Turd In The Oven (Diplomat's Son)

Childish Gambino

I do not talk, I am just a rapper
C.G. but I'm real light talk
I know these motherfuckers wish I'd turn my mic off
Fuckin' Reddy Roosevelt
Big stick, walk soft
On top of this hill of pussy where I get my rocks off
Yeah my raps kill laundry
Knock socks off
Rappers think they're on the court
All they do is trash talk

But I do not talk, I am just a rapper
He's rapping over indie songs? This is a disaster!
But I made it dope like I'm cookin in the kitchen
And these niggas couldn't see me now I'm fucking with
they vision
And these bitches wasn't listening
Now they fucking listening
Shoot from the hip, motherfucker I'm a hipster
Do big things like a whale is your sister
Bitches get all dolled up, Westminster

Fake niggas ain't happy, are ya dude?
More (w) raps than vegetarian barbecues
Can't learn, this rapping has to be part of you
Big dog, I'm steady reppin', I'm Marmaduke

And I'm trying to do
Everything
Sick Boy
Medicine
And I kill beef
Burger King
Elroy, and I jettison

I'm the atmosphere
I was always here
Girls tremble when they see me like it's cold in there
I do not talk don't chat neither
If it ain't about me then you shouldn't talk either
Gambi mixtape got em poppin out
The super late girls asking when the album droppin
If you ain't gettin yours then you better get something
My shit hot shit like turd in the oven

My mouth drops classics
Lips are historic
Tongue is amazing
Ask your clitoris

Underground king like a young Bun B
And these haters are pussy so they should love me
Cause I'm so T-I-T-E
Niggas can't believe that my shit is free
Indie rap niggas smoke purp, drink tea
Nigga, pop quiz: what you know about me?

And what you should know, I do a lot of this
I mean business, I'm the Economist
Big bad wolf, blowing over your cottages
Nigga on Twitter and ain't even a follow-ist
I'm dropping new shit, like the early bird
Shout out to Silverlake
Shout out to Williamsburg
To all my Slick Rick kids looking dapper
Do your thing and you are just a rapper