

I. The Worst Guys

Childish Gambino

All she needed was some
At a Clippers' game on the court-side
Watch a nigga' shoot like a .4-5
They mad at me, too, I got more fire
Why these bitches see you "go home, Roger" (Go home, Roger)
Tia and Tamara in my bed I'm a smart guy
I ain't fucking with you niggas like apartheid
Hits on my list, check my archive
I'm something so immaculate
Instead of asking what's happenin' and rather blastin'
Jackson 5 in the back of an Acura, acting blacker
Than a Bernie Mac, two Charlie Murphys and Akon
The girls that you brought man, where are they from?
Where are they from? We were playin' Playstation
Why you standin' there, say som', girl say som'
No, this ain't a vacation, this is my house, my house
All she needed was some
Bought a new bath, 8K, nigga
Wanna take shots? AK, nigga
When I ball, I'mma ball King James, nigga
Uncle Ben in my hand, make change, nigga
And I'm out of this world like Tang, nigga
That's a space bar, man, I hate y'all
You only come around when you want to play pool in my hot tub
Ice cream paint job in the garage
I had a menage, and murdered the vag'
But, afterwards, it was awkward as fuck
Cause I'm nervous as fuck and could not get it up
I-I-I-I need a minute, cold water to the face
I-I-I couldn't finish, got the uber from her place
On my porch smoking vapor, hit with the Sunday paper
Listening to the neighbors
All she needed was some
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god
Our neighbors
All alone, no no no no

Songwriters

DONALD MCKINLEY II GLOVER, LUDWIG EMIL TOMAS GORANSSON, CHANCELO

JOHNATHAN BENNETT

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>