

# Childish Gambino "American Royalty"

Visit "[American Royalty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Featuring: RZA and Hypnotic Brass Ensemble]

[Intro: RZA]

Digital. Childish Gambino

Mixtape demonstrations

[Verse 1: RZA]

This Oxycontin carbon monox' and toxic concoction  
Collapse your brain cells, they swell from lack of  
oxygen  
Leave the opposition stuck, without a pot to piss in  
Hocking, spitting up blood, shark by sharp precision  
Dart incision, darkness imparts your vision  
Sparks infliction, (poof) I'm a mad magician  
Double plasma, verbal scatter, globe will shatter  
Every atom in your body, now you antimatter  
Ripping through the data, checked into the doctor  
Took his rhyme splatter, cause my mind's faster  
You falling down to ground, while I climb the ladder  
Too much garbage in your gallbladder, fall flatter  
On your face, now you carry by the pall-bearer  
Or wear the black suit, eyes all teared up  
Oh no, when your ho make a boss lit up  
We in the rib with a smirk nigga, all geared up  
Childish Gambino or Bobby Digi'lino on the tracks  
We breaking more backs that Sammartino, Bruno  
We saw more baselines than Juno  
Change more law in New York than Mr. Cuomo  
Godfather novels I write like Mario Puzo  
Master time fix the clocks like I'm Hugo  
Hold the weight like nine sumos  
Bust shots like John Lugo  
You know how the Wu go

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Look sharp, homie give yourself a face lift  
High brow, eyebrows on a spaceship  
Take sips of that Ace of Spades-es  
Saving all my money just to waste on a bracelet  
Can't see them haters, we don't give a fuck though  
Charge it to the game, keep a lame so cutthroat  
Never slip a fast one, the game is so in front of me

Travel 'round the globe, spend a nigga 'bout a 100 G's  
Pack them crowds up, boss like Bowser  
Deep pocket poetry, my custom trousers  
Thank God they found us, the game was starvin'  
I'm clean and concrete, you ass and Charmin  
Bobby Digital, Do you really think these niggas know  
shit?  
Shopping in Manhattan and I ran into my old chick  
Pride is a bitch. I am not a grown up  
Tweetin' when I'm 70, these half-dead followers  
She look like she Spelman, secretly she Hofstra  
Put her in the club, all she wanna hear is Waka  
Put her in the crib, all she wanna hear is Waka  
She jerk when I move like her old boy popped her  
Home is that Outkast, soul like Phonte  
Old-school J's like Beyonce's fiance  
Back on on my dumb shit, nigga we the stupidest  
Gave them niggas real shit, don't know what to do it  
I did what I did man, did you see it though?  
'Bino hard and fast, niggas sweet and low  
American Royalty, family loyalty  
We cream of the crop why the fuck would we stop?  
She had two sons: Both of 'em good grades  
Both of 'em rap songs  
Where did she go wrong?  
Nowhere mama, we just go where the money at  
Black Kennedy, where the fuck you niggas at?

Visit [Childish Gambino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.