

## Childish Gambino "Bronchitis"

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Fiji water and a box of old Raisinets  
I got a real taste for dyin' but I ain't do it yet  
I tried to watch The Artist with my girlfriend  
But instead I lost the battle with some Nyquil  
Playing Double Dribble with my older cousin  
Now I'm ballin' everyday so dude that's gotta stand for  
something  
But it doesn't change the subject  
Man, I'm hustlin', sandals cuttin' up  
My ankles, please and thank you  
Demons hate you when you angel  
Never been to prison, but I serve a sentence  
Grind when you (?)  
I'm sharin' experiments with Seventh Day Adventists  
And on the seventh day, I'mma show y'all what the  
event is  
Dollar signs, bottom line  
Speak the truth and everybody gon' hate you  
Unless it's funny  
That's how I used to make money  
I don't roll with the old, yeah they want something from  
me  
Why the flow so dummy  
, why do hoes still love me?  
I don't know, don't bug me  
I'm patron or bubbly or power,  
Ain't nobody sober  
My mama don't drink but she kill me over soda  
Damn homie, man you famous like Kony  
My cousin bang Camp man (My cousin bang Camp  
man)  
ATLien made it myself about a month  
Just enough to get, to get my rows in a duck  
Just enough to make a faithful man wanna fuck  
Girls be tweetin' me their pictures, man I gotta look  
And most of 'em couldn't handle the panels in my  
comic's book  
This rapper's book, this writer's book  
They kinda shook  
It's not a hook  
I be killin' every nigga with bronchitises

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