

Childish Gambino

"My Girls"

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In the fourth grade I had a crush on Tia Smith
Sixth grade and this crush is turned to Beatrice
But they don't like me because I'm too nice
And I'm kinda fat and not the dope type

But I grew out of that and it's a miracle
Now every girl sees me as marryin' material
It's a buyer's market, I'm Alicia's target
And every other girl who wanna let me steam their
carpet

I love these hipster girls and they feel the same
Now they don't have to choose when someone asks
'em Drake or Wayne
And niggas waiting on me, we didn't have a voice
You used to have to act street and now you've got a
choice

My momma's brownie mix, I keep the goodies moist
Of every girl I'm tappin', this wasn't supposed to
happen
Hard to keep my thoughts straight on every date
Especially when my penis talking SWAT team, cover
me, I'm going in

I do not talk, I am just a rapper

Yes, I got a million other girls
You don't wanna hear that for fear that I fuck a lot
And you don't wanna get attached cause you'll like me
I fuck a girl named Keira nightly (Knightley)
Nah, I made her up
'Cause it sounded dope, I don't give a fuck
Ride me, giddy up
They can hear us in the hall, Arsenio
Naw, girl, I don't wanna shoot a video
I do it all day, don't you watch me on the TV show?
I'm gonna get mines any means necessary
Got Red Bull pulsing through my pulmonary
Least I feel like it, met her at a club
Now we're making out, and I ain't spend a dub

I'm gonna try to live it up like TOP FLR
And my girls like gifts so I bought more

All girls 18 and over love this light-skinned Casanova
House pimped out, William Sonoma
Sleep on me, that is a coma

Yeah, nigga, you see what I'm gettin' at
I'm gettin' at her, I'm hittin' that
Her kitty cat purr, how weird is that?
I'm diggin' that

A nigga not tryin' to say you don't make mistakes
I'm trying to fix all the hearts I break
But every time that we talk in my apartment
We're gonna kiss a little, and then we start shit

"You're heartless, don't call again
Don't email, we can't be friends
I swear that this is the end"
Then I call her next week and we do it again

My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls
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My girls, my girls, my girls, my girls

(I don't mean to seem like I care about material things,
like a social status
I just want four walls and adobe slats for my girls
Ow!)

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