

Kids (Keep Up)

Childish Gambino

If we were kids
I'd want to give you everything that you would want
Those other boys
They gave you toys, but all they wanna do is
Keep up
Keep up, keep up, keep up
That's all I want, keep up
Keep up with me, keep up
Keep up
Keep up, keep up, keep up
That's all I want, keep up
Keep up with me, keep up I guess I'm fucking now
I'm getting used to it
It's cause I shine, and I ain't gotta use a crucifix
Fuck the fussing and fighting and arguing to this and that
And "Why you bein' mean to me Donald?" I never texted back
I know it's comin' quick, wishin' I could fast forward
Tell these nice girls they're the reason that I'm an asshole
Omega to alpha male, because of that dollar bill
When I worked the mail room I ain't have a shot in hell
I called her ass for two months and heard shit from her
These girls couldn't care less when the chips under
The chips are up and on my shoulder, you heard me?
I take it out on girls who don't even deserve it
The girls I tried to hit last year, I still might
Karma's a bitch who doesn't suck, but I still like
If we were kids I'd have the black K-swiss and reebok
If we were kids I wouldn't act like this but we not If we were kids
I'd want to give you everything that you would want
Those other boys
They gave you toys, but all they wanna do is
Keep up
Keep up, keep up, keep up
That's all I want, keep up
Keep up with me, keep up
Keep up
Keep up, keep up, keep up
That's all I want, keep up
Keep up with me, keep up You made a mistake

These dudes man you bathing in apes
Finding you is like finding Asians I hate
But they say I got a fetish, nah I'm skipping all of it
Black or white girls come with a set of politics
That's all I was saying
I'm a proud man
They wanna holla when they see your name on SoundScan
Her name Mercedes but she push a brown Focus
And she's doing coke in front of me, but act like I don't notice
"There any breakage in that Trojan?"
She see what she wanna see
So I make her take plan B in front of me
Women talk shit on men like all day
But it's Pete Wentz, goes both ways
They too busy stabbing hoes like OJ
They too busy trapping pros like Kobe
The only thing I put before me is do re
If you had told me the truth we'd be OK

Songwriters

GLOVER II, DONALD MCKINLEY Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>