

# Sweatpants (Battle Tapes Official Remix)

## Childish Gambino

Watching haters wonder why Gambino got the game locked  
Half-Thai thickie, all she wanna do is Bangkok  
Got her hair done, French braids, now she A\$AP  
Bino so insensitive, she asking, "Why you say that?!"  
I'm chillin', real nigga feeling  
Rich kid, asshole: paint me as a villain  
Still spitting that cash flow: DJ Khaled  
I got a penthouse on both coasts, pH balance  
Real nigga, I rep those, why though? Cause I said so  
Hip deep in the Pepto, I got five on her like Ben Folds  
I got more tail than that PetCo, you faker than some Sweet'N Low  
Yeah, you got some silverware, but really are you eating though?  
Are you eating though? Nigga, are you eating though?  
Breakfast, lunch and dinner's for beginners, you ain't even know  
Never catching cases, why they faces look so e-m-o?  
Watch a hater hate me, wanna play me like a piano  
My architect know Japanese, yo' girl, she jocking me  
No hands like soccer teams and y'all fuck boys like Socrates  
You niggas ain't copping these, niggas ain't looking like me  
Nah, I ain't checking I.D. but I bounce 'em with no problem  
Tell 'em, Problem (Problem!) I'm winnin', yeah, yeah, I'm winnin' [x3]  
Rich kid, asshole, paint me as a villain Don't be mad cause I'm doing me better than you doing you [x3]  
Better than you doing you, fuck it, what you gon' do? Different color, my passport, Instagram my stack load  
Hashtag my day wear and your girl drink my day care  
And I'm born rich, life ain't fair (silver spoon coon, ho)  
Ain't nobody sicker and my Fisker, "vroom, vroom," ho  
Ain't nobody Fiskers don't make noise when they start up just so you know Top of the Hold 'em totem, ri-rich  
forever, a million was not the quota  
My father owned half of MoMA and did it with no diploma  
Year off, got no rules, tripping off of them toadstools  
More green than my Whole Foods and I'm too fly, Jeff Goldblum  
Got a glass house in the Palisades, that a-k-a  
White hood, white hood, (okay-kay-kay)  
Furniture custom, you shop at IKEA  
So Maserati, you whipping a Kia  
Spending this money, it's longer than Nia  
Live like a Coppola, me and Sofia  
Waking up broke, man, wouldn't wanna be ya  
Friends with the dope man, help a nigga re-up

Bring a girlfriend, man, trouble when I see her  
"Err-err-err-err": onomatopoeia, oh, I got my cool on! (Tell 'em, mane)  
I'm winning so they had to dump the Gatorade  
And I don't give a fuck about my family name Don't be mad cause I'm doing me better than you doing you [x3]  
Better than you doing you, fuck it, what you gon' do?

Songwriters

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