

# American Royalty

## Childish Gambino

[Featuring: RZA and Hypnotic Brass Ensemble][Intro: RZA]Digital. Childish Gambino  
Mixtape demonstrations

[Verse 1: RZA]This Oxycontin carbon monox' and toxic concoction

Collapse your brain cells, they swell from lack of oxygen

Leave the opposition stuck, without a pot to piss in

Hocking, spitting up blood, shark by sharp precision

Dart incision, darkness imparts your vision

Sparks infliction, (poof) I'm a mad magician

Double plasma, verbal scatter, globe will shatter

Every atom in your body, now you antimatter

Ripping through the data, checked into the doctor

Took his rhyme splatter, cause my mind's faster

You falling down to ground, while I climb the ladder

Too much garbage in your gallbladder, fall flatter

On your face, now you carry by the pall-bearer

Or wear the black suit, eyes all teared up

Oh no, when your ho make a boss lit up

We in the rib with a smirk nigga, all geared up

Childish Gambino or Bobby Digi'lino on the tracks

We breaking more backs that Sammartino, Bruno

We saw more baselines than Juno

Change more law in New York than Mr. Cuomo

Godfather novels I write like Mario Puzo

Master time fix the clocks like I'm Hugo

Hold the weight like nine sumos

Bust shots like John Lugo

You know how the Wu go

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]Look sharp, homie give yourself a face lift

High brow, eyebrows on a spaceship

Take sips of that Ace of Spades-es

Saving all my money just to waste on a bracelet

Can't see them haters, we don't give a fuck though

Charge it to the game, keep a lame so cutthroat

Never slip a fast one, the game is so in front of me

Travel 'round the globe, spend a nigga 'bout a 100 G's

Pack them crowds up, boss like Bowser

Deep pocket poetry, my custom trousers

Thank God they found us, the game was starvin'

I'm clean and concrete, you ass and Charmin  
Bobby Digital, Do you really think these niggas know shit?  
Shopping in Manhattan and I ran into my old chick  
Pride is a bitch. I am not a grown up  
Tweetin' when I'm 70, these half-dead followers  
She look like she Spelman, secretly she Hofstra  
Put her in the club, all she wanna hear is Waka  
Put her in the crib, all she wanna hear is Waka  
She jerk when I move like her old boy popped her  
Home is that Outkast, soul like Phonte  
Old-school J's like Beyonce's fiance  
Back on on my dumb shit, nigga we the stupidest  
Gave them niggas real shit, don't know what to do it  
I did what I did man, did you see it though?  
'Bino hard and fast, niggas sweet and low  
American Royalty, family loyalty  
We cream of the crop why the fuck would we stop?  
She had two sons: Both of 'em good grades  
Both of 'em rap songs  
Where did she go wrong?  
Nowhere mama, we just go where the money at  
Black Kennedy, where the fuck you niggas at?

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