

Dream / Southern Hospitality / Partna Dem

Childish Gambino

[Part 1: Dream]I had a dream I ran Atlanta, and I was on every radio station. And 107.9 was 97.5 again. And they played me at Golden Glad on Friday. And they played me real loud on the street, we drive up Memorial Drive, up Wesley Chapel. I reopen 112, and Jazzy T's. I'd bring back Turner Field. I fire at all the cops in Cobb county. Chick-Fil-A will be open on Sundays. I bring back LaFace Records, Freaknik. [?], Lou. I got J.R. Crickets some Spelman girls girls with big booties. I reopen SciTrek, strippers will get Mother's day off, and I'd have my own Gangsta Grillz mixtape[Part 2: Southern Hospitality][Intro]

Hey this is Steve Smith from American Dad, and this is Royalty

STONE MOUNTAIN[Verse 1]

I ain't no snitch, cops I don't trust 'em

I ain't no bitch, all I do is run 'em (x2)

Nigga I was stunin', keep that shit a hunnid

If it ain't about the money then it's not up for discussion

If it ain't about[Break: DJ Drama]

After selling out the Georgia Dome 3 nights in a row, after selling 10 million copies of his newest album, Roscoe's Wetsuit, in one week. After successfully petitioning to recarve his own face into Stone Mountain, Stone Mountain. He's still givin' you niggas a free mixtape. Why Gambino, why young guy? Why so generous?[Verse]

I ain't no snitch, cops I don't trust 'em

I ain't no bitch, all I do is run 'em

Nigga I was stunin', keep that shit a hunnid

If it ain't about the money then it's not up for discussion

If it ain't about progress, ain't about success

Why this nigga suspect?

You ain't seen sus yet

I'mma fuck the game so hard like Tiff

Niggas takin' shots, I'm like "nigga don't tempt me"

I seen what you make, yeah them shows sold out

But you doing clubs and I'm doing like all out, things

Why the hell he rapping if all out sync

Royalty the movement, we all out kings

For real, Bino on a mission

We are not friends, nigga this is business

Girl this my dream, ain't no split decisions

Watch me cut this bitch off, I'mma need some scissors

Mama in the kitchen, hot sauce on them chitlins

I was always spittin', just that no one else was listening

Got your girl and now we kissin'

She attracted to my vision

Now she see what she was missin'

Now she act a little different
Telling you she need some distance
Yeah come on over, we can talk about it
Now this nigga mad, yeah he thought about it
But he don't really want it
Semen on her stomach
That's a second coming, Jesus
Flow so genius, can't low-key this
Puffin' on a swisha like a ho smoke penis
They want me Uncle Remus
But I'm just flexin' on 'em[Part 3: Partna Dem][Intro]
This on some old Atlanta shit. But I like it cause, It's not about what you know, but who you know. Know what
I'm saying?[Verse]
Royalty my partner dem
No one else might partner dem
Stay strapped with that arsenal
These niggas winnin', it's hard to tell
Move over, we about to take over
Slide up in them DMs, her nigga didn't even notice, I'm focused
I'm the man of the hour, play me on power
Play me on hot, nigga I'm hot, nigga don't stop
Flow so cold put a cherry on top
Haters so mad, he ain't even know why, probably all the autonomy
Fuck all your feelings, I'm proud of me, head was so good it's psychology
God damn, I'm just being who I am
From that weird ass little kid to this ballin' ass grown man
Man this beat is going so HAM, flow been burr since Novem'
Chain been burr since Novem', that means cold, I'm just sayin', we ain't playin'
If your man don't want to lick it I volunteer as tribute
You niggas on them Hunger Games, I eat them O's like onion rings
I kill them hoes so constantly
I ain't even gotta sugar coat it
See them titties, wanna motorboat it
I'm Dopaliscious like Spottie Ottie
Y'all don't know me, run the world
Turnin' up like that little girl whose like
Ay-Ay-Ay-Turnup!
Tell them niggas it's tax season
Atlanta Georgia, that's black Sweden
I'm such a martyr, die for the game
I'm such a martyr I'm runnin' trains like whoo
Slow that shit, slow that shit
Let me hear it

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