerks see me
I'm not Kanye, but my collar's popped
Cause the bro's like soda, I shit you not
This shit's bright orange, Fanta shade
You got the yellow face, that's my lemonade

I'mma try to stay tight like girls that fuck hard
And stay in the Bay with green like Brett Farve