Bronchitis

Childish Gambino

Fiji water and a box of old Raisinets
I got a real taste for dyin' but I ain't do it yet
I tried to watch The Artist with my girlfriend
But instead I lost the battle with some Nyquil
Playing Double Dribble with my older cousin
Now I'm ballin' everyday so dude that's gotta stand for something
But it doesn't change the subject
Man, I'm hustlin', sandals cuttin' up
My ankles, please and thank you
Demons hate you when you angel
Never been to prison, but I serve a sentence
Grind when you (?)
I'm sharin' experiments with Seventh Day Adventists
And on the seventh day, I'mma show y'all what the event is
Dollar signs, bottom line
Speak the truth and everybody gon' hate you
Unless it's funny
That's how I used to make money
I don't roll with the old, yeah they want something from me
Why the flow so dummy
, why do hoes still love me?
I don't know, don't bug me
I'm patron or bubbly or power,
Ain't nobody sober
My mama don't drink but she kill me over soda
Damn homie, man you famous like Kony
My cousin bang Camp man (My cousin bang Camp man)
ATLien made it myself about a month
Just enough to get, to get my rows in a duck
Just enough to make a faithful man wanna fuck
Girls be tweetin' me their pictures, man I gotta look
And most of 'em couldn't handle the panels in my comic's book
This rapper's book, this writer's book
They kinda shook
It's not a hook
I be killin' every nigga with bronchitises

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