

American Royalty

Childish Gambino

[Featuring: RZA and Hypnotic Brass Ensemble][Intro: RZA]

Digital. Childish Gambino

Mixtape demonstrations[Verse 1: RZA]

This Oxycontin carbon monox' and toxic concoction
Collapse your brain cells, they swell from lack of oxygen
Leave the opposition stuck, without a pot to piss in
Hocking, spitting up blood, shark by sharp precision
Dart incision, darkness imparts your vision
Sparks infliction, (poof) I'm a mad magician
Double plasma, verbal scatter, globe will shatter
Every atom in your body, now you antimatter
Ripping through the data, checked into the doctor
Took his rhyme splatter, cause my mind's faster
You falling down to ground, while I climb the ladder
Too much garbage in your gallbladder, fall flatter
On your face, now you carry by the pall-bearer
Or wear the black suit, eyes all teared up
Oh no, when your ho make a boss lit up
We in the rib with a smirk nigga, all geared up
Childish Gambino or Bobby Digi'lino on the tracks
We breaking more backs that Sammartino, Bruno
We saw more baselines than Juno
Change more law in New York than Mr. Cuomo
Godfather novels I write like Mario Puzo
Master time fix the clocks like I'm Hugo
Hold the weight like nine sumos
Bust shots like John Lugo
You know how the Wu go[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]
Look sharp, homie give yourself a face lift
High brow, eyebrows on a spaceship
Take sips of that Ace of Spades-es
Saving all my money just to waste on a bracelet
Can't see them haters, we don't give a fuck though
Charge it to the game, keep a lame so cutthroat
Never slip a fast one, the game is so in front of me
Travel 'round the globe, spend a nigga 'bout a 100 G's
Pack them crowds up, boss like Bowser
Deep pocket poetry, my custom trousers
Thank God they found us, the game was starvin'

I'm clean and concrete, you ass and Charmin
Bobby Digital, Do you really think these niggas know shit?
Shopping in Manhattan and I ran into my old chick
Pride is a bitch. I am not a grown up
Tweetin' when I'm 70, these half-dead followers
She look like she Spelman, secretly she Hofstra
Put her in the club, all she wanna hear is Waka
Put her in the crib, all she wanna hear is Waka
She jerk when I move like her old boy popped her
Home is that Outkast, soul like Phonte
Old-school J's like Beyonce's fiancé
Back on on my dumb shit, nigga we the stupidest
Gave them niggas real shit, don't know what to do it
I did what I did man, did you see it though?
'Bino hard and fast, niggas sweet and low
American Royalty, family loyalty
We cream of the crop why the fuck would we stop?
She had two sons: Both of 'em good grades
Both of 'em rap songs
Where did she go wrong?
Nowhere mama, we just go where the money at
Black Kennedy, where the fuck you niggas at?

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

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