

# Eat Your Vegetables

## Childish Gambino

D Money (x4)

[Verse 1:]

D-Money ho

All we do is tell them so

Why we look professional

And you look like a talent show

All we do is bank, royalty forever and

Find a bad bitch, bring her home like a veteran

Make her waffles, with pecans

I'm eating, one free hand

Been saying that we roll with the illest

Like roaches in the kitchen, go and watch a nigga kill it

I'm a P-I-M-P, why we spelling

Cause there's K-I-Ds around

DeKalb County, where you at

If you with me, holla back

ATL done got them here

Bankhead Row turned Hollowell

Percocet's for my kinfolk

My girl look like Miss Info

Y'all been slow, I been told

Y'all Kinkos, copy ho

No I ain't drunk, I just text badly

Running through paper like a pep rally

When I'm in your city better get rowdy

I spit Downy, no shit 'bout me

Stone Mountain Georgia, got something for ya

Killing bars, I'm a lawyer

Baby drinking Goya, girl put your shades on

Man I die for my hood, Trayvon

[Hook:]

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

[Verse 2:]

He talk shit, he better not

Rap game, my wet spot

I fucked y'all, you fucked up

Like white girls with dreadlocks  
So dread not, I rowboat  
These hoes know, no photos  
My girl ball like Lobo  
Then she blow my Casey  
And Jojos, where the fuck my money at  
In the hood like I'm fixing a Pontiac  
On deck with a gang of black Kennedies  
Eight goons and they all got felonies  
Still getting money like white folks  
Still got quotes like Geico  
I don't know French, that's my fruit  
Never not funny like fat jokes  
(Like when someone is like, "what happened to Chris? "  
And you turn around and there's like a fat guy that kind of looks like Chris  
And you like, "oh shit" and you start laughing and shit)  
And I'm back in this bitch  
And I'm black and I'm rich  
And I'm cashing it in for some fashion and sin  
For some matching with them, yeah  
Got a stank ho with me  
Driving around and I run the whole city  
Everybody know she got tig old bitties  
But nobody cares like it's J-Cole/Diggy  
Jordan Diddy on my stereo  
High on shrooms like Mario  
Salvia, shamanic drugs  
Fuck my life, they on to us  
I'm fly as fuck  
[Hook]  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
[Verse 3:]  
Fuck y'all, I come hard  
Like Spongebob, my friends stars  
Like Friendster, nobody goe remember you  
Whack dudes, they like you  
But only for a day or two  
They hated you  
From now on, like D-Money  
Like faze on, I hate on that  
Lame song they play on and play on  
I can't take, royalty

On my shit, on my dick  
I can't wait  
Toe to toe, I bang shit  
Homophobes on gay shit  
You don't know the hoes I hang with  
My bungalow's like Vegas  
Had a couple million but I put them in her stomach  
She like, "oh my God, I'm coming"  
I kiss her neck and she love it  
Yeah we got a safe word, so we never use it  
And I'm hiding all these bruises in a shirt I got from Houston  
Got her using the acoustics  
In my cruiser's new Isuzu  
And who knew I'd be on Hulu with two dudes I used to Google  
I'm frugal with time, every girl's a dime  
When your bank account's mine...  
We Just Say "Fuku Burger"

[Hook]

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em  
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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