

The High Kings

"Tell Me"

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[Intro: heems]

Rap rap, ahaha

Rap rap, ahaha

Hip-hop rap, ahaha

Rap, yo

[Heems]

I'm a soldier, I'm a mastermind

Flashing in the flashiest fashions that the masters buy

Passersby passing me asking me if they can match this
fly

Maybe with a mastercard, ask this guy

[Childish gambino]

I got a rush card, so I gotta stunt hard

Rush limballin' while I'm listenin' to tune yards

Baby put your shoes on, we gon' turn the club out

Dammit I broke my foot again, I might have to sub out

Nostalgia, ultra, you hang with vultures

Nigga we eatin' good like we oprah's roaches

Buenos noches

[Heems]

Buenos dias

Frida khalo, papas fritas

We eatin' good so they think we free masons

I'm about my paper like wb mason

I'm about my paper like a staples or an office max

Never have to off a cap, makin' money off of rap

He went from potential abortion stat

To the cat that pay his mama's mortgage cash

Lookin' fancy in a foreign flash

Chammomele tea that we pour with splash

[Childish gambino]

Yeah, remember frutopia? that shit was delicious

But snapple came back around and put 'em out of
business

Um, that's a snapple fact, used to eat apple jacks

That's that heems rhyme that I'm usin' for this battle

rap

Still got love for you, nothin' like them other dudes
I am fly, you hudson news
Leave mcs with cuts and bruise
Comfortable like huxtables, but fuck eating my
vegetables

[Heems]

Yo, how come they don't sell batteries on the train no
more?

I guess it's cause the ipod came out

I guess it's cause the ipod came out

Yeah, I'm fresher than samantha, strange man

Aguala catch me up in walhala, I'll holla

I put snapple in vitamin water for two bucks

Pepsi came and bought it, for nothin' like what the
fuck?

I'm from national wholesale liquidators

Rock bottom, odd lot and all the haters

Does benihana even sell wontons?

Donald just put me on a bonton

[Childish gambino]

Yes I did man, I goddamn did

I'm five foot ten, I might just win

I'm tryin' not to die like them

Laid out in the street like mr. hooper, nigga

I remember havin' to eat two scoops for dinner

But it's all good, post obama and post ye

Three six got an oscar, it's all okay

Man, I beg your pardon, trayvon martin

Atlanta is my home, but we treated like martians

I used to be a square like a marlboro carton

Like, niggas wasn't callin' me nigga like last week

Only nigga in some liquor brown pants as we speak

Yeah, gambino say it twice, atm machine, nawmean?

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