

All The Shine

Childish Gambino

[verse 1]

what the fuck do y'all niggas really want?
i went with realness instead
but all the real niggas i know either crazy or dead
yeah, i dropped the free ep for these other kids to feel a lot
niggas keep asking on whether this dude's for real or not
i'm not trying to come hard, i'm trying to come me
that's why these older songs that i used to make i'd release free
what's the point of rap if you can't be yourself, huh?
that's why i come first like my cell phone
i'm a role model, i am not these other guys
i rap about my dick and talk about what girls is fly
i know it's dumb, that's the fucking reason i'm doing it
so why does everyone have a problem with talking stupid shit?
or is it real shit?
'cause sometimes that stupid shit is real shit
like when you make out with your best friend's baby sis
you know the one with short hair you used to babysit?
see, that's not even right
you with a different girl like each and every fucking night
and kiss her while she's sleeping and sneak out the front to catch a flight
that's not life, dude
it's just making up for fucks i missed in high school
i keep it wrapped until i meet the right one
'cause i ain't mumford, i ain't tryin' to have sons
all i wanted was some more like ashton
i ain't the coolest but i know i got passion
i got passion! [hook]
i really wanna do right and it doesn't matter
we've got all the shine we need to find
i really wanna do right and it doesn't matter
we've got all the shine we need to find
"baby, i'm okay." she said, "why you gotta act so strange?"
i said, "baby, i'm okay." she said, "why you gotta act so strange?"
i said, "baby, i'm okay." she said, "why you gotta act so strange?"
"baby, i'm okay." she said, "why you gotta act so strange?" [verse: 2]
am i serious? i don't even know
are you hearing this? this shit is laughable
i ain't trying, i'm doing, these other rappers are foolish

i got fame, my a&r's a computer
is there room in the game for a lame who rhymes?
who wears short-shorts and makes jokes sometimes?
my nigga like, "i'd get you mtv if i could, man
but pitchfork only likes rappers who crazy or hood, man"
so, i guess we gon' see
i ain't curren\$y, but if there ain't money in my name please murder me
sometimes i feel like i ain't supposed to be here
sometimes i wake up, i don't want to be here
my mom loved to text me psalm verses
she don't look at me like i'm the same person
i used to be the sweet one, but things change
and i don't want them missing a son like bone's last name
and all my uncles alcoholics, shame on me
i drink whiskey till i'm grounded, no tv
i wanna go inside the club with no gold piece
and walk in with no i.d. and no i.d
no matter how far the hood seems
we all still got hood dreams
i always wanted to get picked on the cool team
but alone is exactly how i should be[hook]
i really wanna do right and it doesn't matter
we've got all the shine we need to find
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we need to find
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