

Childish Gambino "Arrangement"

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[Featuring: Gonage]

[Verse 1: Gonage]

I got yo bitch layin' naked 'cross the bed, no rosary
Stackin' up this bread like a banker, just a fee
She wanna refill, so I get that ho a B
Niggas on the sideline yellin' "Who the fuck is he?"
Bitch I'm mac gun, you can call me Cody B
Wardrobe overseas, passports all over me
White leather seats lookin' like coca leaf
Every time I crank up the woofer sittin' on a key
I'm Gucci buckled up, house note on my feet
Linen button-up like I'm walkin' round on the beach
Blind hoes notice me in my Range Rover Jeep
So they wanna come and talk to me like Jodeci
Smokin' in the morning, and when I go to sleep
Blowin' presidential man I think they 'bout to vote for
me
Any event we party like a frat, no toga sheet
If money ain't the combo [?]

[Hook]

If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit
In the VIP we champagne-spray shit
I'm in the club lookin' like a bank statement
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement
Walked in the club, ain't pay shit
Broke niggas hate, caus' they ain't shit
I'm gettin' to the cash pockets on payment
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement
Cody

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Cody Bean Sr., pushin' mean ether
You don't know Childish, nigga me neither
Eastside Atlanta, flyest nigga in a Waffle House
If it ain't money, man, we ain't got shit to talk about
Kennedy compound, my 20-room house
So big my ex-girls ain't gotta move out
If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit
My bank account look like when little kids break shit
Oooooo, if I'm breathin' I can handle it

Watching all my dreams get together like an
ampersand
Blueprint the new shit, mixtape management
Show these dummies how to do it, all I want's my ten
percent
Porsche brand new, passed 'em a cool hundred
Yeah my girl 5'2", even her growth stunted
It's the nigga y'all knew back when I flipped meal cards
Now my meals free when I don't taste the fifth star
We can make arrangements, old money Cambridge
Meetin' with the moguls, make 'em richer and they owe
you
It's the kid you used to talk about, I'm watchin' people
get up on it
On Worldstar and I ain't have to have a nigga moment
Flow's always cold, keep the whole soul anemic
Never left that hard shit, a nigga's always constipated
Got the change for my cousin on froze, no more movin'
weight
Flossin' hard, ice king, no more Finn and Jake
Love or hate you gotta say the hype is something
handsome
As long as all of 'em bloggin' I'm living Richard
Branson
Shit talkers still talk, haters on my billboard
Used to take the Q home, now I hang with schoolboys
So iconic, Black Kennedy this shit
Man I'm so ironic, man this ratchet need a fix
Droppin' new shit and the haters get the splashback
Don't be surprised when he ask you where the cash at

[Hook]

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