

Rosenberg Freestyle

Childish Gambino

[Intro]

I've been grindin' my whole life, nigga
I've been grindin' my whole life, Rosenberg
I've been grindin' my whole life, Fam[Verse 1]
Stuntin' on the low so they feel better
Damn, why they hatin' on a real nigga?
East side Atlanta where they kill niggas
I was in a coma but I stayed with you
I'll be right by your side
Radio play me that new "3005"
Bino won't die, illest rapper alive
See what's up with Fredo when I'm out in the Chi
Murder everything I touch but I don't know why
And he can get the business, your girlfriend love me
Turn it up, who is this? Shots at your fitted
Gra-ta-ta, are we not that fly?
Are we not young God, is this not black excellence?
I could lie to you people but my soul too sensitive
Gam-b, y'all ain't got shit on me
Man I'm so fly like XYZ
Threat to the throne, man I'ma murder this
You are such a poser, you ain't ever heard of this
Shots at you fake boys walkin' 'round in turtlenecks
And a du-rag? Wanna be me so bad
And the hair so homeless, record labels want us
Bino well read, like Octobers
Hit me on my Snapchat, hit me on my Nextel Chirp
Run up on them boys, get murked
Nigga sit down, he can't stand me
Curly black hair, bright pink panties
Blush on the vanity, tanner with her ass out
We don't have to love each other, she just wanna cash out
Stone Mountain bitch, run it off a mixtape
This is for my niggas up in Onyx gettin' shitfaced
He just dropped a mixtape, she got so excited
Took her to a Clippers game and niggas ain't invited
Drugs on the rider, need to clean my act up
Man.... I thought he was an actor
Thought he was a fuckin' joke, when I wrote them fuckin' notes

Everything I do is dope, I hope you niggas overdose
I hope you niggas hear the truth, so honest in my interviews
If Parker Lewis could't lose I'm blackin' out at Tongue & Groove
Royalty, I run the crew... we dem boys[Interlude]
Yo I've been grindin' my whole life, nigga
Nah I'm talkin' 'bout?
I'm just sayin' I've been grindin' my whole life, nigga
You nah I'm talkin' 'bout?
Yo I got some more... I got some more
I'ma try and go in[Verse 2]
Motha-fuckin' right, we the niggas huffin' OG
In the club tryna keep it low key, she was all on my D
Then we fell out of it
Cause I'm never really there and she tired of it
Real nigga shit, real love, real pain, real intimate
These niggas so scared, I'm killin' it
These niggas so scared, I'm killin' it
So serious, gave the wrong young niggas money
They gave the wrong young niggas money
Gave the wrong young niggas money
Schoolin' these niggas, got so many zeros they think I'm a dummy
Unlike these other niggas, man I'm really from Atlanta
This dark-skinned art student with light-skinned advantage
I'm ahead of my time, online messiah
Who spits so much fire that you a God damned lie
If you say he ain't hot, numbers don't lie
Niggas do though, when they say he ain't cold
Niggas need to learn code, man I'm sick with the Python
Mothafucka I'm ill
Born just to die, that's the human curse
The world in my words, spit a universe
I know they hate a nigga down in Spin Mag
Worst album, best song, how you spin that?
The best part is that they love Chance
But our fans are the same, you should fuck with your man
And I wonder what they'd say if that EP drop
"His verse was wack, his verse was hot"
I'm on my jock cause I don't need these hoes
They're all the same so I don't need these clothes
Same white shirt with his nappy ass hair
Like "bitch do I look like I care?"
Nah, in the end they will notice that we've been God
I watched these niggas switch jerseys when your team lost
And yet it's bitch move nigga, make the show 6 figures
Then you fly to Kauai for a week off

And his girl's body lookin' like a centaur
They do what they can, I do what I want
Let's move it along, the point of this song
I think you doin' fine all the time, drop a fuckin' bomb, nigga Vietnam
On my mom with my hand to God
So my hand's on my fuckin' chest
But you didn't notice
Niggas hang around like we didn't notice
Niggas can't help me but they want a selfie
Cause their girl is a fan and they really love us?
No behind closed doors
You fuck with the kid or you still not sure
Be a man about it
Don't talk your shit and shake hands about it
Be a man, I doubt it, I don't know
I've been grindin' my whole life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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