

# Shoulda Known

## Childish Gambino

[Hook (x2)]

One love

You can let it out

You can let it out

You can let it out, cause

Shoulda known, shoulda known

Shoulda known, shoulda known[Verse 1]

Bino, I'm so for real-o, green like I'm Cee Lo

Hangin' out with Kilo... Kish, smokin' on that keisha

I'ma need that visa

I'm working on everything that I'm touching man

I'm bussin' two white Russians drinking themselves

But it still ain't nothing yo

It's East side if you can't tell, North Decatur and Glendale

So f\*ck y'all, all y'all, if y'all don't like me... good

Put that on my partner man, I wish a n\*gga would

I say we ain't playing man I hope that's understood

I'm in my zone though, f\*cking round with that 4-0

Eating my mamas salmon but skipping on the risotto

Girl said that she need the follow, tweet her and she'll do any

Man, I'm trying to stay off, readin' em makes me angry

On the back on the tour bus, recording the two of us

Stacks at the Apple store, man this ballin' is new to us

Trying to make amends, bailing on all my friends

N\*gga went to the clubs and a beat to Gucci instead

Man I'm feelin' right, my n\*gga Fam yelling "don't stop"

And half my crew is always faded on some lowtop

Stopped drinking for the most part

My only vices all our pictures on my laptop

Screaming at me saying "I ain't what you really want"

Christina's parents baby all I make is Milians

We got the shows, we got the paper, but I want respect

So tell them haters we ain't quitting yet

Let 'em know[Hook (x2)][Verse 2]

One love, the thing that hasn't changed

My parents lost their job, it's so cold in the A

Now that I'm 1%, I send most of it home

I want to stunt but she need to pay off her student loans

And everybody saying, "Get it while you hitting man"

We want them harder beats, that 808 you slipping man"  
Dude is so stupid popping anything they hand me  
On that parking lot pimping and politicking in Miami  
In that home of the D where they sell that cake batter  
Heard a voice in the back, came from all the fake rappers  
That I sh\*tted on, sh\*tted on  
Sh\*tted on, sh\*tted on  
Rap your soul, dude, let the mic blaze  
Show 'em A-Town, East Side, all day  
I put it on, I put it on  
I put it on, I put it on  
Life is somethin' IMAX, film is at a climax  
I ain't even started, Was it stupid I departed?  
Man, probably, but now we do the things we always wanted  
I'm proud of me, cause I am undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with  
Please somebody cum laude me  
Graduated, anticipated the hatred and doubted me  
Not a prodigy, just a hard worker from the Dean's List  
But most these rappers doin' so-so like a seamstress  
Jesus[Hook]

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