

Arrangement

Childish Gambino

[Featuring: Gonage][Verse 1: Gonage]I got yo bitch layin' naked 'cross the bed, no rosary

Stackin' up this bread like a banker, just a fee

She wanna refill, so I get that ho a B

Niggas on the sideline yellin' "Who the fuck is he?"

Bitch I'm mac gun, you can call me Cody B

Wardrobe overseas, passports all over me

White leather seats lookin' like coca leaf

Every time I crank up the woofer sittin' on a key

I'm Gucci buckled up, house note on my feet

Linen button-up like I'm walkin' round on the beach

Blind hoes notice me in my Range Rover Jeep

So they wanna come and talk to me like Jodeci

Smokin' in the morning, and when I go to sleep

Blowin' presidential man I think they 'bout to vote for me

Any event we party like a frat, no toga sheet

If money ain't the combo [?]

[Hook]If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit

In the VIP we champagne-spray shit

I'm in the club lookin' like a bank statement

If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement

Walked in the club, ain't pay shit

Broke niggas hate, caus' they ain't shit

I'm gettin' to the cash pockets on payment

If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement

Cody

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Cody Bean Sr., pushin' mean ether

You don't know Childish, nigga me neither

Eastside Atlanta, flyest nigga in a Waffle House

If it ain't money, man, we ain't got shit to talk about

Kennedy compound, my 20-room house

So big my ex-girls ain't gotta move out

If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit

My bank account look like when little kids break shit

Ooooooo, if I'm breathin' I can handle it

Watching all my dreams get together like an ampersand

Blueprint the new shit, mixtape management

Show these dummies how to do it, all I want's my ten percent

Porsche brand new, passed 'em a cool hundred

Yeah my girl 5'2", even her growth stunted
It's the nigga y'all knew back when I flipped meal cards
Now my meals free when I don't taste the fifth star
We can make arrangements, old money Cambridge
Meetin' with the moguls, make 'em richer and they owe you
It's the kid you used to talk about, I'm watchin' people get up on it
On Worldstar and I ain't have to have a nigga moment
Flow's always cold, keep the whole soul anemic
Never left that hard shit, a nigga's always constipated
Got the change for my cousin on froze, no more movin' weight
Flossin' hard, ice king, no more Finn and Jake
Love or hate you gotta say the hype is something handsome
As long as all of 'em bloggin' I'm living Richard Branson
Shit talkers still talk, haters on my billboard
Used to take the Q home, now I hang with schoolboys
So iconic, Black Kennedy this shit
Man I'm so ironic, man this ratchet need a fix
Droppin' new shit and the haters get the splashback
Don't be surprised when he ask you where the cash at
[Hook]

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