

R.i.p

Childish Gambino

[Featuring: Bun B][Verse 1: Bun-B]Late ass nights come from long days

Doin' all the right things in the wrong ways
Doin' all the wrong shit for the right reasons
Sprinklin' midnight game, call it night seasoning
Haters get salty give 'em cholesterol
Trill O.G, mop up the floor with the best of y'all
Then dry that bitch off with the rest of y'all
And catch a flight to Rio de Janeiro for la festival
Yeah, and that's word to fit a baldy
Ball hard like I see menace out of my Spalding
And I'll break your face with a no look pass
Now back to your parking lot pimp with yo little hook ass
I use harsh words cause these are hard times
And trill-ass people, nowadays they're such a hard find
So it's when I open if I could keep 'em
And one on the scope, so if they frontin' I can sleep 'em
Man, my flow is so parabolic
The energy'll blow you over even if you're Broly
Goddamn it, now that's one for the Googlers
That fell asleep on they desk and never step their noogle up
Takin' lames out never been new to us
The hardest part of this shit is figurin' which of you to bust
Then step your weight up like GNC
And R.I.P. to Chris Luda reppin' CNC
Straight G
[Hook x2]There's somethin' inside you
It's hard to explain
They're talking about you boy

But you're still the same

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]Rest in peace to them niggas who was dead wrong

Toni Braxton to them niggas, that's a sad song
Cry a river Timberlake, the whole industry
Record the whole album in my living room in Italy
Niggas who wasn't feelin' me secretly want a handout
Keep your mouth shut, I can probably help your man out
Drop a new stack all lames get to steppin'
Drop a new track all blogs go to heaven
Kill the web, man these niggas need they hits up

Kiss her neck, add a dime to the tip cup
She is not "slut," fuck a dude who says so
Just because she fuckin' doesn't mean she ain't a lady
Kill the whole stage, I never needed a mic check
Semen on my spacebar, fuckin' tired of Skype sex
Runnin' with a new breed, me and Bun B
This hip-hop nation, that big country
Nigga please! We ain't stop for no one
Wu-Tang Generator name, I'm a sh? gun
Wu-Tang Generator name, watch him smoke one
Talk a lot of sh*t, but none of them will approach him
Gambino got first position, the game is ballet
So graceful; drive, he don't need a valet
So angel: fly as I wanna be
Mercy, somebody show these niggas can't hurt me
Woah
[Hook x2]There's somethin' inside you
It's hard to explain
They're talking about you boy
But you're still the same

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