

Childish Gambino

"Break"

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Turn on the lights in here, baby
Extra bright, I want y'all to see this
Turn on the lights in here, baby
Know what I mean, want you to see everything
Want you to see all of the-

Hollerin' at this Japanese girl, Asian mommy
But is it too soon for Japanese girls too tsunami
Is it racist if I say she tastes like edamame?
Was I supposed to stay uncool? Please remind me
(What the fuck is up?)
Yeah, it's Cheezy, ho
I'm so cheesy, ho, my swag's got high cholesterol
I know y'all girls, I met them all
You're her ex-man like Cannonball
I ain't got shit to say to ya, I'm known for bad behavior

Look at me
Man, I went to the W from Double Tree
Makin' out with girls who black and yellow like a
bumblebee
Can I live up to all this hype they have for me? It's hard
to tell
But these girls I'm kissin' chase the blues away like
Gargamel

I'm back in the game, coach put me in
T-Pain flow, All I do is Win
With a glass full of McCallan to mess me up
With the cash we can throw out unless we f-ck

Dopeness

After this I hit the highway
I'm headin' west like I'm f-ckin' blowin' Kanye
Read the f-ckin' news, Huey Lewis, n-gga
You can't go ham, you's a Jewish n-gga

Donald Glover, you don't have to call me "Childish"
Except for when I'm flirting with your half-Latino stylist
Photoshoot, beach house playin' Beach House, free

wireless

So I can post these pictures on my Web site of her
smilin'

I kissed this girl I've liked since back when I was just a
sophomore

But I'm afraid to text her "What the f-ck it take so long
for?!"

What the f-ck has changed? It it swagger? Is it money?
I still dress the f-ckin' same and my nose is still as ugly
As the day you f-ckin' met me

They tellin' me I'm the rapper for these white kids
'Cause black kids can't possibly like the same shit
I wanna bring you back to the studio, try and get your
number

These black girls with natural hair who keep up with
their Tumblrs

I like it when you tweet me, you smell like baby lotion
I wanna suck your breasts and finger blast to Frank
Ocean

Her p-ssy tastes like vanilla, tasty ho
Clown n-ggas then I kill 'em, Gacy flow

It's crazy how these labels and these blogs are on my
dick

I'm Pryor in his last years: comedian who's sick
F-ck, but I am sick, seriously, I don't feel so good
'Cause I don't get sleep, and I'm always travelin'
And I don't go home, and my friends don't call
'Cause I turned off my phone

I've made mistakes, I bumped my head
Inside of this girl, inside of my bed
Whatever, man, I'm just havin' fun
I'm sorry that I f-cked her but now you know that she's
not the one

I'm doin' you a favor,
like every time I rhyme or write a script or do a movie
There's a million ways to shine, choose one

Instead of what you're doing tonight
I am Donald, coming soon, we got all of the lights

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Know what I mean, want you to see everything
Want you to see all of theâ€¦

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