

Eat Your Vegetables

Childish Gambino

D Money (x4)

[Verse 1:]

D-Money ho

All we do is tell them so

Why we look professional

And you look like a talent show

All we do is bank, royalty forever and

Find a bad bitch, bring her home like a veteran

Make her waffles, with pecans

I'm eating, one free hand

Been saying that we roll with the illest

Like roaches in the kitchen, go and watch a nigga kill it

I'm a P-I-M-P, why we spelling

Cause there's K-I-Ds around

DeKalb County, where you at

If you with me, holla back

ATL done got them here

Bankhead Row turned Hollowell

Percocet's for my kinfolk

My girl look like Miss Info

Y'all been slow, I been told

Y'all Kinkos, copy ho

No I ain't drunk, I just text badly

Running through paper like a pep rally

When I'm in your city better get rowdy

I spit Downy, no shit 'bout me

Stone Mountain Georgia, got something for ya

Killing bars, I'm a lawyer

Baby drinking Goya, girl put your shades on

Man I die for my hood, Trayvon

[Hook:]

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

[Verse 2:]

He talk shit, he better not

Rap game, my wet spot

I fucked y'all, you fucked up

Like white girls with dreadlocks
So dread not, I rowboat
These hoes know, no photos
My girl ball like Lobo
Then she blow my Casey
And Jojos, where the fuck my money at
In the hood like I'm fixing a Pontiac
On deck with a gang of black Kennedies
Eight goons and they all got felonies
Still getting money like white folks
Still got quotes like Geico
I don't know French, that's my fruit
Never not funny like fat jokes
(Like when someone is like, "what happened to Chris? "
And you turn around and there's like a fat guy that kind of looks like Chris
And you like, "oh shit" and you start laughing and shit)
And I'm back in this bitch
And I'm black and I'm rich
And I'm cashing it in for some fashion and sin
For some matching with them, yeah
Got a stank ho with me
Driving around and I run the whole city
Everybody know she got tig old bitties
But nobody cares like it's J-Cole/Diggy
Jordan Diddy on my stereo
High on shrooms like Mario
Salvia, shamanic drugs
Fuck my life, they on to us
I'm fly as fuck
[Hook]
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
[Verse 3:]
Fuck y'all, I come hard
Like Spongebob, my friends stars
Like Friendster, nobody goe remember you
Whack dudes, they like you
But only for a day or two
They hated you
From now on, like D-Money
Like faze on, I hate on that
Lame song they play on and play on
I can't take, royalty

On my shit, on my dick
I can't wait
Toe to toe, I bang shit
Homophobes on gay shit
You don't know the hoes I hang with
My bungalow's like Vegas
Had a couple million but I put them in her stomach
She like, "oh my God, I'm coming"
I kiss her neck and she love it
Yeah we got a safe word, so we never use it
And I'm hiding all these bruises in a shirt I got from Houston
Got her using the acoustics
In my cruiser's new Isuzu
And who knew I'd be on Hulu with two dudes I used to Google
I'm frugal with time, every girl's a dime
When your bank account's mine...
We Just Say "Fuku Burger"

[Hook]

D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em, get em, get em

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