That Power

Childish Gambino

CHORUS
All these haters
See you later
All that I could do
But you dont even feel me though
I know you know I know you got that power
That power
Oh, oh oh
VERSE I
So CG but a nigga stay real
Though I'm fly I'm ill I'm running shit
3-points, field goal
Rappers used to laugh like I tripped and fell
Cause I don't stunt a gold cross like I Christian bail
Yeah, they starin' at me jealous cause I do shows bigger
But your looks don't help, like an old gold digger
Uncool, but lyrically I'm a stone cold killer
So it's 400 blows to these Truffaut niggas
Yeah, now that's the line of the century
Niggas missed it, too busy
They lyin' 'bout penitentiary
Man, you ain't been there
Nigga you been scared
And I'm still living single like Synclaire
Lovin' white dudes who call me white and then try to hate
When I wasn't white enough to use your pool when I was 8
Stone Mountain you raised me well
I'm stared at by Confederates but hard as hell
Tight jeans penny loafers, but I still drink a Bodine
Staying on my me shit, but hated on by both sides
I'm just a kid who blowing up with my father's name
And every black "you're not black enough"
Is a white "you're all the same"
Mm Food like Rapp Snitch Knishes

Cuz its oreos, twinkies, coconuts, delicious
How many gold plaques you want inside your dining room?
I said I want a full house
They said, "You got it dude!"

CHORUS
VERSE II
Holla, holla, holla, holla at yo boy
Like yo dad when he's pissed off
Got flow, I could make a cripple crip walk
Niggas' breath stank, all they do is shit talk
People want a real man, I made 'em wait this long
Maybe if he bombs, he'll quit and keep actin'
And save paper like your aunt does with McDonald napkins
How'd it happen? Honesty did it
See all of my competition at the bodies exhibit
Yeah I bodied the limits and I get at them fakers
Motherfuck if you hate it, cremated them haters
So, my studio be a funeral
Yeah, this is our year, oh you didn't know?
Uh, yeah I'm killin' you, step inside the lion's den
Man I'm hov if the 'O' was an 'I' instead
On stage with my family in front of me
I am what I am: everything I wanna be
CHORUS
BRIDGE/OUTRO
This is on a bus back from camp. I'm thirteen and so are you. Before I left for camp I imagined it would be me and three or four other dudes I hadn't met yet, running around all summer, getting into trouble. It turned out it would be me and just one girl. That's you. And we're still at camp as long as we're on the bus and not at the pickup point where our parents would be waiting for us. We're still wearing our orange camp t-shirts. We still smell like pineneedles. I like you and you like me and I more-than-like you, but I don't know if you do or don't more-than-like me. You've never said, so I haven't been saying anything all summer, content to enjoy the small miracle of a girl choosing to talk to me and choosing to do so again the next day and so on. A girl who's smart and funny and who, if I say something dumb for a laugh, is willing to say something two or three times as dumb to make me laugh, but who also gets weird and wise sometimes in a way I could never be. A girl who reads books that no one's assigned to her, whose curly brown hair has a line running through it from where she put a tie to hold it up while it was still wet

Back in the real world we don't go to the same school, and unless one of our families moves to a dramatically different neighborhood, we won't go to the same high school. So, this is kind of it for us. Unless I say something. And it might especially be it for us if I actually do say something. The sun's gone down and the bus is quiet. A lot of kids are asleep. We're talking in whispers about a tree we saw at a rest stop that looks like a kid we know. And then I'm like, "Can I tell you something?" And all of a sudden I'm telling you. And I keep telling you and it all comes out of me and it keeps coming and your face is there and gone and there and gone as we pass underneath the orange lamps that line the sides of the highway. And there's no expression on it. And I think just after a point I'm just talking to lengthen the time where we live in a world where you haven't said "yes" or "no" yet. And regrettably I end up using the word "destiny." I don't remember in what context. Doesn't really matter. Before long I'm out of stuff to say and you smile and say, "okay." I don't know exactly what you mean by it, but it seems vaguely positive and I would leave in order not to spoil the moment, but there's nowhere to go because we're are on a bus. So I pretend like I'm asleep and before long, I really am

I wake up, the bus isn't moving anymore. The domed lights that line the center aisle are all on. I turn and you're

not there. Then again a lot of kids aren't in their seats anymore. We're parked at the pick-up point, which is in the parking lot of a Methodist church. The bus is half empty. You might be in your dad's car by now, your bags and things piled high in the trunk. The girls in the back of the bus are shrieking and laughing and taking their sweet time disembarking as I swing my legs out into the aisle to get up off the bus, just as one of them reaches my row. It used to be our row, on our way off. It's Michelle, a girl who got suspended from third grade for a week after throwing rocks at my head. Adolescence is doing her a ton of favors body-wise. She stops and looks down at me. And her head is blasted from behind by the dome light, so I can't really see her face, but I can see her smile. And she says one word: "destiny." Then her and the girls clogging the aisles behind her all laugh and then she turns and leads them off the bus. I didn't know you were friends with them

I find my dad in the parking lot. He drives me back to our house and camp is over. So is summer, even though there's two weeks until school starts. This isn't a story about how girls are evil or how love is bad, this is a story about how I learned something and I'm not saying this thing is true or not, I'm just saying it's what I learned. I told you something. It was just for you and you told everybody. So I learned cut out the middle man, make it all for everybody, always. Everybody can't turn around and tell everybody, everybody already knows, I told them. But this means there isn't a place in my life for you or someone like you. Is it sad? Sure. But it's a sadness I chose. I wish I could say this was a story about how I got on the bus a boy and got off a man more cynical, hardened, and mature and shit. But that's not true. The truth is I got on the bus a boy. And I never got off the bus. I still haven't.

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