Shoulda Known

CHILDISHGAMBINO

[Hook (x2)]
One love
You can let it out
You can let it out
You can let it out, cause
Shoulda known, shoulda known
Shoulda known, shoulda known[Verse 1]
Bino, I'm so for real-o, green like I'm Cee Lo
Hangin' out with Kilo... Kish, smokin' on that keisha
I'ma need that visa
I'm working on everything that I'm touching man
I'm bussin' two white Russians drinking themselves
But it still ain't nothing yo
It's East side if you can't tell, North Decatur and Glendale
So f*ck y'all, all y'all, if y'all don't like me... good
Put that on my partner man, I wish a n*gga would
I say we ain't playing man I hope that's understood
I'm in my zone though, f*cking round with that 4-0
Eating my mamas salmon but skipping on the risotto
Girl said that she need the follow, tweet her and she'll do any
Man, I'm trying to stay off, readin' em makes me angry
On the back on the tour bus, recording the two of us
Stacks at the Apple store, man this ballin' is new to us
Trying to make amends, bailing on all my friends
N*gga went to the clubs and a beat to Gucci instead
Man I'm feelin' right, my n*gga Fam yelling "don't stop"
And half my crew is always faded on some lowtop
Stopped drinking for the most part
My only vices all our pictures on my laptop
Screaming at me saying "I ain't what you really want"
Christina's parents baby all I make is Milians
We got the shows, we got the paper, but I want respect
So tell them haters we ain't quitting yet
Let 'em know[Hook (x2)][Verse 2]
One love, the thing that hasn't changed
My parents lost their job, it's so cold in the A
Now that I'm 1%, I send most of it home
I want to stunt but she need to pay off her student loans
And everybody saying, "Get it while you hitting man

We want them harder beats, that 808 you slipping man"
Dude is so stupid popping anything they hand me
On that parking lot pimping and politicking in Miami
In that home of the D where they sell that cake batter
Heard a voice in the back, came from all the fake rappers
That I sh*tted on, sh*tted on
Sh*tted on, sh*tted on
Rap your soul, dude, let the mic blaze
Show 'em A-Town, East Side, all day
I put it on, I put it on
I put it on, I put it on
Life is somethin' IMAX, film is at a climax
I ain't even started, Was it stupid I departed?
Man, probably, but now we do the things we always wanted
I'm proud of me, cause I am undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with
Please somebody cum laude me
Graduated, anticipated the hatred and doubted me
Not a prodigy, just a hard worker from the Dean's List
But most these rappers doin' so-so like a seamstress
Jesus[Hook]

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