

II. Shadows

Childish Gambino

Love me better, kiss me back, Listen more oh
Love me better, kiss me back, listen more
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Yeah, no no no Face down in the brown grass
Shame shame on my brown ass
Birds in the trees as we run through
And if I'm dead to the world, what you gon' do? What you gon' do?
Like, (I can't remember)
Shots fired, rewind, please, girl, be mine
Email denied, talk to me baby
Before I go crazy, might do it maybe
We were so Jay Z & Beyonce, my aunt say "keep the sex game picante"
The Aunt May and Mary Jane that I was hitting on
We were trying to forget that there was something wrong
Love is Russian roulette, I had the safety on
We popped pills at the Coachella
Hold my head in the weeds, man I can't tell her
The fear that I feel man it might kill her
Man, it might kill her, it's the prep school mic killa'
With the drums and the groove so it feel Dilla
I don't care what he say
I'ma get my platinum back like I'm a half ton gorilla
You can hang with homie on the low
But your boy so weak like a week ago
But we ain't speaking though Tuesday afternoon, I ain't got shit to do
But fall in love with you
Tuesday afternoon, I ain't got shit to do
But fall in love with you Love me better, kiss me back, Listen more oh
Love me better, kiss me back, listen more

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