

## Childish Gambino

### "Fire"

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This that, fire!

It's your man Bambino, Sick Boi thriller  
King of fly rappers, there ain't none iller  
I'm into fly sneakers, colors like Gullies  
So if you don't know me by now: "You's a dummy"  
It's the Sick Boi anthem, girls take your coats off  
Get the champagne, pop the cork like Sosa  
Make some mimosas, get like me  
Spanish girls holla say, "Aye papi"  
Ooh la la, on the French Riviera  
These other boys sandals, straight club benders  
We some go-getters, you should know better  
Your girl think 'bout me while she drivin' a Jetta  
Used to blast Kelly Clarkson, now she a sick girl  
Hot pink shirt and them lime green sneakers  
Take a quick picture, put me on blast  
Call the fireman, he need to come fast  
I'm on fire

They call me Sick Boi cause they know I'm so sick  
Purple on my starter cap, yellow on my kicks  
Haters talkin' shit, they think they so slick  
And if you don't like my style: "Eat a dick"  
I'm a younger Denzel, say it ain't so  
I'm all puffed up like I'm made of afros  
But my neck ain't froze, where's the boy's jewelery?  
Don't need it nigga, clothes bright, shine beautifully  
Used to sport Airs then I had to get Grind  
Now I look great, now I'm top of the line  
Used to go hungry when I'd buy them new shoes  
Now I'm like "Mm..food" like MF Doom  
Busy makin' moves like my name was Tetris  
Money in the bank, you can check my mattress  
Bright like Mantis and I ain't selfish  
I got the game shook like a young black Elvis  
Fire

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