

I. The Crawl

Childish Gambino

Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone Who am I?

Rec League, I ain't payin' to ball

Y'all B-string like a broke guitar

And I still put it down like the family dog

Yeah, I murder some, I murder one

Explain it all, Ferguson

We ain't gotta sing the same old love song

Cut a white girl with the same black gloves on

Yeah what you saying to it?

Old money look new money go do it

Make 'em turn around in their lane like a U-ey

And I'm only looking back if I'm looking at her booty

(At her Booty)

What's the rationale?

They wanna smoke a niggas when they Black & Mild

So we acting out

Ok cool Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone Blue dream by the bouquet 'til I'm blue faced on a

Tuesday

(Can I have some?)

#NiggasBeLike

Put a plus eighteen on that e-vite

And I said what I felt, no re-write

Nah nah, they can't hold me

June/July, drop something

I double dare you, I'm Marc Summers

I scorch winters, I burn autumns

Gut niggas, so Kurt Vonne

Elle Varner, got a crush on her

I gotta wait in line for that

Ain't nobody got time for that

Ain't nobody gotta rhyme with that

Too true like 2 Chainz

Blue Blood like he both gangs Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone

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